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REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

II.

THE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ADMINISTRATION, 1825–1829.

THERE was little cordiality, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, between the occupants of the Capitol and of the Executive Mansion, or, as it has been called since the occupation of Washington by the British, the White House. The interior of the building was then burned, and the exterior walls were so blackened by the smoke that they were painted white to conceal the marks of the conflagration.

Mr. Adams, who had been defeated by the people, and whose election by the house of representatives was believed by many to have been secured by a bargain between his friends and those of Henry Clay, sought to conciliate his opponents by attempting in his inaugural message to ignore party lines. In this he followed the example of Mr. Jefferson, who commenced his administration, erected on the overthrow of his political antagonists, with the memorable declaration, "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle; we are all republicans, — we are all federalists." His early appointments were made without regard to the political opinions of the appointees, and he appeared determined so to distribute his "patronage" as neither to reward his partisans nor to proscribe his opponents. Instead of harmonizing the personal feuds between the friends of those who had been candidates with him, he antagonized each one with his administration at the earliest possible moment, and before the expiration of his first year in the White House he had wrecked the republican party left by Monroe as completely as his father had wrecked the federal party established by Washington.

Mr. Adams's failure in the administration of an office for which he had been educated inspired him with a wayward and an obstinate spirit of contrariety. He was honest, in the common acceptance of the word, yet his sense of political morality was so warped that he was dogged and daring without the advantages accruing from honesty. The federalists hated him, because he had deserted their ranks, in which he naturally belonged; while the democrats (or republicans, as they called themselves) distrusted him, because they knew that at heart he was their enemy. He was faithful to his public duties, not only examining the details of executive business, as it was transacted in the different departments, but passing many of his evenings in mechanically signing

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patents and land-warrants. His annual and special messages to Congress displayed immense information and profound reflection; but many of the recommendations made in them were cold abstractions, of no practical value, and they were never heeded.

The president had married, when in London, Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson. Her father was an American by birth, but just before the Revolution he went to England, where he resided until after the independence of the colonies had been recognized. His brother, then the governor of Maryland, obtained the passage of an act by the Assembly of that State establishing his title to lands which would otherwise have been confiscated, and he returned to the United States, where he was appointed superintendent of revenue stamps. Mrs. Adams was well educated, highly accomplished, and well qualified to preside over the domestic affairs at the White House. She had four children, — three sons and one daughter, — of whom one only, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, survived her. It is related, as evidence of her good sense, that on one occasion Mrs. Mason, of Analostan Island, called, accompanied by two or three other ladies belonging to the first families of Virginia, to enlist Mrs. Adams in behalf of her son-in-law, Lieutenant Cooper (afterwards adjutant-general of the United States army, and subsequently of the Confederate forces), who wanted to be detailed as an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Macomb. Mrs. Adams heard their request, and then replied: "Truly, ladies, though Mesdames Maintenon and Pompadour are said to have controlled the military appointments of their times, I do not think such matters appertain to women; but if they did, and I had any influence with Mr. Adams, it should be given to Mrs. Scott, with whom I became acquainted while traveling last summer."

Mr. Adams's private secretary was his son, John Adams, who had inherited many of his peculiarities, and who soon made himself very obnoxious to the friends of General Jackson. One evening, Mr. Russell Jarvis, who then edited The Washington Telegraph, a newspaper which advocated Jackson's election, attended a "drawing-room" at the White House, escorting his wife and a party of visiting relatives from Boston. Mr. Jarvis introduced those who were with him to Mrs. Adams, who received them courteously, and they then passed on into the east room. Soon afterwards they found themselves standing opposite to Mr. John Adams, who was conversing with the Rev. Mr. Stetson. "Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Stetson. "That," replied Mr. John Adams, in a tone so loud that the party heard it, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here." The Bostonians at once paid their parting respects to Mrs. Adams and withdrew, Mr. Jarvis having first ascertained from Mr. Stetson that it was Mr. John Adams who had insulted them. A few days afterwards, Mr. Jarvis sent a note to Mr. John Adams, demanding an explanation, by a friend of his, Mr. McLean. Mr. Adams told Mr. McLean that he had no apology to make to Mr. Jarvis, and that he wished no correspondence with him. Considering his personal relations with the president, he had no right to be at the drawing-room.

A week later, Mr. John Adams went to the Capitol to deliver messages from the president to each house of Congress. Having delivered that addressed to the speaker of the house of representatives, he was going through the rotunda toward the senate-chamber, when he was overtaken by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face. A scuffle ensued, but they were quickly parted by Mr. Dorsey, a representative from Maryland. President Adams noti-

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fied Congress in a special message of the occurrence, and the house appointed a select committee of investigation. Witnesses were examined and elaborate reports were drawn up, but neither the majority nor the minority recommended that any punishment be inflicted upon Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. John Adams was married, while his father occupied the White House, to his mother's niece, Miss Mary Hellen, of Washington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hawley, of St. John's Church, and General Ramsay, who was one of the groomsmen, is authority for the statement that the president, usually so grave and unsocial, unbent for the nonce, and danced at the wedding ball, in a Virginia reel, with great spirit.

Mr. Adams found the furniture of the White House in a dilapidated condition. Thirty thousand dollars had been appropriated by Congress for the purchase of new furniture during the administration of Mr. Monroe; but his friend, Colonel Lane, commissioner of public buildings, to whom he had intrusted it, became insolvent, and died largely in debt to the government, having used the money for the payment of his debts, instead of procuring furniture. When an appropriation of fourteen thousand dollars was made, to be expended, under the direction of Mr. Adams, for furniture, he took charge of it himself, and one of his first acts was to buy the silver plate of Mr. Crawford. This was severely criticised by the democratic press, as was the purchase of a billiard-table for the White House, about which so much was said that Mr. John Adams finally paid the bill from his own pocket.

Mrs. Adams won popularity at Washington by the graceful manner in which she presided over the hospitalities of the White House. The stiff formality of the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. John Adams, and the free-and-easy "receptions" of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, had been combined by Mrs. Madison into what she christened "levees," at which all ceremonious etiquette was banished, and no requisitions were made beyond those which regulated good society in private houses. Mrs. Monroe, who had mingled in the fashionable circles of London and Paris, as well as of her native city of New York, had continued these evening levees; and Mrs. Adams, in turn, not only kept up the custom, but improved the quality of the refreshments, which were handed around on waiters by servants. State dinners were also given during the sessions of Congress, to which such senators and representatives as had called at the White House to pay their respects were invited, and Mrs. Adams left no opportunity unimproved for making the administration of her husband popular.

Mr. Adams used to rise between four and six o'clock, according to the season, and either take a ride on horseback, or walk to the Potomac River, where he bathed, remaining in the water for an hour or more in the summer. Returning to the White House, he read two chapters of Scott's Bible and the corresponding commentary of Hewlett, and then glanced over the morning papers and the budgets sent from the departments until nine, when he breakfasted. From ten until four he remained in the executive office, presiding over cabinet meetings, receiving visitors, or considering questions of state. Then, after a long walk, or a short ride on horseback, he would sit down to dine at half past five, and after dinner resume his public duties.

On one occasion, Mr. Adams imperiled his life by attempting to cross the Potomac in a small boat, accompanied by his son John and by his steward, Michael Antoine Giusta, who had entered his service at Amsterdam in 1814. Intending to swim back, they had taken off nearly all of their clothes, which

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were in the boat. When about half-way across, a gust of wind came sweeping down the Potomac; the boat filled with water, and they were forced to abandon it and swim for their lives to the Virginia shore. By taking what garments each one had on, Antoine managed to clothe himself decently, and started across the bridge to Washington. During his absence, Mr. Adams and his son swam in the river, or walked to and fro on the shore. At last, after they had been about three hours undressed, Antoine made his appearance with a carriage and clothing, so they were able to return to Washington. Mr. Adams purchased that day a watch, which he gave Antoine to replace one which he had lost in the boat, and he alluded to the adventure in his journal that night as "a humiliating lesson, and a solemn warning not to trifle with danger." A few weeks later a revolutionary veteran named Shoemaker, who had been for thirty years a clerk in the general post-office, went in to bathe at Mr. Adams's favorite spot, the Sycamores, was seized with cramp, and was drowned. The body was not recovered until the next morning, while Mr. Adams was in the water; but the incident did not deter him from taking his solitary morning baths, which he regarded as indispensable to health.

Mr. Adams took great interest in arboriculture, and was a constant reader of Evelyn. He had planted in the grounds of the White House the acorns of the cork-oak, black walnuts, peach, plum, and cherry stones, apple and pear seeds, and he watched their germination and growth with great interest. A botanic garden was established under his patronage, and naval officers were instructed to bring home for distribution the seeds of such grains and vegetables as it might seem desirable to naturalize.

Henry Clay, as secretary of state, was the most important member of Mr. Adams's cabinet. He had obtained his position, it was asserted, by a bargain, and this was flung in his face with great pertinacity by his political opponents. The foreign policy of the administration, which encouraged the appointment of a minister to represent the United States in the Congress of American Republics at Panama, although in accordance with the "Monroe doctrine," was denounced as federalism. Mr. Clay, who had never been a federalist, did not wish to be regarded as a restorer of the old federal party, and he accordingly began to create the whig party, of which he naturally became the leader.

Mr. Clay made a good secretary of state; but his place was in Congress, for he was formed by nature for a popular orator. He was tall and thin, with a rather small head and gray eyes, which peered forth less voluminously than would have been expected in one possessing such eminent control of language. His nose was straight, his upper lip long, and his under jaw light. His mouth, of generous width, straight when he was silent, and curving upward at the corners as he spoke or smiled, was singularly graceful, indicating more than any other feature the elastic play of his mind. When he enchained large audiences, his features were lighted up by a winning smile, the gestures of his long arms were graceful, and the gentle accents of his mellow voice were persuasive and winning. Yet there has never been a more imperious despot in political affairs than Mr. Clay. He regarded himself as the head-centre of his party, — "*L'état, c'est moi*," — and he wanted everything utilized for his advancement. The other members of the cabinet soon espoused his cause, or became the partisans of General Jackson, and Mr. Adams found himself deserted by those whose support he had reason to expect.

The diary of Mr. Adams shows that, while he never complained to his cabinet that they had deserted him, he felt

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bitterly disappointed that he was not the choice of the politicians and of the people for reëlection. He would not, however, even write a few pleasant words of thanks (when asked to do so) to an editor who supported him; neither would he appoint to, or remove from, office any one because of an individual preference for or against himself. Distinguished politicians from different sections of the country, who would call on him while sojourning at Washington, would be treated with glacial frigidity, and perhaps be unceremoniously dismissed, that he might take a solitary walk, or ride on horseback. General Jackson was meanwhile being brought before the public, under the direction of Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, and Edward Livingston, as a "man of the people." They had persuaded him to resign his seat in the senate of the United States, where he might have made political mistakes, and retire to his farm in Tennessee, while they flooded the country with accounts of his military exploits and his social good qualities. Daniel Webster told Samuel Breck, as the latter records in his diary, that he knew more than fifty members of Congress who had expended and pledged all they were worth in setting up presses and employing other means to forward Jackson's election.

The supreme court then sat in the room in the basement of the Capitol, now occupied as a law library, which has an arched ceiling supported by massive pillars that obstruct the view, and which was badly ventilated. But it was rich in traditions of hair powder, cues, ruffled shirts, knee-breeches, and buckles. At that time no justice had ever sat upon the bench in trousers, nor had any lawyer ventured to plead in boots, or wearing whiskers. Their honors, the chief-justice and the justices, wearing silk judicial robes, were treated with the most profound respect. When Mr. Clay stopped, one day, in an argument, and advancing to the bench took a pinch of snuff from Judge Washington's box, saying, "I perceive that your honor sticks to the Scotch," and then proceeded with his case, it excited astonishment and admiration. "Sir," said Mr. Justice Story, in relating the circumstance to a friend, "I do not believe there is a man in the United States who could have done that but Mr. Clay."

Mr. Justice Washington, who inherited Mount Vernon, where his remains lie interred near those of his illustrious uncle, George Washington, was a small, insignificant-looking man, deprived of the sight of one eye by excessive study. He was a rigid disciplinarian and a great stickler for etiquette, and on one occasion he sat for sixteen hours without leaving the bench. He was also a man of rare humor. One day, as the judges were disrobing, after having heard Senator Isham Talbot, of Kentucky, argue a case with extraordinary rapidity of utterance, he dryly remarked, "Well, a person of moderate wishes could hardly desire to live longer than the time it would take Brother Talbot to repeat moderately that four hours' speech we have just heard."

Chief-Justice Marshall, who had then presided in the supreme court for more than a quarter of a century, was one of the last survivors of those officers of the revolutionary army who had entered into civil service. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a small head and bright black eyes. He used to wear an unbrushed, long-skirted black coat, a badly fitting waistcoat and knee-breeches, a voluminous white cambric cravat, generally soiled, and black worsted stockings, with low shoes and silver buckles. He was a rapid walker, and he never wore an outer garment, even in the most inclement weather. A great judge, prominent among the mighty intellects of his epoch, and uniting inflexible honesty with rare genius, he was greatly endeared to those who knew him in private life, and his

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homeliness and slovenliness were attractive, as epicures value the cobwebs on a bottle of old wine. Pitching quoits was his favorite amusement, and when his iron circle "rung the Meg," or so fell that it encircled the peg at which he had thrown it, he exhibited childish joy.

Mr. Chief-Justice Marshall was originally a federalist, and many of Mr. Adams's friends thought that if General Jackson should be elected president he would resign, and Mr. Justice Johnson, of South Carolina, would be made chief-justice. "Then," predicted Daniel Webster, "in half an hour Mr. Justice Washington and Mr. Justice Story will resign. A majority will be left with Mr. Johnson, and every constitutional decision heretofore made will be reversed." This prediction was not realized, as Chief-Justice Marshall remained on the bench until his death, which occurred near the middle of General Jackson's second presidential term.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to cheer their congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at head-quarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue, or green, or claret, with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots with gold tassels. They wore two and sometimes three waistcoats each, of different colors, and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps.

One of the leading belles was the daughter of General Adair, a stately Kentucky beauty, who had married Colonel Joseph M. White, the delegate from Florida, and was known as "Florida White." Visiting Europe afterwards, she was received in the highest circles, and among other characteristic stories told of her is her attendance at a fancy ball given by one of the Bonaparte family. On receiving the invitation, she called on the hostess, and asked what she should wear. "Why," replied the princess, "wear an American costume. Have you no original American costumes?" "Oh, no," said Mrs. White, "we follow your fashions." "But," answered the princess, "you are a Kentuckian. Have you no Indians in Kentucky?" Mrs. White took the idea, and appeared at the ball as an Indian girl, gay with beads and feathers, with a quiver at her back and a bow in her hand. Her tall, stately, and graceful figure never appeared to greater advantage, and she was afterwards known as "*la belle sauvage.*"

Great Britain was then represented

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by Mr. Charles Richard Vaughan, a trained diplomat, whose urbanity and hospitality contributed largely to the social enjoyments of Washington. The delightful manner in which he managed not to offend the sensibilities of the citizens, which smarted under the recollections of the British raid on the capital, was displayed when he was by a mistake invited with other dignitaries to attend a dinner on Independence Day. Knowing well that the staple of the toasts and of the speeches on that occasion would be abuse of the British, which he could not quietly listen to, he wrote a polite response, saying that he must decline, as he thought that he should be indisposed on the Fourth of July.

Prominent as an adopted citizen of Washington and as a personal friend of President Adams was Dr. Wm. F. Thornton, superintendent of the patent office. He had resided in the house on F Street adjacent to that occupied by Mr. Adams when secretary of state, and the two families were very intimate. Dr. Thornton was the original architect of the Capitol, and he had by personal appeals to his conquering countrymen, in 1814, saved the patent office, with its models, from the general conflagration of the public buildings. He was also a devoted lover of horse-racing, and on one occasion, when he expected that a horse of his would win the cup, Mr. Adams walked out to the race-course to enjoy the doctor's triumph, but witnessed his defeat. After his death and the death of his accomplished wife, it became known that she was the daughter of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, of London, who was executed for forgery in 1777. Her mother emigrated to Philadelphia soon afterwards, under the name of Brodeau, and brought her infant daughter with her. In Philadelphia, she opened a boarding-school, which was liberally patronized, as she had brought excellent letters of recommendation, and displayed great ability as a teacher. The daughter grew up to be a lady remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, and married Dr. Thornton, who brought her to Washington in 1800. It is not believed that she was aware that she was the daughter of Dr. Dodd, although her husband was, and mentioned it to some of his intimate friends.

Another noted resident of English birth was Thomas Law, a younger brother of Lord Ellenborough, who had held a high civil trust in British India, and who came to the United States, it was said, to avoid being called as a witness against Warren Hastings. He brought with him half a million of dollars in gold, which General Washington advised him to invest in real estate in Washington, and, when this advice had been followed, consented to his marriage to his wife's granddaughter, Miss Annie Custis. Neither the investment of his affections nor of his money proved satisfactory, for he quarreled with his wife, and his real estate, when sold after his death, did not bring one quarter of what he had paid for it. He was a very eccentric man, one of his habits being to carry in his hands a piece of dough, which he constantly manipulated, to preserve the thread of his story in conversation. Such was his absence of mind that on asking, one day, at the post-office if there were any letters for him, he was obliged to confess that he did not remember his name; but when, a few moments afterwards, a friend addressed him as "Mr. Law," he hurried back, gave the address, and received his mail. He was an inveterate gambler, and once sent a man to Paris with a programme for breaking the banks of the gambling houses there. Instead of breaking a bank, the unlucky agent lost every cent of his money, and was obliged to work his passage home, to be reproached by Mr. Law for not having succeeded.

Mrs. Law's brother was George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, who resided

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at Arlington, an estate on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, which he had inherited from his grandmother. It was his delight to indulge in recollections of the *Pater Patriæ*, although the old inhabitants used to say that many of his reminiscences were apocryphal. "I ought to know," he used to say. "Taken from my orphaned cradle to his paternal arms, nourished at his board, cherished by him from childhood to manhood, I ought to know something of the first president of the United States and the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon." Mr. Custis was a short, stout, ruddy-faced gentleman, who resembled the traditionary British fox-hunting squire, and who was an enthusiastic sportsman, a miserable painter, and a tolerable farmer.

A protégé of General Washington's, whose name is identified with Washington city, died in its vicinity soon after Mr. Adams became president. It was Pierre Charles l'Enfant, whose design for laying out the metropolis is just beginning to be displayed to advantage. A native of France, educated as an officer of engineers, he tendered his services and his sword to the United States early in the revolutionary struggle. Having distinguished himself in several engagements, receiving a severe wound at the siege of Savannah, he was subsequently sent by General Washington to France, to have executed there his designs for the diploma and the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati. A few years later, he was employed to design a plan for the federal city and to lay it out, but he soon became embroiled with the commissioners and was discharged. He then became an unsuccessful petitioner before Congress for a redress of his real and fancied wrongs, and his tall, emaciated figure, enveloped in an old green surtout coat and crowned with a napless beaver hat, was well known at the Capitol.

Ireland contributed to the educated society of the district the widow and the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the ill-starred founder of the United Irishmen, an association which had unsuccessfully attempted the emancipation of Ireland. The young man, who bore his father's name, had inherited his genius, and was thoroughly acquainted with his romantic career. A life of the father, by the son, contained much information concerning the Irish rebellion, and shed much light on many important transactions. The younger Tone was commissioned in the United States army, and wrote a treatise on Light Artillery.

Eleazar Williams, who afterwards figured as the Lost Prince of the Bourbon House, was at Washington during the Adams administration, and was then known as "the half-breed Seneca Indian preacher." He was lobbying in favor of the ratification of a treaty under which the Senecas residing in the State of New York were to be removed to Michigan, and it was rumored that he was well paid for his services by those who wanted to have the New York lands vacated. Nearly every winter there was a delegation of Indians at Washington on some similar errand, in the full glory of war-paint, leggins of scarlet cloth, bright blue blankets, pouches embroidered with porcupine quills, and with stolid looks of self-complacency.

The visit of General Lafayette to Washington had given a great impetus to free-masonry there. The corner-stone of a new masonic temple was laid, and many of the leading citizens had taken the degrees, when the rumored abduction of William Morgan was made the basis of a political and religious anti-masonic crusade. It was asserted that Morgan, who had written and printed a book which professed to reveal the secrets of free-masonry, had been kidnaped, taken to Fort Niagara, and then plunged into the river, "with all his imperfections on his head." Many well-informed persons are of the opinion that he was hired to go to Smyrna, where he

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lived some years, and then died; but his real or supposed assassination awakened a profound indignation. Many good men who belonged to "the mystic tie" felt it their duty to dissolve their connection with it, and the anti-masonic party was at once got up by a goodly number of hopeful political aspirants. As General Jackson and Mr. Clay were both "free and accepted masons," Mr. Adams had at first some hopes that he might secure his reëlection as the anti-masonic candidate, but those hopes were speedily dissipated.

A small theatre was occasionally opened by a company of actors from Philadelphia, who used to journey every winter as far South as Savannah, performing in the intermediate cities as they went and returned. The Jeffersons, the Warrens, and the Burkes belonged to this company, in which their children were trained for histrionic fame, and President Adams first saw the elder Booth when that tragedian accompanied one of these dramatic expeditions as its brightest star. On another occasion he saw Edwin Forrest, then unknown to fame, and enjoyed the finished acting of Cooper as Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal. The popular performance at that time was Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, and the flash sayings of Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic were quoted even in congressional debates.

Card-playing was then a fashionable and popular amusement, and the Guelphs and the Ghibelines who withstood each other in debate would meet fraternally at whist tables, enlivened by their "keen encounter of wits." Grave political questions were often discussed while the shuffling and dealing was going on, by that class of congressmen who hoped that by rubbing their opinions together a light might be struck at last. Refreshments were usually served at nine o'clock, and midnight seldom found the players out of bed.

Sunday was religiously observed at Washington. The prominent denominations had, by collections taken up throughout the country, raised funds for the erection of churches dedicated to their respective creeds, and the Unitarians had been especially well cared for by their New England brethren, who had not only aided them liberally in the erection of their place of worship, but had given them a fine-toned bell. During the sessions of Congress, there was some divine service on Sunday mornings in the hall of the house, the chaplains of the two bodies officiating alternately. Sunday afternoon was a favorite time for dinner parties, followed by political conferences. How to elect or how to defeat General Jackson was the subject of prolonged discussion among those interested on the one side or the other.

Washington was also favored once a year with a discourse, generally in the open air, by that celebrated itinerant, Lorenzo Dow. The style of his impassioned oratory was as singular as the matter of his sermons and his personal appearance. He was then a middle-aged man, tall and well formed, with remarkably pale and emaciated features, long black hair, and a heavy black beard. He spoke with great earnestness, and many "who came to scoff remained to pray."

Christmas was then observed in the District of Columbia as a high day and a holy-day. The descendants of the gallant Episcopal cavaliers of Virginia, of the sturdy Presbyterians of Scotland, and of the devout Romanists of Maryland united with the newly arrived immigrants from New England in making Christmas a merry day for all. Glad peals of swinging bells ushered in the morning, while young and old, bond and free, rejoiced that the sacred birthday had come again. The yule-log blazed on ample hearths; huge punch-bowls were filled with apple-toddy or egg-nog; dining-rooms were green with holly and cedar; bands of young masqueraders

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went about with jokes and gambols; and as the night came on, fair maidens were kissed under the mistletoe boughs, while the happy negroes sang in rude style an equivalent for the carols of Old England. When the old year was rung out and the new year was rung in, there was a visiting observance of the day which President Washington had inaugurated when the federal government was located at New York; but Christmas was the favorite holiday.

Newspaper "organs" formed an important feature of the early political machinery at Washington. Railroads as well as the magnetic telegraph were then unknown, and it took two days or more for the transmission of intelligence between the federal metropolis and New York, while it was a week or two in reaching Portland, St. Louis, New Orleans, or Savannah. This made it advisable for each successive administration to have a newspaper published at Washington, which would reliably inform the subordinate officials what was being done, and keep alive a sympathy between them and the president. The "outs" and prominent aspirants for the presidency also had their organs, to keep their partisans advised of what was going on, and to secure uniformity of action.

The National Intelligencer was never devoted to Mr. Adams, as its proprietors had a kind regard for Mr. Clay, but it was always hostile to the election of General Jackson. Mr. Joseph Gales, its editor, wrote ponderous leaders on the political questions of the day, and occasionally reported, in short-hand, the speeches of congressional magnates. His partner, Mr. W. W. Seaton, attended to the business of the establishment, and by hospitable attentions to congressmen secured the public printing and several lucrative typographical jobs. During Mr. Adams's administration these matters were investigated by a committee of the house of representatives, but there was no evidence of any intention to defraud the government.

The National Journal had been established as a Calhoun organ, with John Agg, an Englishman of great ability, as its editor, and Richard Houghton, afterwards the popular editor of the Boston Atlas, as its congressional reporter. In 1825 the paper was purchased by Peter Force (afterwards noted as a bibliologist), and became the "hand-organ" of all the elements of opposition of General Jackson. Such abusive articles and scurrilous remarks as the dignified National Intelligencer would not publish appeared in the columns of the National Journal. Some of these articles, which reflected upon the character of Mrs. Jackson, gave great offense to her husband, who was persuaded that they were inspired by President Adams.

Mr. Houghton was succeeded as congressional reporter for the National Journal by Eliab Kingman, a graduate of Brown University, who inaugurated Washington correspondence with the press. Others had written letters to some one paper, but Mr. Kingman was the first to write to several journals in different places, sending to all the same items of news in different forms. Among the other newspaper men in Washington were William Hayden, congressional reporter for the National Intelligencer, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Houghton as editor of the Boston Atlas; Lund Washington, equally famed as a performer on the violin and a writer of short-hand; James Gordon Bennett, afterwards the founder of the New York Herald, who wrote spicy political letters for the New York press; S. L. Knapp, a graduate of Dartmouth, who abandoned the law for journalism, and corresponded with the Boston Gazette; James Brooks, a graduate of Waterville, afterwards the founder of the New York Express and a representative in Congress, who was the correspondent of the Portland Advertiser; and J. S.

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Buckingham, who used to write editorial letters to his paper, the Boston Courier. Mrs. Ann Royal was the only "interviewer" and the only female writer for the press, and she published her impressions of men and things in an annual volume, which was supplemented in later years by The Huntress.

The administration of Mr. Adams, which had been commenced in harmony, ended in disappointment. General Jackson, when he came to Washington after his election, was received with high honors, and the apartments which had been fitted up for him at Gadsby's National Hotel were thronged, while the White House was deserted. Mr. Justice Story wrote to his wife that "Mr. Adams has no more favors to bestow, and he is now passed by with indifference by all the fair-weather friends. They are all ready to hail the rising sun. Never have I felt so forcibly the emptiness of public honor and public favor."

General Jackson, who had in previous years accepted courtesies from Mr. Adams, did not call on him, in accordance with usage, on his arrival at Washington. Mr. Adams, stung by this neglect, determined not to play the part of the conquered leader at the inauguration, and quietly removed to the house of a friend in the suburbs on the morning of the 3d of March. When General Jackson was being inaugurated, amid the shouts of the assembled thousands, Mr. Adams was taking his usual constitutional horseback exercise. The artillery salute, fired when his successor had taken the oath of office, must have reached his ears, and notified him that he was again a private citizen.

PEPITA.

Scarcely sixteen years old
  Is Pepita! (You understand,
  A breath of this sunny land
Turns green fruit into gold:

A maiden's conscious blood
  In the cheek of girlhood glows;
  A bud slips into a rose
Before it is quite a bud!)

And I in Seville, — sedate,
  An American, with an eye
  For that strip of indigo sky
Half-glimpsed through a Moorish gate, —

I see her, sitting up there,
  With tortoise-shell comb and fan;
  Red-lipped, but a trifle wan,
Because of her coal-black hair;

And the hair a trifle dull,
  Because of the eyes beneath,

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And the radiance of her teeth
When her smile is at its full!

Against the balcony rail
She leans, and looks on the street;
Her lashes, long and discreet,
Shading her eyes like a veil.

Held by a silver dart,
The mantilla's delicate lace
Falls each side of her face
And crosswise over her heart.

This is Pepita, — this
Her hour for taking her ease:
A lover under the trees
In the *calle* were not amiss!

Well, I must needs pass by,
With a furtive glance, be it said,
At the dusk Murillo head
And the Andalusian eye!

In the Plaza I hear the sounds
Of guitar and castanet;
Although it is early yet,
The dancers are on their rounds.

Softly the sunlight falls
On the slim Giralda tower,
That now peals forth the hour
O'er broken ramparts and walls!

Ah, what glory and gloom
In this Arab-Spanish town!
What masonry, golden-brown,
And hung with tendril and bloom!

Place of forgotten kings! —
With fountains that never play,
And gardens where day by day
The lonely cicada sings!

Traces are everywhere
Of the dusky race that came,
And passed, like a sudden flame,
Leaving their sighs in the air!

Taken with things like these,
Pepita fades out of my mind:

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Pleasure enough I find
In Moorish column and frieze.

And yet I have my fears,
If this had been long ago,
I might — well, I do not know —
She with her sixteen years!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

I.

Mr. George Barrow was walking rapidly up Broadway one October afternoon. He had an appointment to keep, and so, to judge by their anxious haste, had most of his neighbors, who pushed by each other, or dexterously evaded the opposite current of sidewalk travel. The chief interruption to the hurrying stream lay in the slower movement of impotent folk, children, and women who were charmingly unconscious of blocking the way, and babbled of whatever came into their heads as freely as if they were in a country lane. Two ladies in the middle of the stream were so very leisurely in their movements that they seemed constantly to be dropping behind in the tide of travel. Successive companies passed them, and Mr. George Barrow, in his turn, overtook them and slackened his pace. He was too much preoccupied to notice who they were, but in a momentary dislocation of the crowd he had an opportunity to pass. By a common accident at such times, one of the pair retreated a pace, and he stood for a moment by the side of her companion. He was impatient to push on, but was detained by the press in front of him just long enough to hear from his neighbor the words, —

"Mr. George Barrow? My dear Helen, *I* confess to being in love with that gentleman."

At the mention of his name, he instinctively raised his hat and turned his head, but before he could look on his neighbor he had caught the rest of the sentence, and darted forward; a suppressed note of dismay told him that he had been discovered, and he pressed on more rapidly, as if he might thus obliterate the incident. His errand took him shortly down a side street, and walking at a more leisurely pace he was able to reflect.

He was still blushing a little; he was also smiling to himself. The accident seemed so odd, so entirely independent of his will, that he could consider it without in the slightest degree apologizing to himself. It was plain that the candid young lady who uttered the confession supposed herself making it to her friend; he had himself more than once made a like blunder when walking in a crowded street, but he could not remember ever having divulged any important or tender secret, least of all to the person from whom he would most carefully have guarded it. At this, he readily admitted to himself that the confession he had heard could scarcely be an unreserved one. Whatever theories might be held as to the solitude of a great city, he could not assent to one which would make it reasonable for a young lady to utter such a confidence on Broadway, if it were anything more than an extravagant mode of stating an ordinary interest

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in him. Still, the most modest man is open to subtle flattery in unguarded moments; and he blushed again, as he asked who among his acquaintances and friends could possibly have delivered herself of even so much truth as lay at the bottom of this extraordinary declaration. He had not noticed the dress or the figures of the two ladies; he recalled perfectly the pleasant voice in which the words were spoken, but he tried in vain to associate it with any one whom he knew. Besides the voice, the only clue which he had was in the name of the friend; and here again he was obliged to confess that amongst his somewhat limited range of acquaintance there was no one whom he knew as Helen. Helen herself was naturally of less interest to him than Helen's confiding friend, and he returned to the voice and the words, as if they might yet yield the secret. There was a half-jesting tone in the sentence, — of that he was sure; but he would fain believe that the other half was of sincerity.

It was the sincerity, or, more exactly, the possibility of sincerity, in the tone and words that gave him a little sense of guiltiness in attempting to discover the person who had uttered the words. Whoever she was, she certainly would not have chosen to have him overhear her; and the unpleasant fact was not so much in his having overheard her as in the consciousness on his part of being known by her to have overheard. She knew that he overheard; he knew that she knew it; worst of all, she knew that he knew that she knew it. There could scarcely be a doubt of this, and he was not the one to build on the doubt.

It will readily be seen how painful to a sensitive and honorable young man would be this accidental participation in a secret which concerned himself so nearly, and the embarrassment in Barrow's case was the greater that he was not wholly free to accept the deliberate confession of this unknown young lady. If it were possible that in the darkness of night, say, upon a lonely, remote heath, he should whisper a like secret to some trusted friend, it might properly adopt the same phrase, — "I confess to being in love with — Miss Cameron." Yet he had so indefinitely made this statement to himself that it would be very unreasonable to suppose him prepared to make it to another, under the most favoring circumstances. He was in love with Miss Cameron, after the shy fashion which dreads nothing so much as exposure to the object of love. He hovered about her, he watched her at concerts and in society, and bestowed a mute homage upon her which half intoxicated him without apparently bringing him any nearer to the person herself. There is with some lovers a sort of hasheesh experience, when the exploits of their own imagination seem almost more delightful than the real pleasure at which they aim. At any rate, Barrow's regard for the beautiful Miss Cameron had been thus far so delicious that he was in danger of substituting the shadow for the reality. The sudden discovery that he was himself an object of interest to an unknown lady acted as a touch-stone to his concealed passion, and showed him how disagreeable was the possibility of a divided regard. There was something distressing to him in the thought that he might perchance have awakened an interest in himself just when he had disposed to another of any reversionary rights he might have; moreover, he seemed to see himself by this turning of the glass, and to disclose the weakness of his own love-making. A resolution seized him. He would have done with this toying with love. Yet even as he declared this to himself, he could not help feeling something more than curiosity respecting the unknown lady. He pitied her confusion from the bottom of his heart. He wished that it were possible to undo the mischief. There came a glow of modest

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pride at being thus selected. At that moment he fancied he knew a little how a woman might feel when she discovered herself to be loved. Would that he had already disclosed himself to Miss Cameron!

The appointment which he was hastening to keep was nothing more serious than the obedience to a command from his cousin and familiar friend, Anna Lester, who had sent for him to come to her that afternoon, as she needed his help.

He found her sitting before her writing-desk, and she jumped from her seat and welcomed him with an excess of gratitude.

"George Barrow, you are a man of honor. The clock is striking four, and you are here at the moment. Now, what do you think I want of you?"

"To help you at your German, and save you the trouble of using a dictionary?"

"Nonsense. It is not the trouble; but your definitions and explanations are more intelligible than the dictionary's. No; you write a beautiful hand" —

"More accomplishments charged to me," he murmured, — "more useful accomplishments?"

"And I want you to write some invitations for me. Besides, you express yourself so cleverly; you are so — so concise, I think the word is."

"Anna, Anna, when shall I convince you that I am not to be flattered into doing what you want me to do?"

"Never, so long as you do it like a good boy, as now, for example," and she gently forced him into her chair. "Here you have paper, pen, ink, everything but ideas. I have the idea; you shall find the words. Listen. I mean to invite a few friends for the evening. Everybody says that society is frivolous, and everybody else complains that people indulge in foolish and conventional phrases. A few persons, G. B. among them, demand that Woman shall reform society by the establishment of intellectual coteries. George, I am that Woman. I will be a Madame de Sévigné, is it? — somebody whom you quote to me. Don't shake your head. You don't believe in my reformatory powers? Wait till you are one of my convicts. You are not to put all this into the invitations. I don't want my friends to know they 're to be reformed. All reformers begin by pretending to amuse. My guests are to be invited to a gathering where no one is to speak" —

"But, Anna" —

"You are not to speak, sir. Listen to me. You despise the average young man because he describes everything as 'gay,' or 'jolly,' and the average young woman because she finds everything 'so nice,' or 'heavenly,' or what not. You say these people have no discrimination in their style, and besides that they talk about the weather and other senseless topics. Now it is no better if they are made to talk French or German all the evening. One can be silly in a foreign language, and then that is so like a boarding-school. No, my guests are to pass the evening without articulate speech. They may bring slates, especially pretty little porcelain slates, or pencil and paper, and they may talk with the deaf-mute alphabet, but above all they may talk with signs. You are a good mimic; be so good, sir, as to say, 'What a pleasant gathering Miss Lester has!' without opening your lips." Barrow laughed, but laid aside his pen which he had been holding, and stood up before his cousin. He looked about the room at an imaginary company; his smile broadened; he looked significantly at Miss Lester, and bowed intelligently to a bust of Clytie that answered the purpose of a young lady for the moment; he clasped his hands in a subdued ecstasy.

"Excellent!" cried Miss Lester. "I understood it perfectly, though your glance at me was a trifle too mysterious,

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as if I were the keeper of a company of lunatics. Never mind, you will do well enough when you have a real person to look at, — Miss Nelly Cameron, for instance. Clytie cannot smile back." Barrow was a trifle dismayed. He had sedulously refrained from mentioning Miss Cameron to his cousin.

"There, there, George," said she, "keep that look for the evening. You could do wonders with it. It is far more eloquent than speech. Now do you not see how much vivacity could be given to an evening, and how much could be taught of the art of expression? Why, young men will learn what to do with their arms and hands, and the fan will resume its old place. Oh, don't quote Addison to me, unless you can do it in pantomime. Then, if people get nonplused, you know they can write, and they won't dare to write such silly, incoherent things as they say. One thing more: I propose that each person may be permitted to ask and to answer one question, *viva voce*, during the evening. The occasional explosion of a solitary sentence will give it the appearance, at least, of originality. Now you understand my plan. I want you to frame the invitations so as to convey an accurate notion. It won't do to have any one come with visible speech."

Barrow found the task a somewhat difficult one, and scribbled over a good many sheets of paper before he had anything to show to his cousin.

"You might let the first invitation be addressed to Miss Cameron," said she, as she stood patiently behind his chair.

"Do you mean to invite her?"

"Certainly; she has wit as well as voice, and I think she knows how to write legibly."

"Well, Anna, will this do?" and he read her what he had finally written: —

Miss Lester begs the pleasure of Miss Cameron's company as one of a party of amateur deaf-mutes on Thursday evening. To guard against misunderstanding, a copy of Restrictions is inclosed.

GRAMERCY PARK, *October 16th.*

"You see, Anna, I call them Restrictions, to avoid anything so formal and formidable as Rules and Regulations."

"Well," said Miss Lester, a little doubtfully, "perhaps that is as good a way as any. I had intended to include it all in the invitation. But let me hear the Restrictions."

RESTRICTIONS.

(1.) Guests are expected to refrain absolutely from speech, except that each is allowed to ask and to answer aloud one question during the evening.

(2.) The deaf-mute alphabet, pantomime, and writing, whether on paper or slate, to be the sole modes of communication.

(3.) The Restrictions to be observed only in the drawing-room. Free speech allowed in the dressing-rooms.

"Oh, but that will never do!" cried Miss Lester. "The drawing-room would be deserted immediately."

"Not at all," said Barrow. "Do you not see that as the gentlemen and ladies have separate dressing-rooms, there will be no inducement to them to desert the drawing-room, where they will be together?"

"But they will evade it; they will all go into the halls or on the staircase. Some of the girls always sit on the stairs. And then they will say that they can talk in the supper-room."

"Oh, we must not draw the rule so that a coach and four can drive through it. How will this do?

"(3.) This restriction does not apply to the dressing-rooms, where free speech will be allowed."

"That seems to shut the door," said Miss Lester, looking at it critically. "George, I hope they won't go wild, and go home!"

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"Oh, never fear. You will have dancing of course?"

"To be sure. You restore my courage. We are like two conspirators. I was Lady Macbeth at first, and I am like her now when the deed was done."

"Excuse me, Anna; don't wrench me into Macbeth, if you please. Shall I write the invitations?"

"Do. Here is the list, and I will help you. You may write to all the ladies, including Miss Cameron, and I will write to the gentlemen."

"Including Mr. Jenness."

"Nonsense. You never saw Mr. Jenness."

"Put that indignant tone into your face Thursday evening, Anna. Nobody will mistake it."

"George Barrow! I shall have to begin a course of flattery on you again."

II.

The days between the issuing of the invitation and Thursday evening were pretty fully occupied by Miss Lester in receiving her puzzled friends, and explaining to them with tiresome iteration the details of her scheme. She thought that her form of invitation and accompanying code of Restrictions were comprehensive enough, but she found it necessary to answer very elementary questions, and to state definitely what was not as well as what was expected. The ingenuity of her guests in discovering difficulties amazed her. As she put it briefly to her cousin, George Barrow, the way of reformers is hard. Miss Cameron was one of the few who did not call, and this was set down to her credit. She, as Miss Lester said pointedly to Barrow, could see through a ladder.

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties which every one found, every one accepted. It was to be like a masquerade, they declared to one another, and in the dressing-rooms there were affecting leave-takings before the perils of the drawing-room were essayed.

"Good-by, Clara," said one. "I shall miss that pretty lisp of yours. It is impossible to lisp in pantomime."

"At least," was the retort, "we are not forbidden to laugh, and I shall know your charming little cackle. It will have a positively brilliant effect in the general stillness."

"I do not believe it will be still at all," said a third. "I shall make my one question so long and parenthetical that it will last until supper time, and my answer will last all the rest of the evening." It was evident that there was a latent spirit of mutiny present, and that there were some who were mischievously bent on evading the Restrictions by some ingenious device or other.

"We can vary the entertainment by Dumb Crambo," suggested one; "only the guessers will have to act their guesses, and the players will have to guess the guesses."

The gentlemen from their dressing-room flung winged words across the entry, as their last opportunity for Christian intercourse; but once they stepped over the threshold and began their descent, a giggling silence possessed the company, each faintly expressing his or her sentiments by feebly conceived pantomime. It was plain that the noble art of expression had suffered by too free a use of the tongue. It was amusing, too, to see the distraction which prevailed, since each was, as it were, trying to oversee his neighbor, overhearing being impossible. The novelty of the experiment made some lose their self-possession, but it had the curious effect upon the more bashful and reticent of loosening their powers of expression. Indeed, it was not long before the scene became exceedingly animated. As very few were found to shine in this form of conversation, a general confidence returned, and the fun of the thing removed embarrassment. Bursts of laughter and checked

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exclamations were heard on all sides. Miss Lester was regarded as a sort of umpire, and was frequently appealed to to know if this or that half-articulate expression was justifiable. Amongst the company was a professor in a deaf-mute college, who had been invited somewhat as a professional musician who has to be coaxed into entertaining the company, and Miss Lester plied her arts to draw out this gentleman. He was amused and slightly scornful at the infantile attempts in an art which he was accustomed to see exercised with grace and fluency. It was not very hard to persuade him to tell the story of Joseph and his Brethren to an admiring circle, who had been privately and separately notified what the story was to be, and who were thus able to follow the text, with only such difficulty as their defective memories supplied.

There was more frolic in the pantomime than in the slow process of correspondence, but the ladies all came prepared with materials for conversation. Miss Lester's wishes were easily gratified. The instinctive taste of her guests had furnished them with the prettiest and most engaging little tablets and slates, which often formed unique and picturesque additions to dress. Nor was it long before the incompleteness of the pantomime and the repression of many witty or effective sentiments which required written speech for expression led to a general use of writing materials. Groups began to form, chiefly by twos, and the room had almost the appearance of containing a class in drawing or writing. Some of the more conscientious, upon abandoning acted speech, felt it incumbent upon them to make the transition to written words through picture-writing, and a rapid system of hieroglyphs was developed. Once in a while, two persons, in despair of making themselves understood, and choked with their inarticulate thoughts, would fly from the drawing-room and fire their sentences across to one another from the sanctuaries of the dressing-rooms. For it was noticeable that during the earlier part of the evening no one ventured to speak aloud. Even the young lady who threatened to project her one question into supper time lost either the desire or the courage. In fact, each one, being limited to a single question, was loath to throw away the precious privilege too cheaply, and in the general stillness there was an alarming dilemma for any one who should speak. Either the question asked must be significant, in consideration of its unique value, when it became every one's property, or it must be indifferent, because it was to be common property, when it would thereby be worthless to the questioner. At any rate, for one reason or another, almost every one was disposed to hoard the one opportunity of speech; and the longer it was hoarded the more necessary did it become that it should be worth its price. Only now and then did some impatient person, in despair of satisfactorily answering on slate or paper, indulge in a long, rambling answer, reluctant to bring it to a close, and laughingly interweaving all possible facts and sentiments that could legitimately be construed as belonging to the answer. Traps were set by ingenious conversationists to make it impossible for their adversaries to answer except by word of mouth, and these independent, isolated sentences shot into the general ear — for it seemed as if even whispers were loud — sometimes covered the unfortunate speech-maker with confusion.

Mr. George Barrow was an amused spectator much of the time. He did not know many of the guests, and was frequently by the side of his cousin, ready to perform any little service she might desire. Yet he was not so preoccupied that his eyes failed to follow Miss Cameron's movements, which Miss Lester, with her usual penetration, was quick to discover.

'You will confuse Miss Cameron,"

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she suddenly wrote on her tablet. "She will think she is awkward."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Barrow with his eyebrows.

"Then come with me," motioned Miss Lester; and she took his arm to cross the room. The matter of introduction was one which she had gayly performed many times in the evening when it was entirely unnecessary, simply because it was so graceful and intelligible a piece of pantomime. She had used it as a device for breaking up sets and bringing together people who she felt sure would play at each other skillfully, and secretly enjoyed the use of a weapon which she could scarcely have used so freely had she been at liberty to speak. To offer to be escorted whither the escort did not know enabled her to form new combinations, which were apt to be surprises to two people at least; and it was somewhat like a game for her, as she moved her pieces from one place to another on the board. Barrow, of course, was not unprepared, as his companion guided him to where Miss Cameron sat talking with the professor in the deaf-mute manual, which displayed gracefully her nimble fingers. The needlessness of speech was for the moment agreeable to him, as Miss Lester disengaged the two who were talking, and presented Mr. Barrow to Miss Cameron as if he were a figure in a wax-work show. The lady who received him shot a glance at Miss Lester, as if she saw something significant in her gesture of introduction, and then turned and asked him with her fingers, —

"Do you speak deaf-mute, Mr. Barrow?"

Barrow, who did not know the manual, made a happy guess at the question, and answered, — the one answer he was to be allowed in the evening, — "No, I do not speak deaf-mute." Miss Cameron laughed, and had recourse at once to her slate.

"Why do you waste your one answer on seven words?" she wrote.

"Oh, it is off my mind now, and I can resign myself to utter silence."

"You can ask a question."

"Yes; but I cannot think of one important enough to ask the whole company."

"For my part," wrote Miss Cameron, "if I were confined to writing, I should learn short-hand; for I think conversation would degenerate into epigrams if we had to write out everything we said. I feel as if I were charged so much a word over ten words. You sit there and look at me as I write this, and I know you are wondering what wise thing Miss H. C. is writing."

"Your slate is nearly full," rejoined Barrow. "Let us use my block. This gives us the advantage of both talking together. While you are answering the question I now write, I can be writing something else." She accepted one of the layers of paper from his block, but looking up described an interrogation mark with her forefinger.

"Oh, I forgot," wrote Barrow. "I meant to ask a personal question, and here is where writing comes in to help a timid man. You wrote H. C. just now. I know what C. is, but I should have written E. C., — not, of course, N. C. Now, pray, how do you spell it with an H?"

"This is not conversation," she wrote back, as she saw him continuing to write after he had handed her a slip. "You must listen to me while I am talking, or we shall get very much confused. Can you not spell my name with a rough breathing? You see I have just begun to study Greek, and am airing my learning." While Miss Cameron was writing this, Barrow was scribbling upon his paper: —

"I think Anna Lester is mistaken if she fancies she can cure us of frivolity by setting us to writing. I have myself written more foolish things this evening than I have uttered during the past forty-eight hours. It is extraor-

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dinary what rude things I am capable of writing, — things I should blush to say aloud. For instance, I accidentally overheard" — At this point, discovering that Miss Cameron had come to a stop, he held out his hand for her paper, and at the same moment she took his. They read their papers, and it suddenly flashed over Barrow's mind, — This is Miss Helen Cameron! Perhaps she is the Helen whose place I unwittingly took. He looked at her with a sudden curiosity. What was his amazement to find her covered with confusion! He glanced at his paper to see what he had written that should make her blush. Now, he had not finished the sentence which he was writing, nor had he the remotest intention of writing his Broadway experience; it was merely a trifling incident of the evening which he had meant to tell, to point a remark. The situation confounded him with its awkwardness. He was apparently about to tell Miss Helen Cameron what no man of honor would disclose. She could not know that he had not recognized her as one of the two behind whom he had walked, and whose place he had for a moment taken, to hear from her companion a confession which, even if said in fun, no lady would wish to have had overheard, far less repeated in coarse jest. And this, moreover, was the woman whom he loved, and whose good opinion was worth the world to him. What could she think of him! What did she think! She showed plainly enough that she had no wish to continue the conversation, for she got up abruptly and went across the room.

In the occupation of his mind this evening with Miss Helen Cameron, he had quite forgotten the incident of a few days back, but now it returned vividly to him, and he was agitated by the recollection. True, Miss Helen Cameron might not have been the Helen for whom the confession was intended; yet why then should she be so disturbed at his words? At the time he had not associated her with that unknown and indeed unseen lady. He had heard her named by his cousin only with her familiar name, and he remembered well how inappropriate to her stateliness and fine bearing the name Nelly had seemed. And now returned the wavering in his mind between his mute regard for Miss Cameron and his half-romantic, chivalric feeling toward the unknown lady whose voice only he had heard. Could it be possible, then, that the two ladies whom he had passed that Saturday afternoon were in the balances before him? He blushed at the temerity of his position; yet even as he blushed he felt a singular attraction toward the one who had so openly proclaimed her liking for him. As he stood thus, a tablet was suddenly thrust before him. He looked up. Anna Lester looked mischievously at him, and his eyes fell on what she had written: —

"My dear, romantic cousin: Do you know that you have been standing motionless for nearly three minutes, thinking, in all probability, of Miss Nelly Cameron? Your face is a sorry tell-tale. It is quite as significant as speaking aloud. Now, come with me. I have a friend who asked to have you introduced early in the evening. I suspect she is an admirer of yours. Your affectionate, base flatterer.

"P. S. Her name is Miss Elwell, and she has a charming voice. You must ask her a question which will require a spoken answer."

Barrow gave his arm to his cousin. He was so possessed with the romance in his mind that it was only another confirmation when Miss Lester, guiding him to a distant part of the room, left him confronting not Miss Elwell alone, but Miss Cameron, who had been busy writing, and who held, he could see, the unfortunate paper which he had left in her hands. Miss Elwell acknowledged the introduction with a profound courtesy

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and a certain plenitude of manner which had all the appearance of being donned for the occasion.

"Miss Cameron has told her," sighed Barrow to himself. "It is useless for me to attempt to explain. I should only get into deeper trouble. The best I can do is to ignore it all." It was easier to sigh this to himself than to meet Miss Cameron's somewhat accusing face. He took his block, and wrote hastily to Miss Elwell: —

"Pray pardon my impertinence; impertinence, I find, comes easy to me on paper. I had the pleasure of addressing my cousin's — Miss Lester's — notes of invitation; yet your name was not among them." Miss Elwell looked over his hand as he wrote, and at this point took the paper from him.

"I accidentally overheard of the party from my friend, Miss Cameron, whom I am visiting, and she easily begged a special invitation for me." The phrase was so evidently unnecessary and obtrusive that it had a significance at once. Barrow was nettled. It seemed as if she was bent on undeceiving him, if he really fancied her confession to have any sincerity in it. He wrote carelessly: —

"How long have you been visiting Miss Cameron?"

"Several weeks," was the reply. "I think I have not had the pleasure of *meeting* you before, though I have often seen you. You know a few glimpses sometimes will serve in place of a long acquaintance."

"I find that my acquaintance with people," Barrow wrote boldly, "is often marked more by the voice than anything else. I remember voices as some people remember faces, and I have even fancied that I knew people by their voice better than by their face. If, for instance, I had ever heard your voice, I think I should not have forgotten it; your face I wish I could politely say I had seen before, yet I must have seen it sometimes when you have been with Miss Cameron."

"Either my face or my back," she wrote quickly. "Unfortunately, this is the last place in the world for hearing any one's voice. I am afraid, Mr. Barrow, if you care to remember me at all, you will have to make an effort and remember my face."

He looked up, half unconsciously, as he read this, and bashfully withdrew his eyes from her smiling face. The excess of manner which she had put on when they met was gone, and in place he saw a frank, mirthful girl who watched him half roguishly. Miss Cameron had left them, and just now he discovered that the room was becoming deserted by the movement of the company into the supper-room. He offered his arm to Miss Elwell, and they walked after the rest. "It must be," he said to himself, "that she only uttered an extravagant expression of no value." His pride suffered a little at this disillusion, and there still remained a hurt feeling that he should have so laid himself open to Miss Cameron. "Miss Elwell meant nothing," he reasoned; "yet I, like a brute, seemed to be vain of the words and ready to repeat them to the next person." Suddenly he remembered Anna Lester's words; he turned to Miss Elwell and led her to the piano. "Will you not sing just one song before we go into supper?" he asked, with his one question. Miss Elwell bowed, and drew off her gloves, as she sat down at the instrument. She hesitated a moment, and then, looking curiously at her companion, sang: —

"What were the words she said, she said?
What were the words she said?
She shot the words from her curvèd lips,
And my little heart lay dead.

"She spake the words in jest, in jest!
She spake the words in jest!
Up sprang my heart from its little grave,
For the riddle love had guessed."

Miss Elwell sang the song demurely, with a rich, contralto voice, and then,

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rising, took Barrow's arm again. He was perplexed in the extreme. Trying to make allowances for the difference of the voice in singing and in speech, he persuaded himself there was kinship in the voice that sang this song with the voice which he had heard on Broadway. He wrote on Miss Elwell's slate, —

"Thank you for the song and the voice; but unless I am always to hear you sing, how can I remember you by your voice when I meet you again? Pray say something; or, stay, I will ask you a question."

"That is useless," she interrupted him. "I recklessly threw away both question and answer as soon as I entered the drawing-room. I hesitated at the piano, but I thought that singing would not be a breach of contract."

He was forced to be content with this reply, and indeed the lively scene of the supper-room prevented any very sustained conversation. Young men were performing miracles of dumb show, as they flourished their plates and cups about in heroic attempts to understand and be understood when their fingers were so abundantly engrossed. One ingenious young man was engaged in a corner cutting an alphabet out of cake, while his companion vainly endeavored to explain to him both that she was hungry and that a single alphabet would be entirely inadequate toward expressing anything. Miss Lester had provided a supply of mottoes, which were drawn with great eagerness by her guests, each hoping to find these somewhat arid compositions more expressive than formerly.

"This is the hard-tack," explained Miss Lester to Miss Cameron, with whom she was hobnobbing, "which our shipwrecked conversationists are snatching at in my desert island. Nelly, when I am at liberty to open my mouth, I intend to scold you roundly. I find pencil and paper very ineffectual for scolding purposes."

"Write your scolding, Anna. I have no objection to writing mine. Poor Mr. Jenness has been trying in vain to make out some severe words which you wrote him. I do not know what they were, but I have caught him eying them and you all the evening."

"Poor Mr. Jenness should not try to make out too much meaning in them," replied Miss Lester. "My dear, I have a great mind to repeat them here for you, but I won't, because — because they were silly." The last four words were scratched out before they reached Miss Cameron, and she tried hard to decipher them.

"It 's no use, Nelly," wrote Miss Lester again; "my scolding, however, shall be perfectly legible. Why did you get up and leave my poor cousin so abruptly?"

"Because" — rejoined Miss Cameron, and the four words that gave her reason were maliciously scribbled over before they reached Miss Lester's eyes.

"Well," continued that young lady, "when I get you under my tongue, you will not be able to scratch out anything. Writing is one thing; speech, thank goodness, is another. For scolding purposes and for purposes of confession, give me speech."

Miss Anna Lester was in fact, if the truth must be told, rather more restless under her experiment than were her guests. They had so entered into the fun of the thing that there was a rivalry of pantomime and a determination not to break into speech. Dancing, on which she had counted as a great resort, was repeatedly broken up by the merry retreat of the dancers to more lively conversation. After supper, however, dancing became more general. Barrow found himself in the same set with Miss Elwell and Miss Cameron, and as he passed to one and the other it was with a perplexity that showed itself somewhat plainly in his face. He looked seriously at each in turn, — far more seriously than the exigencies of the quadrille demanded, — and encountered

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Miss Elwell's laughing eyes and sober mouth, Miss Cameron's more unquiet look.

The evening at length came to an end. Each guest, bidding Miss Lester good-night, expressed in the most effective manner his or her delight over the frolic. Bursts of laughter came from the rooms up-stairs, as confidences were rapidly exchanged; but true to the last, the several couples as they passed down the staircase preserved a demure silence of lips, until they had stepped over the threshold of the porch. Barrow was one of the last to leave, and as he entered the gentlemen's room above he caught sight of two figures about to issue from the opposite room, cloaked and hooded.

"Helen," he heard one of them say, "say what you please, I am mortified and disappointed."

There could be no mistaking that voice. He had heard it once before, and only once.

III.

If Miss Lester were in earnest in wishing to scold Miss Cameron, she had an early opportunity of doing so, for she received a call from that lady the next day after the deaf-mute party. Miss Cameron came without her friend, and this gave additional reason for Miss Lester to administer her rebuke. But either she had forgotten her intention, or feared to bring down retaliation upon herself. She had enough to do to discuss the amusing episodes of the night before.

"And how did your friend, Miss Elwell, like George Barrow?" she finally asked.

"I really cannot tell," said Miss Cameron. "She provokes me sometimes by her half-mocking ways, and I tell her that I never am quite sure what she thinks of any one until she has cried over him and laughed over him."

"Well, has she cried over my gallant cousin?"

"I can't say what she may have done in private. Before me she has indulged in a series of laughs which make me almost afraid to bring them together."

"Why, do you mean to bring them together?"

"She insists that I am to give a tea-party, to which you and he are to be invited."

"Well, Nelly, *I* shall not decline such a gracious and hearty invitation, and when George understands that he is invited to meet a young lady whom he excites to uncontrollable laughter I can scarcely imagine the alacrity with which he will accept."

"Anna Lester, you are not quite fair. Why will you force me to say" —

"To say what?"

"Let us begin over again. My friend is very mischievous, though she looks so demure. I do not know your cousin well. You must remember that I never spoke to him until last night, if one can call that speaking. Of course, I have my ideas about him. Have I not heard you praise him? Does not everybody praise him? Have not I myself foolishly praised him before I knew him, simply repeating what everybody says and — and what he looked, before I talked with him at all? It is too bad, Anna Lester, for you to sit there and hear me say these things; but I tell you plainly, your cousin is not what I supposed him to be, — but I have no right to say that."

"No, indeed, you have no right to say it!" said Miss Lester indignantly. "Why do you come to me with such speeches, Helen Cameron? As if George Barrow were not a good deal more than I ever saw in him!"

"I am very penitent, Anna, and very miserable, or else I should not be coming to you with this. Mr. Barrow tells you everything, does n't he?"

"He never mentioned your name to me, Helen Cameron."

"Never? — not since last Saturday?"

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"No. Stop. It was last Saturday that he wrote my invitations for me. He did n't exactly mention you. Indeed, I believe I mentioned you first," and Miss Lester smiled a little grimly.

"Was it in the afternoon?"

"Yes; it was about four o'clock that he was here. My dear Nelly, what in the world is it? I am dying of curiosity."

"I don't know that I want to tell now," said Miss Cameron, looking a little more composed.

"Oh, do tell. *I* don't tell George everything."

"Do you tell Henry Jenness everything?"

"Nell, you are getting spiteful, and it does n't become you."

"I have partly got over my misery, Anna, — that is all. Well," suddenly, "I will tell you. But surely you will receive it in confidence?"

"Wild horses shall not drag it from me."

"I don't care about the horses."

"Well, not a Barrow shall wheel it away."

"You must know, then, that last Saturday" —

"This is truly exciting," said Miss Lester, pressing forward eagerly, with her hands on her knees.

"Helen Elwell and I had been in Brooklyn as far as the Park, and there we met an old school friend, and you may imagine how much gossip we talked. We named over every one who had been at school with us, and, as Helen said, a cloud as big as a man's hand seemed to rest on every one of them. It was perfectly ridiculous, and we did not escape the contagion, you may be sure. Our friend came with us nearly to the ferry, chattering all the way, and when we left her we kept up the edifying conversation, going over again all the names, and speculating about them. Helen was as absurd as possible. She began to pretend all manner of attachments, and I was nearly as silly. Oh, Anna, what a confession I am making! Let me stop here."

"Stop here! Why, my dear Nelly, you are at the most interesting point."

"Well, we were walking slowly up Broadway, for we were quite tired, and Helen had begun to appropriate various friends of mine whom she had met or had heard me speak of. It amused me and I humored her, but it got to be a little provoking, and I suppose I was cross and rather ashamed of her and myself, for all at once she mentioned your cousin as her latest and most valuable — captive, she called him. This was too much; I knew she had never spoken a word to him, and had only seen him once or twice, and I protested." Miss Cameron was silent.

"And very proper, my dear; but I don't see anything in that to throw you on the verge of hysterics."

"Oh, but Anna, you cannot understand. At that very moment who should pass us but — but Mr. George Barrow himself."

"How extraordinary!"

"Oh, not extraordinary at all. It was a just punishment," and Miss Cameron hid her face, and laughed and cried. Anna Lester looked at her in amazement.

"Well, my dear," she said finally, "I must really think that you make too fine a point of it. What was there so very dreadful in that? If you had told George that you were in love with him, that would have been another thing."

"Oh, but I did, Anna, I did; that is just what I did, and for which I never, never, never shall forgive myself, — no, nor him either. How could he — how could he listen, and then taunt me with it afterward!"

"Come, come, Helen. Abuse yourself as much as you please, but don't you bring a railing accusation against George Barrow."

"Oh, I know; it was all my own fault," admitted Miss Cameron, again penitent. "Anna, you shall hear the worst. Helen

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had just been audaciously setting up a special claim for him, and I was provoked to answer, '*I* am in love with Mr. George Barrow,' when at that very moment I discovered that Helen had stepped behind, and a gentleman was receiving my confidence. That gentleman was Mr. George Barrow."

Miss Lester covered her face, and laughed and laughed.

"Oh, my poor cousin, my poor cousin!" she exclaimed at length.

"And pray where is his poverty?" asked Miss Cameron, with some asperity at getting no commiseration for herself.

"Excuse me, Nelly, but I can only faintly imagine his discomfiture at the situation."

"I doubt his being discomfited," said Miss Cameron, dryly. "At any rate, he recognized us by raising his hat. He meant we should know that he heard."

"I do not believe that," said Miss Lester. "George is the soul of honor. If he overheard anything thus accidentally, he would keep it to himself. And he is so romantic he would build an entire air castle from this little incident. Are you sure he recognized you?"

"He recognized his name, but he did not turn about to look at my face."

"Of course he did not!" said Miss Lester, indignantly.

"But he must have been behind us. Do you think he could have known our backs?"

"Well, Nelly, if he had been looking hard, I think he would have known yours. I suspect he knows you at every angle" —

"Be still, Anna; you distress me."

"But I do not believe he would have known Miss Elwell."

"He intimated last night that he knew me."

"What!" Hereupon Miss Cameron produced the paper which contained Barrow's unfinished sentence. Miss Lester studied it attentively.

"The most I can say, Helen, is that *if* he were about to refer to that incident — and I do not believe he was — he had not the remotest notion that you were the one."

"He said very directly to Helen Elwell that he had a quick ear for voices and recognized people by them."

"Did he ever hear yours?"

"Never but that once, that I know of."

"I confess I am puzzled. I wish I could have heard him talking with you and Miss Elwell. I knew something was going wrong with him all the evening."

"I have his conversation with Helen," said Miss Cameron, meekly producing the scraps of paper.

"Ah! that is one of the advantages of the new method," said Miss Lester, sagaciously. "Let me read it, my dear." She read the sentences slowly; then she jumped up, then sat down again.

"Helen, Helen!" she exclaimed, "I have it, — I am sure I have it. He has a suspicion. He thinks it was Helen Elwell who made the pretty little speech."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do; my intellect is working with extraordinary clearness. Now, Nelly, can you remember the very words you used when you were accidentally overheard?"

"Oh, I remember them too distinctly. I have said them over and over again; they stick to me like burs. I have tried hard to believe I said something else."

"First, does he know that Miss Elwell's name is Helen?"

"No, I do not see why he should."

"And does he know that yours is?"

"Yes; he asked me last night, and looked very much surprised when he found that it was."

"Well, now, exactly what did you say on that momentous Saturday afternoon?" Miss Cameron hesitated and colored. Then, as if it was nothing to be ashamed of, she repeated with some emphasis, —

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"Mr. George Barrow? My dear Helen, *I* confess to being in love with that gentleman."

Perhaps the excitement made her raise her voice a little. Be this as it may, Mr. George Barrow, who had entered at the other end of the room, heard for a second time distinctly the extraordinary words which had caused him already so much pleasurable pain. He did what any man of honor under the circumstances must needs do: he turned and fled like a coward. Yet, noiseless as he thought he was, he could not pass through the hall without being heard as he went by the other entrance to the parlor. At that moment, Anna Lester threw the door open, thinking a visitor had come, for she had heard the bell, which Miss Cameron had not. Her cousin stood before her in all the guiltiness of innocence.

"You heard me again!" cried Miss Cameron, passionately and convulsively. Mr. Barrow had the courage of his convictions, at all events. Miss Lester had her own instantaneous grasp of the situation. She went through the open door into the hall and rushed wildly up-stairs at the same moment that George Barrow, pushing by her, entered the parlor. He stood before the weeping girl.

"Yes, I accidentally overheard you," he said. There was something in the mournful tones of his voice which led her to look up. His face was singularly tell-tale. Nor was it long before he confirmed its story of ingenious pleading by words which at any rate we should not be justified in overhearing, — certainly not in overhearing with cool calculation. Whatever mystery still remained to him he was content to hear afterward. Miss Helen Elwell's voice, agreeable as it was in music, had a teasing quality about it in speech which could by no possibility be mistaken for Miss Helen Cameron's.

Horace E. Scudder.

FLOWERS IN THE DARK.

LATE in the evening, when the room had grown
Too hot and tiresome with its flaring light
And noise of voices, I stole out alone
Into the darkness of the summer night.
Down the long garden walk I slowly went.
A little wind was stirring in the trees;
I only saw the whitest of the flowers,
And I was sorry that the earlier hours
Of that fair evening had been so ill-spent;
Because, I said, I am content with these
Dear friends of mine, who only speak to me
With their delicious fragrance, and who tell
To me their gracious welcome silently.
The leaves that touch my hand with dew are wet;
I find the tall white lilies I love well;
I linger as I pass the mignonette;
And what surprise could sweeter be than this,
To find a late rose waiting with a kiss!

Sarah O. Jewett.

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EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.[1]

THE history of Egypt can never be fully known, although its memorials are more numerous and more profoundly interesting than the remains of any other ancient civilization. No other people ever took such pains to perpetuate their annals. Every one of their temples and colossal sculptures, as well as their eternal pyramids, seems to have been designed to preserve the name of a Pharaoh and the events of his reign. Mounds of stones along the Nile and by its old and deserted channels in the Delta designate the sites of dead and forgotten cities; and every column and pedestal and fragment of wall still bears the indestructible characters which tell of the pride and power of some successor of Amon-ra.

Many of the ancient peoples have left behind them but slight vestiges of their occupancy. The nomadic races especially, like their flocks and herds, only browsed the annual herbage, and then, leaving the earth unscarred and nature's landmarks undisturbed, vanished into the darkness. The Egyptian bent nature to his will. He left his mark upon the splintered crags of mountains; he changed the course of the great river, and defended his rich, black valley from the Libyan sands.

The ruins of Egypt, beyond all others on the planet, show grandeur of design with adequate skill and boundless energy in execution. To an Egyptian architect nothing was impossible. We are not losing sight of the works of the Greeks; but the art and architecture of that lively and accomplished people have been so long domesticated in modern life and blended with modern thought that they give us an impression of elegance and proportion, of refined and tranquil beauty, but never the sense of sublimity. The central idea in Egypt was an all-compelling power, finding expression in original and tremendous forms. The Hall of Columns at Karnak and the gigantic twin statues of Amen-hotep III. are instances of the purely sublime.

It was wonderful that the picture-writing served both for history and for ornament. The inscriptions on temple walls and on shafts of stone seem to be a complement to the architecture, an efflorescence of beauty. And among the lonely mountains from which the huge blocks were quarried may still be seen on the faces of the cliffs the cartouches of Pharaohs, the memoranda of architects, and the *mots* of jesters. It was as if all Egypt, in every reign, had been chiseling the memorials for history. The broad-based pyramid, that lifted its head so high above the toilers in the valley, was the symbol of Khufu, or Khafra, or Menkaura. Every new temple commemorated an expedition to Syria, or Mesopotamia, or "the miserable land of Kush." Every obelisk and statue stood for a hero. So these fragments of dead cities still remain for us sermons in stones.

The vast cemeteries underneath and around the impressive ruins are also full of memorials. In the lapse of ages the under-world became incredibly populous; and we find the warrior, priest, astronomer, architect, or poet sleeping in an "everlasting habitation," on whose walls are depicted in still lively colors his name and family, his public services and private life, and the principal events of his time. In the cerements of his

[1] *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments.* By HENRY BRUGSCH-BEY. Translated from the German by the late HENRY DANBY SEYMOUR, F. R. G. S. Completed and Edited by PHILIP SMITH, B. A. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1879.

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embalmed body were laid away (as if to gratify the eager curiosity of after-ages) similar records traced on leaves of papyrus, as well as copies from the hoary litanies of the gods. Never was there a people with such an overpowering desire for immortality. Their buildings were to be the landmarks of their history; their bodies they strove to secure from corruption, as well as from insult; and they pleased themselves with an endless vista of the life to come, after passing the ordeal before Osiris, the judge of all.

In the long interval since Menes (properly Mena), some fifty centuries before our Christian era, there have been many vicissitudes. War has been the chief destructive agency in the Nile Valley, although brutal ignorance, cupidity, and fanaticism have done much. Sometimes a victorious flotilla came down from the black kingdoms above Elephantine, and left its ugly marks on the populous shores. Sometimes the Shasu, the Bedouins of antiquity, dashed through the line of fortresses on the east, across the isthmus. Sometimes, in return for an Egyptian excursion into the home of the Khita, there came an Assyrian or a Persian invasion, attended, of course, by the overthrow of public edifices, and by the effacement of the most venerable inscriptions. Sometimes rival kings in the upper and lower country, above and below Memphis, made havoc over the disputed boundary. But of all despoilers the followers of Mohammed have been the worst. Such blind bigots could have no soul for the grandeur of antiquity, and no interest in the early records of civilization. The zeal for destruction has been ceaseless and insatiable. The exquisitely wrought marbles and porphyries of the elder world have been built into tasteless palaces and mosques. Cairo is but a huge mosaic, for which every noble monument of ancient art has contributed a priceless stone.

The sands, too, have been slowly covering some of the most characteristic remains. M. Mariette, following upon a hint in Herodotus, uncovered an avenue bordered by a hundred and fifty sphinxes, which had been buried under sand from twenty to seventy feet deep. If the sands could be cleared away, and if all the multitudes of ruins could be studied by competent archæologists, with ample resources at command, there would be, probably, few important gaps in the history that could be constructed from the monuments.

Since the time when Champollion deciphered the hieroglyphics, many valuable discoveries have been made. The labors of Lepsius, Wilkinson, Rougé, and Mariette are known to all who have given any attention to this most fascinating subject. The discoveries of the last-named and justly celebrated *savant* are perhaps of greater extent and value than those of any other modern explorer; but it frequently happens in archæology, as in natural science, that after the eager observers have collected a great number of facts in detail, another of a more reflective turn coördinates them into the certainty of knowledge, or places them in the assured sequences of history.

One of the coördinating minds is found in Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, the author of the work now under consideration. Having spent nearly thirty years in exploration and in the study of inscriptions, with the active aid of the Khedive's government, Dr. Brugsch has become doubtless the first living authority on the subject. He, above all others, seems to give life and fluency to the obscure and inflexible symbols of ancient thought. Readers do not need to be told that while equivalents in contemporary languages come to the translator almost without thought, there is a great gulf between the mental processes of the ancient and the modern world. In a very high sense of the word Dr. Brugsch

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is an interpreter, and succeeds in representing the formal and severe hieratic symbols in bright and smoothly connected phrases. But this facile grace is one of his minor qualifications. His work shows that he has ample historical and philological knowledge; and his perception of the necessary order of events, the development of ideas, the growth of institutions, and all that makes the continuity of a nation's life seems more like the operation of a marvelous instinct than the result of a process of reasoning. He has undertaken to construct, as completely as is now possible, a history of the Egyptian dynasties from Menes to Alexander the Great, based upon the monumental inscriptions and upon the few historical papyri. To be sure, he uses as illustrations the remains of the tables of Manetho; also the accounts of Herodotus, Diodorus, and other Greek writers; but his reliance is upon the contemporary records graven in imperishable stone.

It would be with extreme diffidence that we should attempt to criticise the results of these vast labors, guided by such intelligence and such devotion to truth. The most striking characteristics of our author, after his industry and breadth of understanding, are his sense of justice and the high and delicate tone of moderation shown in his statements and in his far-reaching deductions. In the presence of the awful mystery of monumental Egypt, there is great temptation to extravagance; the imagination kindles at the thought of the long ages of human life, until the faculties are better fitted to rhapsodize than to attend to the delivery of a calm judgment. But Dr. Brugsch is so careful, so self-contained, so free from bias, that he soon gains the reader's entire confidence.

Probably the most worthy tribute to the author, and the most desirable thing for the reader, will be, in lieu of comments or speculations of our own, to present a compact summary of the most striking portions of his work.

Perhaps the learned reader will pardon us for stating that the cartouches of the Pharaohs, first discovered and so named by Champollion, have been of the utmost importance in fixing dates, and in other respects. The cartouches might be considered as royal coats of arms. Each monarch had his own, and it was chiseled or painted upon all the public works of his reign. At first it was a simple oval, or rounded parallelogram, inclosing representations of birds and animals, and other signs. As time went by, some renowned king would require two or more ovals to contain the symbols of his dignity. The cartouche of the warrior King Aahmes has three ovals; that of Thutmes IV. has four; while six were necessary for the great Ramses.

The names to which we are accustomed are not Egyptian, but Greek. The Nile valley was known to its inhabitants only as Kham, Khem, or Khemi, "the black land." Arabia was Teschen, "the red land." The first great capital was, in Egyptian, Men-nofer, "the good place;" and this the Greeks perverted to Memphis. The city Annu (On in the Scripture) was named by the same people Heliopolis. Thebes is the Greek variation upon Tebe or Tabe.

The history of Egypt, like that of other nations of the Old World, begins in the time of the gods. There were different theological schools; the earliest being at Memphis, the most influential at Thebes, and the latest at Tanis (Pi-Ramses). There was throughout the land little of the ferocity that characterized the worship of the tribes of Canaan. The chief god at Memphis was Ptah or Patah, the Former or supreme architect. This divinity was considered by the Greeks the same as their Hephaistos; but the two deities were totally different. The Memphian god was an awful creator; the Greek was a shrewd, lame smith. In an

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inscription upon the temple at Denderah Ptah is termed "chief of the society of gods that created all men." At Philæ he is mentioned as the divinity "who created all being, and formed men and gods with his own hands." The chief of the deities at Thebes was Amon-ra, the sun-god. The god of Tanis, where Moses was born, and of Pi-tom, near by, was named "He who Lives," and his visible symbol was a brazen serpent. Judging from the number of the temples, and from the frequent occurrence of the name, we should say that Amon-ra was most generally venerated. The word Amon was constantly wrought into the names of titles of kings. Thus Amon-hotep (called Amunoph by the Greeks) signified "the servant of Amon." But Osiris, with Isis his wife and Horus their son, seemed much nearer to human sympathy, and were called on more familiarly; just as Christ and the Virgin are more frequently the objects of adoration among Catholics than the first person in the godhead. The pictures of Isis with the infant Horus in her arms were not unlike those of the Madonna with the holy child. The religious system of the Egyptians was not very sharply defined, and the lives of their gods were less poetical and entertaining than the Grecian myths. But, though the doctrine might be vague, the ritual or religious service was rigidly followed. The priests were all-powerful, and, like the bishops in the Middle Ages, were often generals, premiers, and court architects, as well as temple ministers. The Pharaoh himself could not long rule against their will. A certain Amon-hotep, the fourth of the name, being the son of a foreign woman (probably from Canaan), introduced the worship of a new sun-god, Aten, as the one god, and took upon himself the name of Khu-en-aten; but he was resisted by the haughty priests of Thebes, and was forced to leave his capital and build a residence elsewhere. There has always been a short way of dealing with heretics.

Egyptian chronology has been the subject of fierce discussion for many years. But with every fresh discovery of a papyrus, or of an inscription, or a royal tomb, some facts have been established tending to prove that the higher estimates of the antiquity of the kingdom are probably nearer the truth.

It seems to be tolerably certain that from Menes (Mena), the founder, to Ramses II., who was the Pharaoh of the Hebrew oppression, there was about as long a period in the history of the world as has passed since that far-off epoch. This calculation is based upon the rule of allowing three lives to a century. There are many circumstances that make the lives of kings precarious; but it is known that quite a number of the Pharaohs reigned over sixty years; and, upon the whole, it is believed that the rule before named is just. According to this the date of Menes is B. C. 4455. Menes reigned at Tini (Greek, *Thinis*), near Abydus, west of the Nile. His name signifies "the constant." He founded Memphis, and formed or enlarged its site by turning the Nile to the eastward. The great dyke which he made still remains, and restrains the annual inundation. It is sad to think that it was his fate to be eaten by a crocodile; but perhaps the story grows out of the myth of Set (Greek, *Typhon*).

According to Manetho, the first three dynasties of Memphian kings, twenty-seven in number, lasted eight hundred and twenty-one years; but this can never be verified. The names he gives differ from those on the monuments, but the persons may be the same, as the kings often had secondary titles or royal nicknames. Thus the name Tota, one of the Pharaohs of the first dynasty, signifies "he who beats."

The earliest well-known king is Senoferu, founder of the fourth dynasty, conqueror of the peninsula of Sinai. Khufu, bunglingly misnamed Cheops by Herodotus, was his successor. Khafra

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(in Greek, *Kephrenes*) and Menkaura were also of this dynasty. The monuments of this period are of the utmost historical value. Then arose the three gigantic pyramids named The Lights, The Great, and The High One, between three thousand and thirty-five hundred years before Christ, and from twelve hundred to seventeen hundred years before Abraham. Formerly there were seventy pyramids on the same plain of Ghizeh. In the same, or perhaps in an earlier, period was quarried the prodigious bulk of the Sphinx. Not far distant from this monstrous work a statue of Khafra, builder of the second pyramid, was found in a well near the ruined temple of Isis. It is a noble work of art, and its identity is established by the inscriptions. The stone is diorite, green in color, and exceedingly hard.

It may not be amiss to notice here the work of Professor Piazzi Smith, in which he says that the Great Pyramid was not a royal tomb, but was built to preserve astronomical data; and that the supposed sarcophagus in "the king's chamber" never held the body of Khufu, but was made for a metrical standard. This eminent mathematician has attempted to prove that a king used all the resources of a reign in erecting a pile five hundred feet high in order to make clear to future ages the points of the compass and the precise length of a Jewish cubit; and all this ages before the Jews had been "evolved." Dr. Brugsch nowhere alludes to this ingenious folly, that we remember; but in the course of his work the design of the pyramids is placed beyond controversy. The names of the principal pyramids are very significant: Qebeh, the cool; Ab-setu, the purest of places; Kha-ba, the rising of souls; Men-setu, the firm place; Nuter-setu, the most holy place; Nofer-setu, the most beautiful place; Tat-setu, the most lasting place; Men-ankh, the inn of life; Kha-nofer, the good rising; Ba, the soul. These names show that the kings knew what they were building. In the early ages every Pharaoh set about constructing his pyramid as soon as he was crowned. Later, when these piles had become numerous, it was the custom to make a chamber in the rock for a tomb.

One inscription relates the ceremony of placing the embalmed body of a king in his stone coffin in the heart of his pyramid. His son and successor spent a long time alone with the mortal remains; then he came out and "shut the doors, laying sealing-earth upon them, and pressed upon them his own royal seal, thus commanding the priests: 'I, I have completed the locking up; no other of any kings shall any more enter in.'" There is not space in this article to go over the ground, but we may mention one thing which appears to be decisive. The third pyramid was explored by Colonel Vyse, who obtained permission to remove the sarcophagus. The vessel was wrecked near Gibraltar, but the cover of the sarcophagus was saved, and here is the translation of the inscription still to be read upon it: "O Osiris, who hast become King of Egypt, Menkaura, living eternally, child of Olympus, son of Urania, heir of Kronos, over thee may she stretch herself and cover thee, thy divine mother, Urania, in her name as mystery of heaven. May she grant that thou shouldst be like God, free from all evils, King Menkaura, living eternally."

A formidable inscription for a yard-stick or a standard bushel! The occurrence of Greek words shows either that the translator used equivalents for the names of Egyptian divinities, or that the inscription was renewed in a later age. The general form of the prayer is of very ancient origin, and examples of it have been often met.

There is undoubtedly evidence of great mathematical knowledge in the construction of the Great Pyramid. But because seven hundred and fifty-six, the

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number of feet in the length of one side, happens to be a multiple of the mean diameter of the earth, it is rather a violent inference to assert that the court architect was acquainted with that diameter. For we know how the pyramids were made; and if Khufu had lived another year the pyramid would have been the larger by one course of stone on each side. It is not doubted that The Lights (originally so called, perhaps, because encased in white marble) was a tomb, like all the others, — a wonderful tomb, doubtless, but still a tomb, and nothing else. When the pyramid was finished there could have been no access to the top either from without or from within, and the theory of Professor Proctor that it was used as an observatory appears to be baseless. Without telescopes and the other instruments of the astronomer, an elevated platform would have been of little service.

The long period of Egypt's glory under the powerful sway of successive dynasties of Theban kings must be passed over rapidly. The greater part of the time from the Vth to the XIIth dynasty rests under shadows that will never be lifted.

We have one precious memorial of the time of King Assa, of the Vth dynasty. It is a work upon morals and social philosophy by Prince Ptah-hotep, the king's son, written upon papyrus, and now in the national library at Paris. This is older by hundreds of years than any other literary work extant. We give an extract: —

"If thou art become great after thou hast been humble, and if thou hast amassed riches after poverty, being because of that the first in the town; if thou art known for thy wealth and art become a great lord, let not thy heart become proud because of thy riches, for it is God who is the author of them for thee. Despise not another who is as thou wast: be to him as towards thy equal. Let thy face be cheerful as long as thou livest: has any one come out of the coffin after having once entered it?"

With the Vth dynasty the exclusive residence of the Pharaohs at Memphis closes. From the VIth to the XIth the capital was in Middle Egypt. Thebes arose at some time during this long and dim interval; and it was in the XIIth dynasty that the wonderful temple of Amon (in modern Karnak) was built.

The kings of the XIIth dynasty were warlike, and greatly extended the boundaries of power. Among them were Amenemhat and Usurtasen I., whose names occur frequently in the monuments.

The immense tombs at Beni Hassan commemorate the first five kings of this dynasty. In their time trade was opened with the East by way of the Red Sea, and voyages were made to Punt, or Ophir, for gold, ivory, and incense. The figures in the tombs represent Libyans, Asiatics, and Kushites, as well as Egyptians. In this period Tanis, in Lower Egypt, came into prominence.

The information about the XIIIth dynasty is very scanty. The Turin papyrus (an undoubted relic of antiquity, but much torn and defaced) names no fewer than eighty-seven kings. During this period the lowlands near the Mediterranean were largely occupied by Semitic people, who had flocked in from the desert. The common speech was mixed with Semitic words, just as English was once interlarded with French. The chief city (besides Tanis) was Pi-tom (town of the sun-god), also called Pi-ankh (city of the living god). This was the capital of the nome of Sukot (in the Bible, Succoth). The descendants of these Asiatic people still live about Lake Menzaleh, and show their non-Egyptian origin in their features. The settlement of these foreigners made the conquest of Egypt easy, and led the way to the rule of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings. Egyptian tradition says the Hyksos were Syrians, and Dr. Brugsch

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believes they had Arabs (Shasu) for allies.

The XVth and XVIth dynasties were the Hyksos and their descendants. The XIVth was that of Xois; but it is not at all certain that this, as well as the XVIIth of Thebes, was not contemporary with the Hyksos rule. It is certain that for a considerable period Upper Egypt was governed by native subkings, while the lower part was under the foreign yoke. There is still extant a haughty message from King Apopi of the north to Ra-Sekenen, called the Hak (governor), at Thebes. A tradition is preserved that Joseph was the favorite of this Pharaoh Apopi, although the records state that several years of famine, the only instance recorded, occurred in the reign of Taa III., also a shepherd king.

Here our author takes up the scriptural story of Joseph, and in the most fascinating way notes the correspondence of his career with what is known of Egyptian history and customs. His being sold as a slave was in accordance with usage then and since. Probably the last of the Hyksos was then upon the throne in Zoan-Tanis, or in Auaris, holding his court in Egyptian style, but not excluding the common use of Semitic speech. The city of Zoan, in the nome of Tanis, having been strengthened and beautified in the time of Ramses II., was thenceforward called Pi-Ramses. To-day the place is named San (from Zoan). Auaris was on the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile. It is of course an obscure ruin, even if its site is accurately known; and the Nile channel has been filled up for ages. Joseph was made Adon over all Egypt (Genesis xlv. 9). Dr. Brugsch ingeniously dissects his title, as it is transferred to the story in Hebrew (Zaphnathpaaneah), and shows that it means "governor of the district of the dwelling-place of life," or "of the living one." This fixes his residence at Zoan-Tanis, or Pi-tom, where the god was so named. The name of Joseph's wife, Asnat, is pure Egyptian. Her father, Potiphera (gift of the sun), was priest at On (Heliopolis). It is curious, also, to know that a papyrus is in existence which may be called the oldest novel, — using the word in the sense of Boccaccio, — and which furnishes a parallel to the story of Joseph and the wife of Putiphar. Dr. Brugsch quotes some suggestive passages, and thinks the two stories have a common origin.

Now comes an important discovery. There was a certain Aahmes (child of the moon), whose exploits have been fortunately preserved for us. He calls himself "chief of the sailors," and relates how he commanded a flotilla from Thebes, overthrew the Hyksos king (probably Apopi), and captured the city of Auaris. Dr. Brugsch translates the military memoir in full. There is very little doubt that this renowned warrior succeeded to the throne, and wore the *pshent*, as lord of both Upper and Lower Egypt. At all events, it was an Aahmes who was the first of the XVIIIth dynasty, known to the Greek chroniclers as Amosis. Aahmes was therefore the new king that arose and "knew not Joseph." His mother was Aah-hotep (servant of the moon), and her jewels, magnificent and wholly unequaled specimens of art, were lately found in her mummy case near Thebes, and are now in the Khedive's museum at Boulak.

After the long foreign domination, the temples were cleansed and beautified by the orthodox king, and many new edifices erected. Time was required for these mighty works. A temple begun by Aahmes was one hundred and eighty years, three months, and fourteen days in building. Among the mighty kings of this dynasty were Thutmes I., II., and III. (The name signifies son of Thut, the scribe of the gods, whose heavenly dwelling was the moon.)

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Thebes was once more the capital; and the long period was one renowned for art, as for arms. The empire was extended in all directions. The memorials of the Hyksos were obliterated. The third Thutmes was the Alexander the Great of Egyptian history. Countless memorials of him exist in temples and statues. The records of the principal events of his reign are chiseled on the walls of the holy of holies in the temple of Amon at Karnak. These inscriptions cover large spaces of time, and some of them are curiously minute, embracing lists of booty, prisoners, and of tributes levied. Among these are names from the Khita (the Hittites of the Bible) and from Naharain ("between the rivers," Mesopotamia) and other places, showing that Semitic people lived in Canaan three hundred years before the Exodus. This Thutmes erected gigantic statues of his ancestors, and glorified himself and them in poems full of magnificent hyperbole, which Dr. Brugsch recites. We quote from one:

POEM UPON THUTMES III. AND THE GOD AMON.

(On Granite Tablet now in Museum at Boulak.)

(1.) Come to me, said Amon, and enjoy yourself, and admire my excellences.
Thou, my son, who honorest me, Thutmes the third. ever living.
I shine in the light of the morning sun through thy love.

(2.) And my heart is enraptured, if thou directest thy noble steps to my Temple.

. . . . . .

(3.) Therefore will I mark thee out as wonderful. I give thee power and victory over all lands.
All people shall feel a terror before thy soul,
And shall fear thee to the utmost ends of the world, to the four props of heaven.

. . . . . .

(15.) I came, and thou smotest the land of the East,
Thou camest to those who dwell in the territories of the Holy Land.
I make them behold thy Holiness, like the star Canopus,
Which pours his light in a glance of fire
When he disperses the morning dew.

We quote a few paragraphs from a poem written upon the accession of Amon-hotep II., son and successor of Thutmes III:—

. . . . . .

(35.) Behold then the king finished his course of life, after many years, glorified by conquests and by (sieges . . .),

(36.) And by triumphs, beginning in the first year (and finishing) in the last day of the month Phamenoth, in the fifty-fourth year of his reign.

(37.) Then he fled upwards to heaven, when the disk of the sun went down. The follower of a god joined himself to his creator.

(38.) When now the earth was clear and the morning broke, the disk of the sun rose, and the heaven became clear, then was the King Amon-hotep II. (may he live forever!)

(39.) Placed on the chair of his father, and he took possession of the throne. He possessed the greatest fullness of strength.

We may mention that in the reign of Amon-hotep III., the famous twin statues of the king were erected, one of which was long after called the vocal Memnon. This story of the morning music was wholly a Greek fiction. The portrait statues were executed under the direction of a court architect, also named Amon-hotep, and were transported from Syene on a vast raft resting on eight ships. The architect has described his vast undertaking, and has celebrated himself at length and in a duly self-conscious manner. Dr. Brugsch says that the making and transporting of these statues (each seventy feet high, and a mountain of itself) could not be accomplished by any means known to the moderns. This king in one inscription avers that on a certain expedition to Naharain he killed two hundred and ten lions with his own hand. It is not related whether he used the long bow, — a favorite weapon with hunters in all ages.

This XVIIIth dynasty came to an end with the heretic King Khunaten. It extended from 1900 B. C. to 1433 B. C. The ideas of this king were undoubtedly Semitic. It was among these peoples

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that the truth of the one God was developed, and by them was for ages preserved.

We have a prayer composed in the reign of Khunaten by one Aahmes, a zealous supporter of the new religion. It is full of beauty and dignity: —

"Beautiful is thy setting, thou sun's disk of life, thou lord of lords and king of the worlds. When thou unitest thyself with the heaven at thy setting, mortals rejoice before thy countenance, and give honor to him who has created them, and pray before him who has formed them, before the glance of thy son, who loves thee, the King Khunaten. The whole land of Egypt and all peoples repeat all thy names at thy rising, to magnify thy rising in like manner as thy setting. Thou, O God, who in truth art the living one, standest before the two eyes. Thou art he who createst what never was, who formest everything, who art in all things; we also have come into being through the word of thy mouth."

The address of the queen of Amonhotep IV. (Khunaten) to the rising sun is also fine: —

"Thou disk of the sun, thou living god! There is none other beside thee! Thou givest health to the eyes through thy beams, creator of all beings. Thou goest up on the eastern horizon of the heaven, to dispense life to all which thou hast created: to man, four-footed beasts, birds, and all manner of creeping things on the earth where they live. Thus they behold thee, and they go to sleep when thou settest.

"Grant to thy son, who loves thee, life in truth to the Lord of the land, that he may live united with thee in eternity."

In the XIXth dynasty, Ramses II., son of the terrible Seti I., is the monarch that most engages our attention. Dr. Brugsch has shown that Ramses II. (one of whose names was Soter-en-ra) was the Sesostris of the Greek historians. In this reign and in that of Seti I., was built the Hall of Columns at Karnak, the most gigantic of Egyptian works; also the magnificent temple of Osiris at Abydus. Seti made many campaigns in Asia, and at one time brought immense masts from Mount Lebanon to serve as flag-staffs for his temples. The rock temple in Nubia, built by Ramses II., sometimes called the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, Dr. Brugsch thinks is the grandest work of art in the world. This monarch was undoubtedly great, and not nearly so ferocious as Seti I., to whom wanton slaughter was the chief joy of life. But he was a hard and cruel king, and the worst neighbor that a peaceful country could have on its border. He was associated with his father at the age of twelve, and reigned sixty-seven years. His exploits are celebrated profusely upon the walls of the great temple, both in sculptured representations of battles and in an elaborate poem by Penta-ur (Penta the Great), the oldest song of triumph in the world. The song of Moses came a generation later. The poem of Penta was first deciphered by the Viscount Rougé, and has been newly rendered by Dr. Brugsch. As a whole, it is grand; but it is very long, and unquotable within our limits. The battle scenes are powerfully drawn and deeply cut in enduring granite, and are accompanied by descriptions, enabling the beholder to follow the course of conquest and to see the butchery of the unhappy Canaanites.

In the Bible we read that the Israelites "built for Pharaoh treasure-cities, Pithom and Raamses." Ramses II. made Zoan-Tanis his seat. He built it anew, strengthened its fortifications, and made it the key of Egypt. Hence it came to be known by his name. The papyri show that this immense work was done by slaves, though they are never mentioned as Israelites or Hebrews. Dr. Brugsch quotes a letter of the time, written by a traveler from Middle Egypt, who had visited the new city. One sees

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that the art of Pencilling By the Way is not wholly modern; for the Egyptian scribe presents a gay picture in a few swift and delicate touches, almost worthy of the graceful pen of Willis. Nothing is said of the stripes and tears of slaves. The correspondent is as silent on that subject as an American newspaper before Garrison. This Ramses was the father of the princess who found and reared the infant Moses, — Merris, the Jewish legend calls her, and we know he had a daughter named Meri. The persons of the family of Ramses are represented on the walls of the temple at Abydus. There are fifty-nine sons and sixty daughters. The fourteenth child was Mineptah (the friend of Ptah), and he, after considerable turmoil, ascended the throne (B. C. 1310). It was in his reign that the Exodus took place. It is wonderful to observe the perfect correspondence between the Mineptah II. of history and the Pharaoh of the Bible. He was a cowardly, vacillating, weak, and insignificant monarch. He is also specially reprobated by archæologists, because, having done nothing worthy of remembrance, he caused his name to be chiseled over many cartouches of celebrated kings.

Mineptah II. also continued to reside at Tanis or Pi-Ramses. From thence Thutmes III. had formerly gone forth to attack Canaan, and there Ramses II. returned in triumph. But now Mineptah was at peace with the Khita, and he had admitted the Shasu again into the Delta. The gate of the East was no longer strictly kept; else the Exodus could not have prospered. Still, the city of Ramses was a noble capital, as has been described. Its harbor was filled with vessels that made voyages to Syria, and it had a vast plain for military exercises, a kind of Champs de Mars. Here it was, according to Scripture, that Moses and Aaron wrought their miracles, "in the plain of Zoan."

From Pi-Ramses in a direct line to old Pelusium the course would have led over marshes and lagoons. The Sea of Serbonis lies eastward of the old Pelusiac mouth of the Nile. It was a sea of shallows, and filled with papyrus (bulrush) and other aquatic plants, but is now almost dried up. A narrow strip of sand divided it from the Mediterranean. The point aimed at after leaving Sukot (as mentioned in the biblical account) was Pihakhiroth ("the entrance to the gulfs"), between Migdol ("the tower") and the sea, over against Baal-Zephon (a noted temple). To Moses, going eastward, this was the inevitable route. The danger of marching on the border of Serbonis was well known in ancient times. Strabo relates that once while he was in Alexandria the sea (Mediterranean) rose so high between Pelusium and Mount Casius as to make the latter an island. Diodorus says that an army under Artaxerxes, not knowing the treacherous nature of the margin, was nearly swallowed up. Milton had these accounts in mind when, in Paradise Lost (B. II. 592), he wrote: —

> "A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
> 'Twixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
> Where armies whole have sunk."

Dr. Brugsch gives a map of the eastern portion of the Delta with the ancient names, and by this means shows the course of the Israelites so clearly that it is impossible to doubt.

The Israelites set forth from Zoan-Ramses on an easterly course, and in a day's march reached Succoth. This means the nome or district of Sukot, of which Pi-tom was capital. (From Zoan to Pi-tom was twenty miles.) The next day, according to the Bible, they encamped at Etham, having marched about the same distance. The word should be Khetam, which signifies a fortress. The particular fortress meant here is the double one at the crossing of the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile, the two parts being connected by a bridge. This is called the fortress Daphnai by Herodo-

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tus. It was on the border of the desert, and there were no further obstructions in the way to Canaan; but by divine command the Israelites turned to the north, passing by Migdol, a noted monument, and reached the western extremity of Serbonis. Here was the entrance to the narrow strip of land between the Mediterranean and the Serbonian Sea. The royal troops came up with the fugitives near the sea, "beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-Zephon." Rather than give battle with the waters in his rear (even if he had been able), Moses pushed along the sand bar and reached Mount Casius in safety. The Egyptians rashly pursued. A great wave from the north swept over the barrier, and the awful tragedy of a drowned army followed. From Mount Casius the Israelites turned southward, "into the wilderness of Shur." This Hebrew word is equivalent to Gerrhon in Greek, and Anbu in Egyptian, the Wall, meaning the barrier of mountains between Egypt and Arabia. Continuing southward, they naturally found unpleasant drinking at the Bitter Lakes, or in the springs near by, on the present route of the Suez Canal, and they called them waters of Marah. Still further south are the palm-shaded wells of Elim, bearing a similar name to this day. Then the Israelites for the first time came into the peninsula of Sinai, near one of the arms of the Red Sea. Dr. Brugsch further assures us that in the original Hebrew the name translated as the Red Sea has no such signification. It means, he says, a reedy sea, a sea of shallows, water-plants, and bogs, which Serbonis is, and the Red Sea is not.

So, with the suggestion that the Almighty had perhaps brought about the safety of the fugitives and the destruction of the pursuers by natural means, — as by a great wave from the Mediterranean forcing the army into the bog, — Dr. Brugsch maintains that his account is strictly biblical, and that it is not possible to point out any other route that will accord with the biblical names and the facts of geography. There is no more memorable instance in all literature of thorough research and of resistless demonstration than this portion of Dr. Brugsch's great work.

It is a significant fact that the length of Mineptah's reign and his place of burial are not mentioned in the monuments. One coincidence is noticed by our author, and that is that the chief priest in the time of this king was named Levi.

It might be profitable to follow through the dynasties, but probably the patience of readers would be exhausted. In the XXth, nearly all the kings bore the name of Ramses; the third was known to the Greeks as Rhampsinitus. The record of their achievements may still be seen sculptured upon the temple at Medinet Abu. The XXIst was a line of Theban priests. It was overthrown by an invasion from Assyria, first made known to the world by our author. Here come the names written in Scripture as Nimrod and Shishak, and later those of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus. The memorials are infrequent and obscure.

While Assyrians ruled in the north, Ethiopians conquered the south, and war raged for centuries. The destruction of edifices and statues was constant and irreparable. Psametik I. (XXIVth dynasty) restored peace by a fortunate marriage, and reigned at Sais, where the remains show the influence of Greek art in their delicate lines. The Persian conquest by Cambyses followed, of which full accounts exist in the classic histories. The last Persian king was overthrown by Alexander (B. C. 332), at which point the book closes.

The character of a people is generally inferred from its customs and laws. In Egypt, though the Pharaoh was a pure autocrat, the rules of conduct were made by priests, and religion and law were one. A most remarkable work that is

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preserved for us is the ritual commonly called the Book of the Dead. It is a compendium of morals and observances, and contains also a description of the initiation into the future life. The soul appears in the judgment hall, where Osiris presides, assisted by forty-two inquisitors. The inquiries demand negative answers: thus, "Have you blasphemed? Have you stolen?" etc.

Then, too, the *reus* on trial had to assume the positive, and say, "I have made to the gods the offerings due. I have honored the dead. I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

The title of the monarch was Perao (of the great house). Being a god, he was usually spoken of as "his holiness." Other titles of the principal persons of the court are Erpa, hereditary highness; Ha, prince; Set, the illustrious; Semerua-t, the intimate friend; Mur, the overséer; Ur, the great. The personal attendants of the Pharaoh were the great lords, who were the chief proprietors of the soil. Others had charge of the stores of provisions; also of the treasuries and of the royal demesnes and canals.

The principal literary man of the court was termed Hir-seshta, "teacher of the secret;" the king's favorite was his fan-bearer; but the office of highest dignity was the "prophet of the pyramid of Pharaoh."

The Egyptians are not to be classed with African races; the form of skull indicates a connection with the Caucasian family, and the language appears to have analogies with the speech of both the Aryan and Semitic races. In the earliest ages, far before all history, they must have left Asia to found a new kingdom on the banks of the Nile. The Amu (or Amoo), east of Egypt, were herdsmen of Semitic descent, with light yellow skins; the Libyans, on the west, had light skins, blue eyes, and blonde or red hair; on the south were the negroes. The dwellers in the Nile Valley were reddish-brown. They were a gay and brilliant people, loving life, and full of jest and amusement. Notwithstanding the sharp contrasts in society, every child had a share of education and every man of ability had a chance to rise. Persons of common birth frequently came to fill the great offices of state, and a young man of courage, talent, and address, who could make his way and hold his ground at court, often married a daughter of the Pharaoh, and became the father of a line of kings. It was said of Prince Ti, whose vast tomb at Sakkara, with its wealth of pictorial illustration, has engaged so much attention, that "his parents were unknown persons." In this way it was the custom to prefer the descent of a Pharaoh through the female line. When a monarch had half a hundred daughters to provide husbands for, as Ramses had, the advent of a spirited and handsome young fellow, even a *nullius filius*, might be welcome. However, the genealogical tables, of which a great number are still extant, show that there were no very uniform rules of succession to the throne; and it is probable that changes were often signalized by bloodshed or banishment, as they are in the East to this day.

The work on which we have drawn for the material of this paper is in many places fragmentary; but that so many events, covering such vast spaces of time, have been placed in due order is a most remarkable achievement. It is profoundly interesting, but only to those who are willing to give it a thorough study. Its full power and significance do not come to the mind until after at least a second reading. But whoever will persevere and follow our author with an active attention will find that the procession of Egypt's kings has become a part of memory forever.

Francis H. Underwood.

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SOME INTIMATIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THAT is indeed an entrancing picture presented by Victor Hugo in his La Prière pour Tous, wherein the poet's fancy girdles this sin-weary world with infant worshipers: —

"C'est l'heure où les enfants parlent avec les anges,
Tandis que nous courons à nos plaisirs étranges,
Tous les petits enfants, les yeux levés au ciel,
Mains jointes et pieds nus, à genoux sur la pierre,
Disant à la même heure une même prière,
Demandent pour nous grâce au Père universel!"

Can you not see them? — this endless circle of little white souls in their white gowns, the world shut out (and heaven shut in) by closely pressed palms, over pure eyes; their feet, soft and pink, without a line of worldly wear, upturned and still for this moment only of their waking life? And can you not hear the melodious murmur of their voices as they pour out in unison petitions and praises, which the waiting angel receives and bears away

"Pour étancher le soir, comme une coupe pleine
Ce grand besoin d'amour, la seule soif de Dieu"?

Holy childhood in its holiest mood! What can be thought of one who can break in upon the sacred hush of the poet's vision with the confession that scarcely anything in human experience makes so possible the doctrine of inherent depravity as the prayers of little children? Do not misunderstand me, — not exceeding depravity, but innate; for so early does the human heart send forth clouded streams that one can hardly avoid the conviction that they are troubled at the very source. It is simply suggested that in "natural piety," as elsewhere, "the child is father of the man," and that nursery devotions are closely akin to the prayers of humanity.

The doctrine is hard, almost intolerable, yet Matthew Arnold, not the most pronounced of Calvinists, writes thus in a recent essay: "Even the 'intimations' of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth, — the idea of high instincts and affections coming out in childhood testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds, — this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterward, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general, we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: '*It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things!*'" Thus fortified, I venture to resume the unpleasant theme, and reluctantly suggest that even in the earliest recommunications of the child of immortality with "heaven, which is his home," there are often intimations of mortal vapors flecking the glory-clouds with which he came attended.

It was my fortune to hear a baby of twenty-two months offer her first prayer. For some time previously, her mother had repeated for her the immortal litany of the nursery, but on this occasion she said, "You can pray yourself tonight." Whereupon followed the famil-

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iar words with an addendum uttered with peculiar unction and startling effect: —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pay the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake;
I pay the Lord my soul to take,
I faid o' the boys. Amen."

This is of course not cited as an instance of depravity, but of the spontaneity of certain sentiments, there having been absolutely nothing in this infant's surroundings to have generated her terror of the "growing boy."

Indeed, does not the old Adam, or perhaps one should say the young Cain, of revolt show itself most significantly in the propensity of childhood to revise this earliest and simplest of orisons? A well-known missionary, as he was preparing for bed after his first and very youthful dissipation at a menagerie, remarked, with a *blasé* yawn, "I liked the camels a good deal the best, and I'm going to say, Now I 'camel' down to sleep, to-night." It need scarcely be added, by way of explanation, that his Yankee nurse had prejudices in favor of flat *a* from which the llama and her little charge alike suffered.

Another little rebel, of our own clan, "improved" the formula thus: —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If you should die before you wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"No, no, Katie. You know that is quite wrong: if you, Katie, should die," etc. But she persisted in the new version against all explanations and remonstrances, until at last her discomfited elders were thankful to accept a compromise which she suddenly sprung upon them, wherein she made vicarious sacrifice of a favorite relative, who chanced to be their visitor, on this wise: —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If Uncle C—— should die before he wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Max Müller, in his Origin and Growth of Religion, remarks: "When children once begin to ask questions, they ask the why and the wherefore of everything, religion not excepted; nay, I believe that the first problems of what we call philosophy were suggested by religion." Is it not further true that religion (that is, its "outward and visible signs") exercises an exceptionally powerful fascination upon childhood? And I fancy that prayer in particular weaves such a spell about a child's imagination as can be broken only by gross practicalness on the part of its adult guardians. Scores of instances might be cited where children, not accustomed to the observance of "family prayer" and "grace" at table, have, on visiting where such customs obtained, been utterly captivated by these religious rites, and have returned home to discomfit their parents with sharp inquisition as to "Why don't we and God talk together mornings, as they do at Mr. ——'s?" or, "Why don't you talk to your plate, papa, dinner-times, as grandpa does at his house?" etc.

Some one has written, "Romance is the truth of imagination and boyhood. Homer's horses clear the earth with a bound. The child's eye needs no horizon to its prospect. An Oriental tale is not too vast. Pearls dropping from trees are only falling leaves in autumn. The palace that grew up in a night merely awakens a wish to live in it. The impossibilities of fifty years are the commonplaces of five." No one can deny this, nor draw the line between this inborn romanticism and much of the pietism which so charms us when uttered by baby lips. However much the objects of admiration may differ, the sentiment of the infant admirer is the same in a large majority of "all we can really investigate." That there are exceptions no one who has known children well for many years can doubt. But these divine estrays are wont to vanish again from our adoring sight so swiftly that we "only know [they] came and went," and it is not of them that we speak.

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The representative child accepts with equal avidity a Bible miracle and an Arabian conjuration, but religion at once rises above romance incomparably in constraining attraction, if only from the fact that it alone offers him, through prayer, facilities of personal communication and intimate relations with the invisible powers whose wonder-working has appealed to his imagination. Therefore, to delight in prayer is not necessarily a proof of native sanctity.

A father related to me the following incident. His little daughter, of whose vagaries I had previously heard as something wonderful, had committed some offense which made the interposition of the father's authority necessary. "I tried every conceivable argument with her, but reasoning and pleading were alike vain. Indeed, nothing seemed to touch her in the slightest degree, till, fairly appalled by her insensibility, I burst into tears myself, and cried, 'I can only pray for you, my poor child!' I did pray, then and there, and the result seemed miraculous. The child was melted in contrition and lovingness, apparently, so that I felt that I had at last found the secret spring of her strange little spirit. All went well for some days, but one night, as I opened the door on my return from the office, G. pounced out upon me with a most rapturous expression of countenance, and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa! I've been the very worstest little girl that ever I was before! I just plagued everybody, and at last I snatched the best silver cream-jug off the tea-table, and frowed it down into the cellar; and it's lying there yet, coz mamma said it must n't be picked up till you got home. Now, papa, had n't we better go into your room and pray another nice little prayer?'"

And I have several times witnessed domestic farces, or tragedies, as you please, over the scrupulous exaction by the children of a household of the custom of invoking a "blessing" at table, which "to my mind" would have been "more honored in the breach than the observance." Two sturdy boys, for example, in a family of my acquaintance, invariably settled the question which of them should say grace in their father's frequent absences from home by a solemn round of fisticuffs, which often sent the officiating priest to the table a personification at once of the church militant and the church triumphant.

Prayer is a critical privilege. Said Sandy Mackaye (in Alton Locke), "There's na hope for us on earth, we be a' sic liars, — a' liars, I think. A' universal liars, — rock substrawtum,' as Mr. Carlyle says. I 'm a great liar often mysel', — *especially* when I 'm praying." Children, like their elders, and even before they can have learned this of their elders, are prone to pray what is expected of them, or what they fancy they ought, rather than to utter the *soul's sincere desire*, which the pious poet defines prayer to be. Was it Edward Everett who was once reported to have "offered the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience"? However this may have been, we fear that few indeed have been the petitioners before and since to whom their immediate "Boston" has not too often been their much-engrossing "audience;" and this peril of the pulpit and the prayer-meeting does not fail to invade the nursery.

Alas, like "the gray-beard loon" of the immortal Rime, I must here and now seek easement of soul by confession. Once, in very early childhood, having been sent up-stairs to meditate upon some transgression, preparatory to receiving "punishment" (mode and degree not stated) therefor, this most unfamiliar and awfully mysterious threat so overpowered all diviner fears within me that I deliberately, — may Heaven forgive what I never can forgive myself! — knelt down near, oh very near, the "pipe-hole" which communicated directly with the old parsonage study, and

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projected through it a prayer "eloquent" enough to move the gentle hearts below to such a degree that, woe is me! I exchanged a moment of love's healing chastisement for life-long remorse. For

> "Since then, at an uncertain hour,
> That agony returns:
> And till my ghostly tale is told
> This heart within me burns."

There is, perhaps, nothing more hateful than such an exhibition of guile in what we delight to call "guileless childhood," and yet it is far from being uncommon.

A little visitor at the same parsonage, a few years ago, a child only four years old and of rare sweetness and in every way delightful, suddenly displayed a deliberate intent to beguile, deeper than the Gunpowder Plot and far more appalling. Her victim and utterly enslaved admirer happened to be dressing for church in the same room with small Annie and her aunt, and as each several article was donned the child's approbation was expressed with more and more eagerness of intensity, till it finally culminated in a species of ecstasy as the young lady (immensely flattered by this pure incense of admiration from "a simple child that lightly draws its breath," without knowledge of "death" or evil of any sort) completed her toilet by putting on her hat: "Is n't that such a pretty dress! Is n't her sack lovely!" and finally, "Oh, Aunt Mayiah! Is n't Miss Katie's bonnet puffetly booful!" Then, as the aunt was about to take from the trunk the child's own street costume, she said, with marked emphasis, "*Now* Miss Katie can see my fings."

Her unsuspicious friend signified her reciprocal admiration now and then, as the toilet proceeded, and at last, as the dainty hat was tied under the alluring little chin, she remarked, "That 's a jaunty little hat, Annie, — just right for your dear little head;" when, to her unutterable amazement and horror, the precious pet exclaimed indignantly, "I don't tare, Miss Katie, *I said a dood deal more about your old bunnit!*"

An old-fashioned proser in verse once wrote: —

> "Heaven's Sovereign spares all beings but himself
> That hideous sight, — a naked human heart."

And a still older-fashioned poet in prose cried before him: "*Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.*"

But to return to our more immediate subject. Sometimes the "audience," like the proverbial listener, "hears no good of himself," as in the case of a prayer offered under precisely similar circumstances to that of the "pipe-hole" meditation above recorded, by a native of the same parish. In this case, little Grace Goodenow (the aptness of the name is irresistible) besought with great unction, "O Lord, soften my mother's har-rd heart, so she won't be so ugly and whip me."

It is doubtful whether any of this earthly leaven entered into the composition of still another "grace before meat" — penal meat — offered at the age of four by a little kinsman, now a sound divine, with sundry babies of his own, as curly-headed as was their papa, but I suspect less deeply-dyed, even from the cradle, in the old Westminster catechism. In this instance the judicial parent overheard the penitent atom, measuring perhaps a score of inches from toe to topknot, wrestling mightily in the supplication, "Grant, O Lord, that I may be renewed in the *whole man!*" And in this case there is reason to believe that his prayer prevailed, since even in boyhood he did brave service for his country, as he still does for the church, instead of coming to the gallows long ago, as might have been justly predicated from a still earlier pietism of his, when he visited his sweet old grandmother with the lisping entreaty, "Pleath give me a yump of thugar, grandma; if you will, I 'll be a dood boy, and therve God all the dayth of my life."

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Children's wanderings in prayer have often the redeeming merit of ingenuousness and honest confession, which, however awful in its self-betrayals, might wholesomely revivify every so-called "worshiping assembly" and solitary suppliant, were once its divine breath to blow into audible speech the heart treasons now so decorously silent. Astounding and overwhelming as such "reading between the lines" would be, from cathedral altar down to cottage bedside, yet He who desireth truth in the inward parts might perhaps think our case less desperate than before our shame-stricken souls had thus bared themselves.

A delightful aunt who was visiting a Chicago household, years ago, with an apparently unlimited stock of *bonbons*, was called upon so often for supplies by her youngest nephew that his mother at last forbade him to ask again. The night after this prohibition, the little fellow guilelessly betrayed a most guileful plan of procedure, interpolating it into his recital of the Lord's prayer: "*Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread,* — and I'll ask auntie for some candy for grandpa, and he'll say, 'No, I thank you,' and then I'll eat it myself," — *and forgive us our debts,*" *etc.*

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at this transparent little fellow-sinner.

Another true tale of similar import, which has been used elsewhere, is here transcribed, because it introduces still another easily besetting sin of the universal suppliant. The scene shifts to Massachusetts. Tommy was already in bed and supposed to be fast asleep. Johnny, in virtue of two additional years, came later, accompanied by his father, who was to hear his prayers. John, having other projects in view, wandered repeatedly, and had to be sharply recalled, on this wise: "God bless my father and mother; God bless Tommy, and make him a good boy — Oh, father, you won't forget to buy that saw to-morrow, will you?" "Hush, Johnny, and finish your prayers properly." "Bless brother Tommy, and make him a good boy — and father, you know I've got to have a brad-awl to make holes with!" "My son, this is very, very wrong. Remember that you are praying." "Bless my brother Tom, and make him a good boy — and then there's impression-paper and sand-paper" — "John, I shall punish you if I hear anything more from you to-night except your prayers." The thoroughly alarmed Johnny now resumes in good earnest: "Bless Tommy, and make him a" — when up springs the supposed sleeper in mighty wrath, shouting, "John Riggs, you just stop that! You've prayed for me four times too much already. I'll thank you to let me alone; if I want praying for, I'll do it myself!"

And another Bay State infant, a lovely little motherless girl, upon whose baby shoulders domestic cares already pressed sorely, prayed, "O Lord, please pour out thy spirit on all this family, 'specially my brother Wheelock, coz he needs it most; he teases me so."

This generosity of solicitude in behalf of others' spiritual improvement is sown broadcast through Christendom, but blossomed into rank Pharisaism in the little Binghamton sister's prayer, wrung from her, like the previous entreaty, by the "prison-house" beshadowed "boy," the arch-adversary of her kind. Unable to endure (or was it unable to retaliate in kind?) any longer his aggravations, she suddenly "flopped" against him, in the very spirit and almost the letter of the old temple parable: "O Lord, bless my brother Tom; he lies, he steals, he swears. All boys do. Us girls don't. Amen."

Limited and selfish prayers naturally abound in the nursery. In this kingdom

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of heaven, generalities and euphuisms and self-abnegations of appeal must not be looked for. It was not till after many years of divine teaching and self-discipline that Dorothea Casaubon learned by heart that supremest petition, *Thy will be done.*

"'But I have a belief, and it comforts me.'

"'What is that?' said Will [Ladislaw], rather jealous of the belief.

"'That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, — widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.'

"'That is a beautiful mysticism, — it is a' —

"'Please not to call it by any name,' said Dorothea, putting out her hands entreatingly. 'You will say it is Persian or something else geographical. It is my life. I have found it out, and cannot part with it. I have always been finding out my religion since I was a little girl. I used to pray so much; now I hardly ever pray. *I try not to have desires merely for myself, because they may not be good for others, and I have too much already.*'"

But children have no scruples like Dorothea's. Born to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and with that happiness unmistakably defined to their keen, fresh senses, and right in a straight line from themselves on one side, while the Deity (who is to them simply an inexhaustible giver, existing for that purpose alone) is so conveniently near and accessible on the other side, what wonder that they ask in faith, nothing doubting, for precisely what they want!

Perhaps the demand for "a real meat baby" is the most common and fervent aspiration of the nursery.

The daughter of a clergyman in an adjoining parish once gave the Lord "just two weeks" in which to bring her "a baby sister," supplementing her peremptory order with the threat, "And if she does n't come by that time I 'll just go right over and steal Mrs. Smith's new baby, clothes and all!"

My little friends, Jamie and Madge, were equally explicit; but although they were praying in concert, they could hardly claim the extraordinary potency promised to the "two" who "shall agree touching any matter." Jamie, by privilege of age and sex, prayed first: "Dear Lord, please send me a little brother, and Maggie a little sister" — whereupon Maggie hopped up very indignantly from her knees, and said, "Jimmy W——, I wish you 'd mind your own business! I guess I can love a little brother, too."

"Well, don't get mad, Madge. I just as lief pray for a little brother for you. Dear Lord, please send Mag a little brother, too, though I should think she 'd much prefer a little sister; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

And when the "little brother" so earnestly begged for in this family duet "came and went," Jamie remonstrated against the speedy retraction of the heavenly gift on this wise: "Dear Lord, have n't you most got through using little Harry for an angel? We want him down here very much."

On another occasion, when the officials came to record names for the final draft of soldiers, Jamie confronted them with the cry, "Oh, how can you bear to take little boys' papas to the war!" and then fled to his favorite refuge, and prayed, "Dear Lord! Won't you please to fix it so that my papa won't have to go to the war?"

Still, often and effectively as little Jamie wielded this heavenly artillery, he was quite scrupulous about taxing its interposition unnecessarily, so that once, when he came into blissful possession of his first pair of india-rubber boots, he calmly went to bed (though the weather had been exceedingly dry and the night

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was fine) without any special stipulation in his devotions. In the morning he sprang out of his crib and drew back the curtain, revealing a driving north-easter, and was overheard chuckling to himself, "There! The dear Lord has sent lots of beautiful mud-puddles without my asking him to!"

An opposite course was pursued by a small fellow-citizen, whose home was over against the Yale Scientific School. Finding the weather unsatisfactorily warm after Christmas had brought him certain long-desired presents, he besought with great confidence, but equally great caution and provision for all possible contingencies and misconceptions, "O Lord, be so kind as to make ice to-night on Mr. Sheffield's side, so I can skate; but please don't make ice in our gutter, so I can sail my boat."

Still another little neighbor, whose parents had just sailed for Europe, was overheard, at her evening devotions, arranging matters for the beloved travelers with an even quainter nicety of adjustment, and with a perhaps premature recognition of the self-limits of omnipotence in dealing with human affairs: "O Lord, please don't let them be seasick, — at least not *very*; for I have heard, O Lord, that it 's better for people to be *rather!*"

Having criminated myself so hopelessly under a previous head of this discourse, I think perhaps another incident from the same oratory may be suffered. It is of such gracious nature that it might almost commend me to mercy in Mr. Wordsworth's eyes, although my reporter (a revered relative, who chanced to visit the parsonage at the time when my gratitude found voice), relating the anecdote to me years after, showed himself highly antipathetic with the particular object in nature which evoked my thank-offering. And it cannot be denied that it indicated strongly

> — "that every common sight
> To me did seem appareled in celestial light."

For the time was spring, and the evening prayer was, "I thank thee, dear Lord, for making the beautiful frogs to sing to me so sweetly!"

But although perfectly aware of the absolute assurance of the child, *per se*, as to his own direct connection with the bounty of the Infinite, yet it was, I confess, very startling to come not long ago upon a baby who not only realized his inalienable privileges on this score, but honestly supposed he had the sole monopoly of such privileges.

His name is Allie, and he lives in the most hospitable home of the most beautiful town in New England. It happened, one morning, that he assisted at family worship, or the discovery of the gross infringement of his rights might have been indefinitely postponed. He overlooked proceedings with calm indifference until the very conclusion of the service, when his father, according to his usual custom, recited the Lord's Prayer, the family accompanying. The instant he heard the words which he was himself accustomed to repeat every night, he quivered throughout his little frame so noticeably that his mother, who had mounted him on the arm of the sofa by which she knelt, raised her head to look at him. To her amazement, she discovered that he had become perfectly rigid with wrath, his cheeks fired and swollen, and his eyes fairly starting out of their sockets. The instant "*Amen*" was reached, his frenzy found utterance in a torrent of howls and semi-articulate ejaculations, and at last in the words, "Th— th— th— that a'n't *your* prayer! That a'n't *your* prayer! That a'n't *your kindom come!*"

So far as my observation goes, children commonly leave to their superiors all denunciatory psalms, and all attempts at the personal direction of judicial thunder-bolts "to deal damnation round the land." The only exceptions to this rule which I find in my repertory are two; unless one example, which was rather a meditation than a prayer, be ad-

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mitted. Judge for yourselves of its claims. Two small cousins, Storrs and Platt, quarreled bitterly in their play together. At last, Storrs, who was four or five months the elder, was severely punished by his parents, and subsided into a corner, with the blood-curdling warning, "Well, I shall die and go to heaven." Platt, much impressed by the whole scene, was also overheard in his corner soliloquizing: "Storrs — gone to heaven, — *un-possible!*"

The first prayer of condemnation to be cited is the awful supplication of a certain dear little Jamaica Plain boy, who, having been sent to bed at half past five (instead of six o'clock, his ordinary hour of banishment), at the special instigation of his aunt, who was to give a party that night, entreated, "O Lord, come and take aunt Elizabeth right down to hell."

The second instance is too admirable an epigram on the animus of ecclesiastical autocracy and sectarianism, and indeed of all human rivalries, to be omitted.

A pair of twins, the offspring of a Methodist clergyman in Vermont, were given, like all ministers' children the world over, I fancy, to playing at "church," and particularly to preaching. These small sons of thunder usually divided the time and the honors very amicably; but on one occasion Bob had "great liberty," and prolonged his sermon beyond all precedent. Reuben endured restively, but in silence, for some time, mindful of the sanctity of pulpit privilege. At last, however, patience was exhausted, and he shouted out from the ignominious pews, "I say you, Bob, dry up! It's my turn, now." But Robert still rolled out sonorous periods without pause, until Reuben dragged up another chair close to that which his brother had been occupying so unrighteously long, and mounting it he poured such a flood of pious oratory into the very face and eyes of the somewhat hoarse and exhausted exhorter that he, poor fellow, was forced to an abrupt change of base and tactics. Dropping homiletics and betaking himself to his knees, he folded his weary hands and shut his afflicted eyes, and prayed, "*O Lord! Don't bless that other minister that's got his pulpit hitched on to mine!*"

As the above expresses the unlovingness of humanity, let me narrate one more prayer, equally true and sincere, thank God! which expresses the gratitude for all blessings, the confidence in the all-loving Giver, and the perfect faith that he means us always good, which may Heaven send us all when we pray.

A Western missionary had adopted a little child who was utterly uninstructed, not only in religious forms, but in "other-worldliness" of every kind, and indeed in the merest commonplaces of any earthly home. The little creature basked all day in the delicious new atmosphere of love and tender care, and was simply told, at night, that it was God who had given her these amazing blessings, and that he would like to have her tell him that she was pleased, out of her own heart, in her own words. And this is literally her first prayer: "I fank oo, God, for this nice house to live in; I fank oo for a pitty white bed to sleep in; I fank oo for new papa and mamma; I fank oo for pitty fowers to smell of and pitty birds to sing to me. I fank oo, God, for evy single fing. Won't oo hear me, God? Yes, — of tourse oo will!"

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem to me to be that from these "intimations," and many others still more significant, it is probable that the good God did not send us into this his other world cursed with Barmecidal memories of "that imperial palace whence [we] came," and clad with his purple, which we are hopelessly doomed to lose, shred after shred, until we are left shivering in "entire forgetfulness"

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and "utter nakedness," except, forsooth, for the sorry rags of "a philosophic mind!"

There daily passes along our streets a man bent and worn with a long life of study and executive toil. His name is honored wherever the English tongue is spoken, or English thought modifies human opinion. The thousands who have been under his immediate governance render homage not alone to his great wisdom and rare justice, but to his singleness of heart, his marvelous control of a spirit not naturally docile, his exquisite reverence for another's right of judgment, whomsoever that other may be, his modesty of self-estimation, and the perfect simplicity of his Christian faith. No child could transcend this sage in absolute dependence and simple confidence; and yet what a heaven-wide difference between the sweet credulity of childhood and the tribute of trust and praise which can be rendered by such a one as he, or as "Paul the aged," who has *fought the good fight and kept the faith* through it all, and even by means of it all! Wordsworth, thou reasonest well of happy childhood, but better of him "whom every man in arms should wish to be," —

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast."

Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.

AREOPAGUS.

WHERE suns chase suns in rhythmic dance,
Where seeds are springing from the dust,
Where mind sways mind with spirit-glance,
High court is held, and law is just.

No hill alone, a sovereign bar;
Through space the fiery sparks are whirled
That draw and cling, and shape a star, —
That burn and cool, and form a world

Whose hidden forces hear a voice
That leads them by a perfect plan:
"Obey," it cries, "with steadfast choice,
Law shall complete what law began.

"Refuse, — behold the broken arc,
The sky of all its stars despoiled;
The new germ smothered in the dark,
The snow-pure soul with sin assoiled."

The voice still saith, "While atoms weave
Both world and soul for utmost joy,
Who sins must suffer, — no reprieve;
The law that quickens must destroy."

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THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

VIII.

EGERIA and her father had reached the station an hour before their train was to start; and the time, after the first flush of their arrival, began to hang heavy on her father's hands. Now that he had set his face homeward, he was intolerant of delay. He looked at the waiting-room clock, and compared it with the clock above the tracks outside; he blamed Hatch for not being there to meet them, and fretted lest he should not come at all. It would be extremely embarrassing to be left behind, he said; he complained that it had the effect of placing him in a dependent position, and that Hatch had taken advantage of his temporary destitution to inflict a humiliation upon him. He said he would go out and look about the station while waiting, and he impatiently permitted Egeria to go with him. An idle throng were hanging about the draw of the Charlestown bridge, watching some men in a barge who were supplying air to a submarine diver at the bottom of the dock. The locality of the diver was indicated by the bubbles that rose and broke on the surface and floated away on the swift tide.

"Egeria," said her father, with instant speculation, "if it were possible to isolate a medium thus absolutely from all adverse influences, great results might be expected. A speaking-tube of rubber, running from the mouth of the submerged medium" — He looked at the girl, who smiled faintly.

"I should not have the courage to go under the water, — I should be afraid of the fish."

"At first, no doubt," replied her father. "But I was not thinking of you. I should like to see the experiment tried with Mrs. Le Roy."

Boynton was not jesting, and his daughter did not laugh at a proposal which would doubtless have amused the seeress herself. "How strange," said Egeria, as they turned away, "the western sky is!"

"Yes; the wind has changed to the east. The Probabilities, this morning, promised a storm."

"And the frames of all these railroad draw-bridges against that strange sky" —

"Yes, yes," said her father; "they look like so many gibbets. It 's a homicidal sight, — or suicidal." He gave a little shiver, and they walked back into the station, where the train they were to take was just making up. Dr. Boynton looked about for Hatch, but was arrested in his impatient scrutiny of the others by the presence of two men, whose peaceful faces no less than their quaint dress distinguished them from the rest of the thickening crowd. They wore low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats of beaver; one was habited in a straight-skirted coat of drab, and the other in a like garment of dark blue; their feet, in broad, flat shoes, protruded from pantaloons of a conscientiously unfashionable pattern. Their hair hung long in their necks, and when one lifted his hat to wipe his forehead he showed his hair cut in front like a young lady's *bang*. They seemed quite at their ease under the glance of the passers, and talked quietly on, even when Dr. Boynton, expressing a doubt as to whether they were Quakers, halted Egeria, and lingered near them.

"That is so, Joseph," said one who seemed the younger, and was much the graver of the two. "It began with our people, and I think it will get its only true development among us. In the world outside, its professors are as bad as the hireling priesthood of the churches."

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"Yee," assented he called Joseph, with that quaint corruption through which the people of his sect fail in the scriptural injunction they strive to obey.

"As soon as the money element touched it, it began to degenerate, and now it 's a trade, like any other. They are tempted all the while to eke it out with imposture."

"Nay, Elihu, not in all cases. At least, they don't yield to the temptation in all cases. You must not let your judgment be too much swayed by the single case that has come to your knowledge."

"They can't be Quakers," said Egeria, in a low voice; "they say 'you,' and not 'thee' and 'thou.'"

Her father did not answer; he pressed her hand to make her keep silence, and insensibly drew her a little nearer to the men.

"Yee," replied the younger, "it is well to avoid a hasty judgment; but it is foolish to blind one's self to the facts. And the facts are that in such hands as this gift has fallen into in the world outside it is mere sorcery, — a spell to conjure with."

"Nay, it is something better than that. It is still a proof of life hereafter to those who could receive no other evidence."

"Yee, that may be. But I feel that it cannot truly prosper except with those who are leading the angelic life, here and now."

These words, these phrases, had visibly made a great impression upon Boynton. His daughter saw that he was longing to accost the speakers. But at that moment she caught sight of Hatch coming out of the ladies' room, and looking anxiously about as if seeking them.

"Oh!" she cried gladly, "there 's Mr. Hatch!" and she pulled her father away with her.

The two men turned at the sound of their going, and gazed after them.

"That is a strange couple," said he called Joseph. "Did you notice them as they stood here?"

"Yee, I saw them. They seemed to be listening. But we were not saying anything to be ashamed of, and I thought they could not receive any harm from overhearing us. They looked like stage players to me: before I was gathered in, I used often to see such folks."

"Do you think they are man and wife?"

"Nay, I don't know."

"He seemed too old to be her husband."

"That often happens in the world."

"Yee," said Joseph; "but I never like to see a young wife with an old husband. And there is something pleasing in a pretty young couple: they seem happy."

"Nay," returned the other, "what does it matter to us how they mate together?"

They stood looking after Egeria and her father, whom Hatch had now joined. "They seem to have found friends," said Joseph. "I don't think she is the elderly man's wife."

Hatch hurried them into the waiting-room; and then he went to buy their tickets, and have their baggage checked.

"I 've got your trunks checked clear through, doctor," he said, when he returned and sat down beside them. "But you 'll have to change cars at Ayer Junction. You won't have any trouble, though: you just walk out of the end of the depot, and take the train standing across the track of the one you 've come on. You can stop at Portland, when you get there, or you can make the connection, and push right through, and be home by morning. I've been looking it all up for you in this Guide." He drew a book out of his pocket.

"Oh, we shall want to push right through, sha'n't we, father?" asked Egeria.

But her father had apparently lost all

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concern in the return home for which he had but now been so eager. He had listened with apathy to Hatch's excuses for his delay, and he had received with indifference the checks and tickets the young man had brought him. "We will see how we feel when we get to Portland," he answered testily, handing the money he had borrowed to Egeria. "Mr. Hatch," he added, presently, with the mystery in which he liked to involve simple things, "are you pressed for time?"

"I have all the time there is," replied Hatch, cheerily.

"Then oblige me by remaining here for a moment with Egeria, — for one moment only."

He left them, and they looked blankly at each other.

"Your father," Hatch began, "seems a little off the notion of going back."

"Yes," assented Egeria, dispiritedly.

"Well, of course; that 's the reaction. But he 'll be all right again when the train 's started. I know how that is. Miss Egeria," he added, looking down at the neat valise between his feet, "I did n't tell the doctor, but I hope you won't object to company part of your journey. I 'm going on your train as far as Ayer Junction." He met her look of amaze with one of triumphant kindliness. "Yes. You know I can go West Hoosac Tunnel way."

"I did n't know," said Egeria.

"Well, I can. And I thought I might be of use to you in changing cars at the Junction, and so I 'm going."

"I don't know what to say to you," Egeria murmured, brokenly.

"I thought you 'd be glad," said Hatch.

"Yes; only you do too much," returned the girl.

"Well, I 'm a little in debt to your father, yet; and I would do anything for — for your father. I hope you 'll make him push straight through to-night. I don't think your father 's quite well, Miss Egeria. He needs rest. He ought to be home."

"Yes, he needs rest," said Egeria sadly. "I 'm glad we 're going home. But you know how it is, there, between him and grandfather," she added, reluctantly. "I don't know just where we 'll go. We can't go to our old house; there are people in it; and father would n't go to grandfather's, after what 's passed."

"Oh, you 'll find friends there," said Hatch, hopefully. "At any rate, you 'll be among your own kind of folks, and that 's something. And that reminds *me:* here 's a little note I want you to give your grandfather for me. I always liked the old gentleman," he added, giving her a letter. "He and I got along first-rate together. And I guess you can patch it up between him and your father."

"Mr. Hatch," said Egeria, looking at the letter. — "Or no, no matter."

"What is it?"

"Nothing; merely something I was going to ask you, — to ask your advice. But it 's done now, and so it would be of no use."

Hatch laughed. "That 's the time ladies usually apply for advice, — after a thing 's done. And, as you say, it ain't of much use then, — at least, not for that occasion."

Egeria smiled sadly. "I suppose I wanted you to think I had done right."

"Well, I think that without your asking me."

Egeria put the letter away in her handbag, and put that carefully behind her on the seat, before she asked, a little tremulously, "Mr. Hatch, what do you think made him change his mind about it after he talked with you?"

An angry flush passed over Hatch's face, as he followed her meaning, and recalled the encounter of the morning. "I don't know. Such a man as that would n't need any reason. Perhaps he did n't change his mind. He might n't choose to let me know what he intended to do."

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Boynton returned from the outside, and interrupted their talk.

"I went to see if I could find those two men," he said to Egeria. "Some remarks that they dropped had a peculiar interest for me. But they were gone. Did you notice them, Mr. Hatch? They stood near us when we first caught sight of you."

"Parties in broad-brims? Yes, I saw them. But I did n't notice them particularly. What were they talking about?"

"The life hereafter," said Dr. Boynton solemnly, "and the angelic life on earth."

"Well, I don't know about the last, but the first is a good subject for a railroad depot. Makes you think whether you 've bought your insurance ticket. Quakers, I suppose."

"No, they were not Quakers," answered the doctor, with dry offense.

"Well, they looked it," said Hatch. "Perhaps they belonged to some of the new religious brotherhoods. I've seen fellows going round with skirts down to their heels; I believe they 're pretty good fellows, too; they take care of the sick and poor. But I don't see why they can't do it in sack coats."

"It 's possible that these are of the brotherhood you mean," said the doctor. "I wish I could see them again." He looked vexed and disappointed.

"Well, you may run across 'em," returned Hatch easily. "Perhaps they 'll be on our train." He added, at the doctor's inquiring look, "I 'm going to Troy by the tunnel route; I shall be with you as far as Ayer Junction."

"Oh," returned the doctor, with a little surprise, but with as little interest. "Is n't it time to go on board?"

"Guess we might as well," said Hatch, gathering up Egeria's things and her father's, beside his own compact luggage, and following Boynton, as he went out free-handed. Hatch had taken his berth in the sleeping-car, and he got them seats in this luxurious vehicle as far as the Junction. Dr. Boynton stared anxiously about the car, and walked up and down the aisle. "Remain here with Mr. Hatch a moment, Egeria," he said. "I will be back, presently."

Egeria made a little start of protest, but Hatch repressed her with a touch. "Let him go," he whispered, as the doctor pushed off. "He 's after those Corsican Brothers. They can't do him any harm, and they 'll occupy his mind. Who did you think they were?"

"I could n't tell," said Egeria. "I was sure they were Quakers; but they did n't use the plain language. I think father thought they were talking about the spirits," she added, dejectedly.

"Well, I 'm sorry for that," replied Hatch. "I think he 's got enough of the spirits for one while. But probably they were n't, if they 're any of those new kind of brothers. If they are, I hope he 'll find 'em. They can give him some talk on the other side."

The doctor came back, and sat down with an air of satisfaction. "I 've found them, Egeria," he said. "But the seats all about them were occupied, so that I could n 't get a place near them. I overheard them say that they were going to Ayer, where friends are to meet them."

"Well, that 's lucky," Hatch interposed. "You may get a glimpse of them there. You 'll have to wait twenty minutes for connections. It 's surprising how much you can do in twenty minutes when you 're on the road. Why, twenty minutes on the road are as long as the good old twenty minutes a fellow used to have when he was a boy. But they won't go any further in the way of time, generally, than twenty dollars will in the way of money, nowadays; we seem to have got an irredeemable paper currency in both things, since I grew up. I wish we could get back to a gold basis. I should like to see half a day or half a dollar of the old size. Why, doctor, you must remember when they were both as big as the full moon!"

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The weather had been growing colder since morning, and though they had run out under clearer skies than those of the sea-board, the sun set at last in a series of cloudy bars, through which his red face looked as through the bars of a visor, before it dipped out of sight, and left the west pale and ashen. The lengthening twilight of the season prevailed over the landscape, sodden from long snow, and showing as yet no consciousness of the spring. It was sad and bare, and it was from its cold melancholy that the girl shrank towards Hatch; she did not withdraw when her father rose and went into the next car.

"Going to make sure of his Brothers," said the young man. He looked at his watch. "We're a little late; but I shall have time to see you on board the Portland train when we get to the Junction. We ought to have had the twenty minutes there together; but we sha'n't; my train leaves before yours does. I wish I was going on the whole way with you!"

"I wish you were," responded Egeria. "But you must n't lose any time when we get to the Junction; you might miss your own train."

"I could n't afford to do that. But there 'll be time. Now, I 'll tell you what, Miss Egeria: I want you to write to me when you get home. You know I shall want to know you 've got there."

"Yes, I will," answered Egeria.

"There!" said Hatch, tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, in which he had written, "that 'll fetch me. I shall be a fortnight in Omaha before I push on to California. When I get back, in June, I 'm coming to see you!"

"You may be sure we shall be glad to have you," answered Egeria, putting the address in her bag. "I 'm so eager to get home, it seems as if I could fly. I 'd rather be in the grave-yard there than lead the life we have the last three months. I hope I shall never come away again!" she added, passionately, while the tears started to her eyes.

"Well, I hope you won't, if you don't want to," said Hatch. "But I guess we won't talk about *grave-yards* in that connection. I 'm coming back to find you strong and well, and your father in the good old track again."

"Yes," murmured the girl

The doctor came in and resumed his seat.

"Corsican Brothers all right?" asked Hatch.

"They are still there," replied the doctor, gravely accepting the designation.

"Well, you 'll have to cut it shorter than I thought for at Ayer," said Hatch. "We 're a *little* behind time. But I guess you can transact all the business you have with them in fifteen minutes."

"In fifteen minutes?" Boynton looked doubtful and unhappy.

"Why," said Hatch, with a laugh, "I 'll see that you get the whole time. I 'll find your train with Miss Egeria, and put her into it. You ought to have some supper, though. I 'll ask the Brothers to hold on till you 've had a cup of tea."

"I shall want nothing to eat," replied the doctor, excitedly. "If you will take charge of Egeria, I shall be obliged to you. I *must* speak to them."

"All right," said Hatch. "Don't be anxious," he whispered to Egeria, as they emerged into the crowd and clamor at the Junction. Locomotives were fuming and fretting under cover of the station; without, their bells were bleating everywhere; people ran to and fro, and were pushed about by men with long trucks; the baggage men hurled the trunks from one train to another, and called out the check numbers in metallic nasals. Hatch made his way with Egeria to the train standing across the Fitchburg track, and piled up her things in a seat. "Remember the train and car," he said, making her look round, when they came out again. "Now come get

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something to eat." He hurried her into the eating-room, and ordering supper for both, he left her and went to find the doctor. It was some minutes before he returned with him, crest-fallen and disappointed.

"Did you see them?" asked Egeria, interpreting his gloom aright.

"No," said her father, "I have missed them."

"Good-by, doctor; good-by, Miss Egeria," said Hatch, who had been paying for the supper. "That's my train," he added, at the sound of a bell. "Good luck to you!"

Egeria clung to his hand. "But your supper!"

"That's the doctor's supper. I shall snatch a bite at Fitchburg."

"Oh!" moaned Egeria. But he was gone, and she turned to urge her father to eat.

"Oh, I want nothing, — I want nothing," he said, impatiently; but the girl pressed him, and after she had made him drink a cup of tea, she followed him out of the eating-room. At the door, he gave a joyful start. There, not ten paces away, were the men whom he had seen at the depot in Boston, and whom he had been so anxiously seeking. A third, dressed like them, and of a like placidity of countenance, was talking with them. Nothing now could prevent Boynton from accosting them. He launched himself towards them with an excitement strangely contrasting with their own calm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I must beg your pardon for addressing you. But I saw you in the depot at Boston" —

"Yee," interrupted he called Elihu, tranquilly, "we saw you there."

"And — and — I chanced to overhear something in your conversation" —

"Yee," said the other, as before, "we saw you listening."

"Well, well! I confess it, — I confess it!" cried the doctor, even more impatient than disconcerted. "I felt constrained to listen: your words seemed to me a message, a prophecy, a revelation. May I ask, gentlemen, if you were talking about spiritualism?"

"Yee, we were."

"Father, — father, we shall lose our train!" pleaded Egeria.

The three strange men, from studying the doctor intently, turned and looked kindly at her, while he continued, "And were you — you were — Gentlemen, this is a subject that interests me greatly, — vitally, I may say. Pardon me if I seem too bold. You were saying that this science, this dispensation, — this — this — call it what you will, — originated with some society of which you are members?"

"Yee."

The bell was ringing for their train to start; Egeria essayed another meek appeal of "Father, our train is going!" and was hushed with a harsh "Silence!" from the doctor, who eagerly pursued, "And this society — this — Gentlemen, what *are* you?"

"We are of the people called Shakers," replied Joseph.

"Exactly! Exactly! I see it, — I understand it all! I understand now how you can make the only just claim to the development of these phenomena. In your community alone is the unselfish, the self-devoted, basis to be found, without which we can rear no superstructure to the skies. I have wasted my life!" he cried, passionately, — "wasted my life! Does your community live near here?"

"Yee," answered the eldest Shaker, cautiously, "some miles back. This brother has come down to drive us home."

"I wish to be one of you!" said the doctor.

"Nay," answered the Shaker, "that needs reflection."

A train began to cross the front of the station. Egeria's long-suffering broke in tears. At sight of her distress,

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the Shaker added, "Friend, there goes your train."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Boynton, distractedly, "you shall hear from me!" He turned with Egeria, and ran towards the cars, the Shakers following, and making signals to the engineer. The train moved slowly, and Egeria and her father scrambled aboard. She led the way to the rear car, in which her things were left; but on going to the seat midway of it which Hatch had chosen for her, she could not find them. She sank down, stupefied. Her father noticed neither her loss nor her distress. She waited hopelessly for the conductor's coming, and when he appeared she asked him timidly if he had seen her things. He said he would ask the brakeman about them, and added in the tone of formal demand, "Tickets!" The doctor surrendered them without looking at the conductor. "These tickets are for Portland," said the conductor. "You're on the wrong train, — this is the down train."

"Oh, put us off then, please," implored Egeria, "and we'll walk back."

"Up train left before this did," said the man, "and you could n't get it, any way."

"Oh, what shall we do!" lamented the girl. "How shall we ever get home?"

"I can take you on to Egerton; train does n't stop till we get there. You can go up on the morning express."

"But we can't pay!" gasped Egeria. "Our money was all in one of my bags!"

The conductor looked as if this might or might not be true. He glanced at Egeria's shabby dress, and his face hardened as he said, "I can take you to Egerton," and passed on.

Boynton had shown little concern in the matter, as if it were no affair of his. Egeria did not appeal to him for counsel or comfort, but sank back into her seat, and wept silently. In the twilight her tears could not be seen; when it grew darker, and the lamps were turned up, she averted her face, and stared out of the black window with streaming eyes. When the train stopped, and the brakeman called "Egerton," she led her father from the car, and began to walk with him from the station up into the village.

IX.

Egerton is a village that presents a winning aspect to the summer visitor when he goes thither in June, and finds it at peace with all the world, in the shadow of immemorial, uncanker-wormed elms. Its chief street wanders quaintly, with a pleasant rise and fall, and on either hand are the large square mansions of a former day, and the trim, well-kept French-roof villas of ours. Hammocks, with girls reading novels in them, are swung between door-yard trees; swift buggies go by on the wide, dustless street; the children of summer visitors, a little too well dressed, play in the cool paths; all day long there is lounging and light literature and smoking and flirtation on the piazzas of the big summer hotel. But the place is far from being a mere summer resort; it is a village, with its own life, expressed in comfortable homes, in a post-office, an apothecary's, a local bank, and various stores, all elm-embowered. A lovely country lies about it, dipping to a fertile valley on one side, and stretching on the other level and far, with an outlook to yet farther hills.

On the chilly April eve when Egeria and her father walked aimlessly away from the station up into the village, it did not wear the welcome it gives the summer visitor. Here and there a lamp pierced the gathering night, and about the stores and post-office there was a languid stir; but the houses darkled away into the gloom of the country. A wind was rising; it took the elms over the

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street, and swung their long, pendulous boughs about under the sky, dully luminous with coming storm.

The doctor had seemed carelessly indifferent about all that had happened; indeed, scarcely cognizant of it. He looked vaguely round as they passed through the space in front of the hotel. "Where are you going, Egeria?" he asked.

"I don't know. We have no money."

"No money?"

"You gave me the money, and I put it into my bag that was carried off on the train to Portland."

"Ah, true, true," responded her father, as if he granted the trivial point for argument's sake. He added, with a sort of philosophical interest in the fact, "Well, we are beggars now, — houseless beggars, who don't know how to beg! Yet I have no doubt there are doors enough on this street that would fly open at our touch, if it were known that we were without shelter and in need. Where shall we apply, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know, — I don't know."

"All the houses seem dark," mused Boynton aloud. "If we rang, and made them the trouble of lighting hall and parlor lamps in the belief we were visitors, it would have a bad effect. We will stop at the first house where we see a light at the front windows." But when they came to such a house, it seemed too brightly lighted, and they walked wearily by. At last, they paused before a door where the illumination was neither too brilliant nor too faint; and while they stood questioning themselves as to the form of their petition, the lamp at the window was suddenly blown out. They did not speak, but turned and kept on their way. They had passed through the denser part of the village, and the houses began to straggle at wider and wider intervals along the road. Presently they found themselves in the open country, between meadows and fields, with what seemed a long stretch of woodland before them. But before they reached it they came to a wayside country store, in front of which they mechanically halted.

"I have an idea, Egeria," said her father. "I will step into this store and pledge your ring for a night's lodging."

"Well," said Egeria, yielding it with dull indifference. She went with him to the door, and lingered there while he addressed the man behind the counter with his airy flourish. It required time for the situation to make itself intelligible. Then the man took the ring extended to him, and looked coldly, not at it, but at Boynton. When the rustic leisure of the establishment had gathered itself about the transaction, he returned it. "I ain't no goldsmith," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" queried Boynton.

The man lifted his voice: "May be it 's gold, and may be it 's brass."

"Brass?"

"Well, you 'd ought to know. Anyhow, I guess we can't trade." The spectators admired a fellow citizen's cool ability to deal with a confidence man.

Boynton turned away with dignity, and addressed a young fellow in the group. "Can you tell me," he said politely, "my shortest way to Ayer Junction? I was brought here by mistaking the downward for the upward train, at that point." The listeners grinned at the shallow imposture, but the young man answered civilly that if he was going to walk he had better take the road to Vardley, keeping due northward on that street. He came to the door to be more explicit, and, throwing it open, discovered Egeria to the others.

"Funny pair of tramps," said one of them, loud enough for the wanderers to hear.

"I guess they ain't any *tramps*," said the store-keeper, darkly.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Well, *I* guess they ain't tramps," repeated the man in authority. His suc-

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cess in coping with the doctor made the rest feel that he had a meaning withheld for the present from regard for the public good; they kept silent; his interlocutor spread out his hands as in an act of submission above the stove. He did not speak again, but after a while another took up the word.

"They say them Shakers at Vardley keeps a house a pu'pose for lodgin' tramps," he said, holding his knee between his clasped hands, as he sat, and striking the heel of his boot against the side of the stove.

Another silence followed, while a lounger on the other side of the stove worked his lips for expectoration against the iron; but it was too lukewarm to hiss.

"The old gentleman can put up with 'em, and *keep* his ring, if he steps along pretty spry. Tain't more 'n about five mile, is it Parker?"

After a decent pause, "Well, I don't know what the country 's comin' to," sighed a local pessimist.

"Oh, I guess it 'll all come out right in the end," returned a local optimist. This put the pessimist down; the talk had wandered from horses, at the doctor's appearance, and now it reverted to horses.

The young fellow who had gone to the door with the Boyntons did not return within; he walked a little way up the street with him and Egeria, and recollected to warn them about a turning to the right which they were not to take. When he parted with them at a corner, he stood and gazed after them, with perhaps a kindly impulse in his heart fainting through bashfulness and doubt, while they held their way till they drew near the edge of the forest. It looked black and dreadful under the darkened sky; they stopped before reaching it at a little house which stood upon its borders.

"We must ask here," said Egeria desperately.

"Well, you ask, then, my dear," said her father. "They won't deny a woman."

Egeria knocked, and after a long interval the light from the rear of the house disappeared, and, the door being opened, was held scarily aloft above the head of an elderly woman who surveyed them with an excited face.

Egeria briefly told their story, and ended with a prayer for a night's shelter. "Just let us sit by your fire. We won't trouble you, and in the morning we will go on."

The woman did not change countenance. "You hain 't any of them that 's escaped from the reform school?" she demanded, in a high, frightened voice.

Egeria again explained their case. "I don't know where the reform school is. This is my father, and we are honest people!" she added indignantly.

"Well," said the woman, in the same key as before, and clinging to her preconception, "I guess you better go back. The off'cers is sure to catch you."

"Oh, and *won't* you let us in?"

"Why, I could n't, you know, — I could n't. You just keep right along. It 's early yet, and there 's a tavern up this road, — well, it ain't more 'n four mile, if it 's that; you can put up there."

"Is this the road to Vardley?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, yes, — straight along," said the woman, who had been making the aperture between them smaller and smaller; she now finally closed the door with a quick bang, and bolted it.

"What shall we do?" whispered Egeria.

"I don't know," her father faltered, in reply.

"Let us go back to the station," said the girl. "They will let us stay there, and then in the morning we can take the train — Oh, but we have n't any money to pay our way back!" She broke out into a wild sobbing.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said her father,

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soothingly. "We will walk on. Some one *must* receive us. Or, if not, we can't starve in a single night, and at this season we can't perish of cold." As they resumed their way, something struck lightly in their faces. "Rain?" said the doctor, stretching out his hand.

"No," answered Egeria, "snow."

Neither spoke as they entered the deep shadow of the forest, which in this part of Massachusetts covers miles of country, where the farmer has ceased to coax his wizened crops from the sterile soil and has abandoned it in despair to the wilderness from which his ancestors conquered it.

The road before the wanderers began to whiten. "Oh, when shall we come to a house?" moaned the girl, shrinking closer to her father, and clinging more heavily to his arm.

She started at the sound of voices and the red glare that came from a sheltered hollow of the woods beside the valley into which the road descended. Around a large fire crouched a party of tramps: one held a tilted bottle to his mouth, and another clutched at it; the rest were shouting and singing. As Egeria and her father came into the range of the firelight, the men saw them. They yelled to them to stop and have a drink. The one who had the bottle snatched up a brand from the fire with his left hand and ran toward them. His foot must have caught in some root or vine; he fell, rolling over his bottle and torch, and while he screamed out that he was burning up, and the rest rushed upon him with laughter for his mishap and curses for the loss of his bottle, Egeria and her father fled into the shadows beyond the light.

Terror gave her force, but when she felt herself safe her strength began to fail.

"I can't go any farther," she said, releasing her hand from her father's arm, and sinking upon the wayside bank. "We will wait here till morning."

He made her no answer, but stood looking up and down the road. "Egeria," he said at last, "I fancy that it 's lighter ahead of us than it is behind, and that we 're near the edge of the woods. Try to come a few steps farther." He lifted her to her feet, and they moved painfully forward. It was as he said: in a little while the woods broke away on either hand, and they stood in the middle of cross-roads; on one corner was a house. But as they drew near the verge of the open, the sound of voices stayed them; they were the voices of young men and young girls laughing and calling to one another, as they issued from this house on the corner. "It 's a school-house," said her father; "they 've had some sort of frolic there."

"Well, you won't get the Unabridged for spelling *merry*, Jim!" shouted one of the youths to another.

"Oh, how does he spell it?" cried one of the girls.

"He spells it M-a-r-y!"

The laugh that followed repeated itself in the woods.

"That 's a good joke for hoot-owls!" retorted some one who might be Jim.

"A spelling-match," Boynton interpreted.

A noise of joyous screaming and scuffling came from within the house as a light was quenched there, with cries of, "I should think you 'd be ashamed!" and "Now, you stop!" and the like; and a bevy of young people came scurrying from the door.

"Hello!" shouted one of the young men, "what about the books?"

"I don't know," answered another. "Guess nobody 'll hurt the books before morning."

"I wish they 'd steal mine!" said the gay voice of a girl.

"But the fire, — we 've left a roaring fire."

"Well, let it burn the old thing down."

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"All right!"

They hurried forward, shouting to the party ahead, who answered with a medley of derisive noises.

When they were all gone, and their voices had died away, the wanderers crept to the door of the school-house, which they tried anxiously. It opened, and they entered. A gush of mellow light from the stove door, left open to let the fire die soon, softly illumined the interior. They drew some benches close to the stove, and sank away from the sense of all their misery.

X.

The last thing of which Egeria had been aware before she fell asleep was her own shadow thrown by the firelight against the school-house door. She thought it was this when she looked again. But the door melted away from around the shadow, and the shadow took feature and expression. Rousing herself with a start, she saw that it was a young girl, cloaked and hooded, standing in the open door-way. The pale, bluish light of a snowy morning filled the school-room. The girl stood still, and looked at Egeria with a stony gaze of fear. The past came back to her; the situation realized itself. Her father, a shabby, disreputable heap of crumpled clothing and tumbled hair, was still asleep; her own beautiful hair had fallen down her shoulder.

"We will go, — we will go," she whispered to the girl in the door-way, with a face as frightened as her own. "It 's my father. We were walking to Vardley; we did n't know where we were, and we found the school-house door unlocked, and we came in." She caught at the wandering coils of her hair, and twisted them into place, and tied on her bonnet.

The girl in the door-way looked as if she would like to run away, but she came in, gasping, and shut the door behind her. "You 're not tramps?" she made out to ask.

"Oh, no, no, no!" replied Egeria, and she incoherently poured out the story of their misadventure.

The other girl drew a long breath. "And you were going to Vardley Station?"

"Yes."

"That 's more than three miles from here." Egeria did not say anything, but she turned to wake her father. "Oh, don't wake him!" cried the other girl, with a new start of terror, and a partial flight toward the door. "I mean," she added, coming back, with a blush, "let him sleep. I — I 'm the teacher; and I 've come to build the fire. You can warm by it before you go. The scholars won't be here yet for an hour." Every word was visibly a conquest from fear, a fulfillment of duty. The teacher took off her waterproof, the hood of which she had drawn up over her head, and showed herself a short, plain girl, with a homely face full of sense and goodness. Her hair, cut short, clung about her large head in tight rings. She looked at Egeria's ethereal beauty and the masses of her hair, not enviously, but with a kind of compassionate admiration.

The fire had gone down in the stove, but there was still imbedded in the ashes a line of live embers keeping the shape of the original maple stick. She raked the coals forward, laid on some splinters and bark, and then logs, and closed the door; the fire shouted and roared within.

The teacher sat down on a bench across the stove from Egeria, took into her lap the tin pail she had brought with her, and lifted the lid, discovering a smaller pail within, packed round with pieces of mince-pie, doughnuts, and biscuit, with slices of cold meat between the buttered halves. She took this out, and set it on the stove; she tore some

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leaves out of a copy-book, and laying them on the iron put the slices of pie on them. She did not say anything to Egeria, who had no authority to interfere with her proceedings. "I 'm sorry it is n't coffee," she said, looking into the pail on the stove; "but I can't drink coffee; so it 's only cracked cocoa. Now wake him."

But the stir of garments, the low voices, and the fragrant smell of the cocoa and mince-pie had already roused Dr. Boynton. He lifted himself, looked at Egeria, and stared at the teacher, to whom presently he made a courteous bow. She replied by pouring some of the cocoa into a saucer, which she took from the bottom of the larger pail, and handing it to him.

"I beg your pardon?" he said sweetly. The tears stood in Egeria's eyes. This succor had not been offered; it had been given.

"There 's another saucer," said the teacher, evasively; "but you 'll have to eat your pie out of them afterwards."

Her father saw Egeria supplied with cocoa, and then drank with the simple greed of a child.

"This — this lady is the teacher, father," said Egeria. Boynton, brightened by his draught, bowed again, and the teacher gravely acknowledged his salutation. "I've told her how we came here."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor; "most disagreeable coincidence. I can assure you that in a somewhat checkered career I have never met with a more painful experience. At times, really, I have hardly been able to recognize my own identity. But it 's well for once, no doubt, to find ourselves in the position in which we have often contemplated others."

The teacher took the pie from the smoking paper and slid a piece into each saucer. "I presume it is n't very wholesome," she said, "but I 've heard that Mr. Emerson says, if you *will* eat it, you 'd best eat it for breakfast, so that you can have the whole day to digest it in."

"Emerson," said the doctor, receiving his saucer with one hand, while he opened his handkerchief and spread it on his knees with the other, "is a very receptive mind. I fancy that there is a social principle in these matters which is n't clearly ascertained yet. Where whole communities eat pie, as ours do, there must be an unconscious, coöperative force in its digestion."

The teacher looked at him, but answered nothing.

"I 'm afraid," said Egeria ruefully, "that it 's your dinner."

"The children always want me to eat part of theirs," the teacher explained. "I could n't think of your asking at a house for your breakfast. The country is overrun with tramps, and they might suppose" — She stopped and blushed, and then she added with rigid self-justice, "Well, I don't know as it was so strange I should."

"No," said Egeria, "you could n't have thought anything else. That 's what they took us for everywhere." She spoke with patience and without bitterness, but she did not eat her breakfast with the hungry relish of the outcast she had been mistaken for.

The teacher sat looking at them, and a new sense of their forlornness seemed to flash upon her. "Why, you have no outside things!"

"No," said Egeria; "they all went off on the train we lost."

The teacher said, like one thinking aloud, "If you are not telling me the truth about yourselves, it will be your loss, and not mine." Then she added, "I don't want you should try to walk to Ayer; it would kill you, in this snow. You must take the cars at Vardley Station." She drew out her purse. "There," she said, handing Egeria some bits of scrip, "it 's ten cents apiece to the Junction; and here," she continued, thriftily

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putting the biscuit together in a scrap of paper, "is something for your lunch on the cars."

Egeria made no reply. From time to time she had lapsed from all apparent sense of what was going on. She now looked blankly at the teacher.

Her father was not so helpless. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you are perfectly right in your estimate of the consequences and penalties! If we were deceiving you, we should be the sufferers, and not you. There is a law in these things which no individual will can abrogate. In the end, truth and good always triumph." He had finished his pie, and he now took a draught of cocoa. "Have you many pupils?" he asked.

"No," replied the teacher, "not many. The old people say there used to be forty or fifty, but now there are only sixteen."

Boynton shook his head. "Yes, it is this universal tendency to the cities and the large towns which is ruining us. Well, Egeria, shall we be going?" He had eaten and drunken to his apparent refreshment, and he was now ready to push on.

Egeria cast a look out of the window, and rose languidly.

"I'd ask you to stay," said the teacher, taking note of her weariness, "but the children will be coming very soon, and" —

"Oh, no, — no! We could n't stay. We must go."

The teacher took down her waterproof from the peg on which she had hung it, and, eying it a moment thoughtfully, handed it to Egeria. "I want you should wear this. You 'll take your death if you go out that way. You can give it to the depot man at Vardley Station, and tell him it's Miss Thorn's. He 'll send it back by the stage this afternoon, and I 'll get it in plenty of time." Egeria did not reply, but stood looking at the teacher with a jaded and wondering regard.

"I will take it for her, Miss Thorn," said the doctor, advancing with a sprightly air, and receiving the cloak. "I will see that it is duly returned. And let me thank you," he added, "for your kindness at a time when, really, we should have been embarrassed without it. My name is Boynton, — Dr. Boynton. Though you can scarcely have heard of it."

"No," said the teacher, reluctantly, but firmly.

"Ah!" returned the doctor. But he did not attempt to enlighten her ignorance. He said, "Come, Egeria," and led the way to the door. The girl turned and looked vaguely at the teacher; but no words of farewell or of thanks passed between them.

The doctor issued cheerfully, even gayly, from the school-house door. The wind had changed, and was blowing from the south. Whiffs of white cloud were sailing far overhead in the vast expanse of blue, from which poured a mellow sunshine. The snow, translucent in the light, and dark blue in the shadow, clung lazily to the trees and the eaves, from which at times the breeze detached it and tossed it away in soft, large clots. Some unseen crows made themselves heard in the distance; near by, on the fence, a little bird stooped and sang.

"A bluebird!" cried Boynton.

"Yes," answered the teacher; "there were a good many yesterday, before the weather changed. Robins, too."

He made her an airy bow, and Egeria looked back at her over her shoulder as they walked out into the road. "Why, the snow-plow has gone by!" he exclaimed, with simple delight in the effect, and the teacher saw him stop and point out to Egeria the drift, massively broken, and flung on either side in moist blocks by the plow. She watched them from the school-house door-way till a turn of the road hid them from sight. Then she went within, and cast a doubtful

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glance at the peg where her water-proof had hung. But her face changed as her eye fell to the staunch and capacious rubber-boots standing in order below the peg. "I don't believe that girl had the sign of a rubber!" she mused aloud, in the excess of her compassion.

XI.

The adventure of the day before and the exercise of their night-walk, with the good breakfast he had eaten, seemed to have brightened Boynton past recollection of all the sorrows he had known. He went forward, discoursing hopefully, and developing a plan he had for leaving Egeria with her grandfather, and returning to this region in order to look up the Shaker community, with which he intended to unite for the purpose of spiritual investigation on the true basis. For some time he did not observe that she responded more languidly and indifferently than her wont; then he asked abruptly, "What is the matter, Egeria?"

"I don't know. Nothing. I am not very well."

"You ought to be, in such air as this. Let me see." He caught up her wrist. "Rather a quick pulse; it may be the walking. Are you hot?"

"My feet are cold, — they 're wet."

He looked down at her shoes, and shook his head in a perplexed fashion. "We must stop somewhere and dry your feet."

"They would n't let us," said Egeria, in a dull way.

"We will stop at that tavern. Perhaps we can get a lift there with some one going to the station." He took her hand under his arm, and helped her on. She did not complain, nor did she show any increasing weariness.

They had been passing through a long reach of woodland that stretched away on either side of the road, when they came to a wide, open plateau, high and bare. It looked old, and like a place where there had once been houses, though none were now in sight; from time to time, in fact, the ruinous traces of former habitations showed themselves by the wayside. A black fringe of pines and hemlocks bordered the plain where it softly rounded away to the eastward; a vast forest of oak and chestnut formed its western boundary. At its highest point they came in sight of a house on its northern slope, a large, square mansion of brick; an enormous elm almost swept the ground with its boughs, on its eastern side; before it stood an old-fashioned sign-post, and westward, almost in the edge of the forest, lay its stabling.

"That must be the tavern," said Dr. Boynton, instinctively making haste towards it. As they drew near, they saw a light buggy standing at the door, and a man who seemed to unite the offices of host and ostler holding the horse by the head. He turned from smoothing the animal's nose, and called to some one within, "Come, hurry up, in there!" A red-faced man, in the faded and mis shapen clothes which American manufacture and the clothing store supply to our poorer country-folks, issued from the door, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, and slouched away down the road. Then a girl, dressed in extreme fashion, of the sort that never convinces of elegance, nor ever mistakes itself for it, with her large hands cased in white gloves, came out and waited to be helped into the buggy. The thick, hard bloom on her somewhat sunken cheeks was incomparably artificial, till the dyed mustache of the man following her showed itself; this was of a purple so bold that if his hair had been purple too, and not of a light sandy color, it could not have looked falser. They had a little squabble, half jocose, which the man at the horse's head admired, before he lifted her to the seat. The landlord handed him the reins.

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"Well, give us another call, Bob," he said.

The other looked at him over his dyed mustache without answering, while the girl stared round with her wild black eyes, as if startled at finding herself perched so high up in the light of day. Both at the same time caught sight of the doctor and Egeria, who fell behind her father as he approached the doorway. The man leaned toward the girl and whispered something to her, at which she gave him a push and bade him stop his fooling.

"Can I get a conveyance here to carry us to Vardley Village?" asked the doctor, accosting the landlord.

"I don't know," answered the man, looking doubtfully at the doctor and Egeria. He turned his back on them in the manner of some rustics who wish to show a sovereign indifference, and made a pace or two towards the door, before he half faced them again.

"Well, good-by, Tommy!" said the man in the buggy, drawing his reins, and then checking his horse. "Look here, will you?"

The landlord went back, and the man leaned over the side of the buggy and said something in a low tone.

"No!" cried the landlord.

"Bet you anything on it!" said the man. "Get up!" He drove away.

"Come in," said the landlord to the doctor, "and I'll see."

Egeria shrunk from following her father, who was mechanically obeying, and murmured something about walking.

"Oh, come in, come in!" said the landlord, more eagerly. "I guess I can manage for you. Come in and rest ye, any way."

"Come, Egeria," said her father.

The landlord was a short, stout man, with a shock of iron-gray hair and a face of dusky red, coarse and harsh; his blood-shot eyes wandered curiously over Egeria's figure. He led the way into the parlor of the tavern, which within had an air of former dignity, as if it had not been built for its present uses. The hall was wide and the staircase fine; the chimney-piece and wooden cornice of the parlor showed the nice and patient carpentry of seventy-five years ago. There was a fire in the sheet-iron stove on the hearth, and the lady who had just driven off in the buggy had left proof of a decided taste in perfumes. If Egeria had liked she might have dressed her hair at the glass in which this person had surveyed the effect of her paint, with the public comb and brush on the table before it. There were some claret-colored sporting prints on the wall, and some tattered, thumb-worn illustrated papers on the centre-table.

"I'll tell ye what," said the landlord, who had briefly disappeared after showing them into this room, and had now returned. "I hain't got any hoss in now, but I'll have one in in about an hour, and then I'll set ye over to Vardley."

"What will you charge?" asked the doctor.

"It ain't a-goin' to cost ye much. I d'know as I'll ask ye anything. I'm going there, any way; and I guess we can ride three on a seat."

The doctor expressed a flowery sense of this goodness, but said that they should insist upon paying him for his trouble. Egeria had dropped into the rocking-chair beside the window, and propping her arm on the window-sill supported her averted face on her hand. Her head throbbed, and the thick, foul sweetness of the air made her faint; the glare of the sun from the snow and gathering pools beat into her heavy eyes.

"Does your head ache?" asked her father.

"Yes," she gasped.

"I'll send in some tea," said the landlord.

A black man brought it; there seemed to be no women about the house.

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The landlord went and came often; through her pain and lethargy, the girl had a dull sense of his vigilance. Her father found her feverish, and no better for the tea she drank. He fretted and repined at her condition, and then he grew tired of looking at her pale face fallen against the chair back, and her closed eyes, that trembled under their lids, and now and then sent out a gush of hot tears. He went into the other room, where the landlord sat with his boots on the low, cast-iron stove, and a white-nosed bull-dog slept suspiciously in a corner. As the time passed, different people appeared within and without the tavern. A man in a blood-stained over-shirt drove a butcher's wagon to the door; a tall man, in a silk hat, came with a fish cart painted black and varnished. With a blithe jingle of bells, a young fellow rattled up with a cracker wagon, and having come in for the landlord's order — the landlord did not find it necessary to take down his feet from the stove, or to disturb the angle at which his hat rested on his head, during the transaction — he danced a figure on the painted floor, and caressed the bull-dog with the toe of his boot. "Next time you put up Pete," he said, "I want to bring my brother's brindle. I want *him* to wear the belt a spell. Pete must be gittin' tired of it. Well, I would n't ever said a dog-fight could be such fun," he added, with an expression of agreeable reminiscence. "And the old ball-room 's just the place for it." He spat on the stove, and taking under his arm the empty cracker box, which he had just replaced on its shelf with a full one, he went out as he had come in, without saluting the landlord. He stopped at the open door of the parlor, and catching sight of Egeria made her a bow of burlesque devotion, and turned to include the landlord in the fun with a parting wink.

Egeria had not seen him; her eyes were closed; and her father, where he sat in the office, was looking impatiently out of the window. The sky had begun to thicken again.

"Do you think it 's going to rain?" he asked, when the cracker wagon had jingled away.

"Should n't wonder," said the landlord.

"I hope your conveyance will be here soon," pursued the doctor. "I 'm anxious, on my daughter's account, not to miss the train from Vardley that connects with the Portland express."

"Daughter, eh?" said the landlord, with a certain intonation; but Dr. Boynton observed nothing strange in it.

"How soon do you think your horse will be here?" he asked.

"I can't tell ye," said the landlord doggedly.

"You *did* tell me," retorted Boynton, "that it would be here in less than an hour. You have detained us that time already, and now you say you don't know how much longer I must wait."

"Now, look here," began the other, taking down his feet from the stove.

"I wish to pay you for what accommodation we have had. I wish to go," said the doctor, angrily.

"I don't want ye should go!" replied the other, with a stupid air of secrecy.

"I 've nothing to do with that," said the doctor. "I am going. Here is the money for your tea." He flung upon the counter the pieces of scrip which the school-teacher had given him.

The landlord rose to his feet. "Ye can't go. I might as well have it out first as last. Ye can't go!"

"Can't go? You 're ridiculous!" Boynton exclaimed. "What 's the reason I can't go?"

"Well, you can go, but the girl can't, — not till the off'cers comes. I mean to say," he added, at Dr. Boynton's look of amaze, "that she 's no more your daughter than she is mine. I d' know where you picked her up, but she 's one of the

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girls escaped from the reform school, and she 's goin' back there as soon as the off'cers gets here. That 's what 's the matter."

"And do you mean to say that you are going to detain us here against our will?"

"I don't know what you call it. I 'm going to keep you here." He had planted his burly bulk in the door-way leading into the hall.

"Stand aside," said Boynton, "or I 'll take you by the throat."

"I guess not," returned the landlord coolly. "Pete!" The brute in the corner had opened his whitish, cruel eyes at the sound of angry voices. "Watch him!" The dog came and lay down at his master's feet, with his face turned toward Boynton. "There! I guess you won't take anybody by the throat *much!*" The man resumed his chair, which he tilted back against the counter at its former comfortable angle.

Boynton quivered with helpless indignation. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that an outrage like this can be perpetrated at high noon in the heart of Massachusetts?"

"That 's about the size of it," returned the landlord, with a grin of brutal exultation.

"I must submit," said the doctor. "But you shall answer for this." The man was silent, and the doctor fancied that he might perhaps be relenting. He poured out a recital of the whole misadventure that had ended in their coming to his door, and appealed to him not to detain them. "My daughter has been sick, and she is now far from well. I am most anxious to pursue our journey. We have no friends in this region, and we are out of money. Let us go, now, and I will consent to overlook this outrageous attempt upon our liberty. If we lose the train this afternoon, she may suffer very seriously from the delay and the disappointment."

"She 'll be all right when she gets back to the reform school," answered the landlord, as if bored by the long story.

Boynton's self-command failed him. He burst into tears. "My God!" he sobbed, "have I fallen so low as this? — impostor, and tramp, and beggar, and now the captive, the slave, of this ruffian! It 's too much! What have I done, — what have I done!" He hid his face in his hands, and bowed himself abjectly forward in the chair into which he had sunk.

Some one drove up to the door, and shouted from the outside, "Heh!"

The landlord rose, and saying to his dog, "Stay there," went out to the door, and after a brief parley came in again with two other men. Their steps sounded as if they went to the door of the parlor and looked in, while their voices sank to rapid whispers. In his agony of anxiety, Boynton made an involuntary movement forwards; the dog growled and crept nearer. He was helpless; but the steps returned to the outer door, and there a voice said, "No, I don't want to see *him*, as long as 't ain't the girl. Somebody 's made a dumn fool of *you*, Harris, and you 've made dumn fools of *us*. Guess you better wait a while, next time."

The landlord came sulkily back, and sat down in his chair, which he tilted against the counter as before. Boynton suffered some time to elapse before he asked, "Well, sir, do you mean to let us go?"

"Who 's henderin' you?" sullenly demanded the landlord, without moving.

"Then call away your dog."

The landlord refused, out of mere brutish wantonness, to comply at once; but he presently did so, and followed Boynton to the parlor. Then, according to Boynton's report, ensued a series of those events of which the believers in such mysteries fiercely assert the reality, and of which others as strenuously deny the occurrence. The sky darkened; there was a noise like the strain-

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ing of the branches of the elms beside the house; but there was no wind, and the boughs were motionless. Presently this straining sound, as if the fibres were twisting and writhing together, was heard in the wood-work of the room.

"What the hell is that?" cried the landlord. The room was full of it, whatever it was; every part of the wood-work — doors, window casings, cornice, wainscot — was now voluble with a muffled detonation.

"Wait!" Boynton answered. The sound beat like rain-drops on the floor, at which the landlord stared, with the dog whimpering at his heels. Egeria lay white and still in the rocking-chair by the window. At the sound of their voices she stirred and moaned; then, as Boynton asserted, they saw the marble top of the centre-table lifted three times from its place; a picture swung out from the wall, as if blown by a strong gust; and the brush from the table was flung across the room, flying close to the dog's head; with a howl, he fled out-of-doors.

"For God's sake, man, what is it?" gasped the landlord, seizing Boynton's arm, and cowering close to him.

"I forgive you, I bless you!" cried the other, rapturously. "It was from your evil that this good came. It 's a miracle; it 's — it 's the presence of the dead."

"No, no!" protested the landlord. "I've kept a hard place; there 's been drinkin' and fancy folks; but there hain't been no murder, — not in *my* time. I can't answer for it before that; they always tell about killin' peddlers in these old houses. Oh! Lord have mercy!" A flash of red light filled the world, and a rending burst of thunder made the house shake. The electricity appeared to rise from the ground, and not to come from the clouds; it was, as sometimes happens, a sole discharge. The landlord turned, and followed his dog out-of-doors. The negro was already there, looking up at the house.

Egeria started from her chair. "Did you will it, father, — did you will it?" she implored, at sight of Dr. Boynton's wild face.

"No; it has come without motion of mine," he answered with a solemn joy. "I have never seen or heard anything like it." He looked round the room, in which an absolute silence now prevailed.

The girl shuddered. "I have had a horrible dream. The house seemed full of drunken men — and women — like that girl in the buggy; and we could n't get away, and you could n't get to me, and — oh!" She shook violently, and hurried on her hat and water-proof. "Come! I can't breathe here."

As they passed out the landlord made no motion to detain them; he even shrank a few paces aside. When Boynton looked back from the next turn of the road, he saw him walking to and fro before the tavern, looking up now and then at its front, and taking unconsciously the cold rain that lashed his own face as he turned eastward again. He was in a frame of high exaltation; he shouted in talk with Egeria, who scarcely answered, as she pressed forward with her head down.

The snow dissolved under the rain and flooded the road, in which they waded, plunging on and on. They came presently to a lonely country grave-yard, where the soaked pines and spruces dripped upon the stones, standing white and stiffly upright where they were of recent date, and where darkened with the storms of many seasons slanting in various degrees of obliquity to a fall. Here was one of those terrible little houses in which the hearse, the bier, and the sexton's tools are kept; Boynton tried the door, and when it yielded to his battering he called to his daughter to take shelter with him there.

"No!" she shouted back to him, "I would rather die!" She pushed, she knew not whither, down the road that wound into a stretch of pine forest, and

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he must needs follow her. At last they came to a hollow through which a brook, swollen by the snow and rain, rolled a yellow torrent. They stopped at the brink in despair; there was no house in sight, but on a knoll near by the trees stood so thick that the rain-fall was broken by the densely interwoven boughs.

The doctor led Egeria to this shelter, and placed her in the dryest spot; he felt her shiver, and heard her teeth chatter, as the waves of cold swept over her. He left her fallen on the brown needles, and went and tried the depth of the stream with a stick; the rain dripped from him everywhere, — from his elbows, from the rim of his silk hat, and from the point of his nose; he looked at once weird and grotesque.

"Heh!" cried a loud voice behind him. In a covered wagon crouched the figure of a young man in manifold capes and wraps of drab and blue, under the sweep of a very wide-brimmed hat. He had almost driven over Boynton. "Tryin' for water, with a hazel-rod? Guess you 'll find it most anywheres to-day."

The voice was pleasant, and Boynton, looking up, confronted a cheery face in the wagon. "I was seeing if it was too deep to cross."

"'T ain't for the horses," said their driver. "Get in." He moved hospitably to one side. "You can't make me any wetter."

"Thank you," said Boynton. "I have my daughter here under the pines."

"Your daughter?" The young man in the wagon looked at first puzzled, and then, as he craned his neck round the side of the curtain and saw the little cowering heap which was Egeria, he looked daunted, but he only said, "Bring her, too."

Boynton gathered her into his arms, and placed her on the seat between him and the driver. "We were going to Vardley Station," he explained. "Is this the way?"

"It 's *one* way," said the other, driving through the torrent. "But I guess you better stop with us till the rain 's over. We 'll be home in half a mile."

"You are very good," said Boynton, looking at him. "We must push on. We must get back to the Junction in time for the Portland express." He once more gave the facts of their mischance.

When he had ended, "Oh, yee," said the other; "you are the friend that was speakin' to some of our folks at the Junction."

The doctor started. "Your folks? What are you?"

"Shakers."

"Egeria! Egeria!" shouted her father. "I have found them! This gentleman is a Shaker! He is taking us to the community! I accept, sir, with great pleasure. I shall be glad to stop and see more of your people. Egeria!" She made no answer. Her limp and sunken figure rested heavily against the young Shaker; her head had fallen on his shoulder.

"*I* guess she 's fainted," he said.

W. D. Howells.

NEW YEAR SONG.

O SORROW, go thy way and leave me;
Weary am I of thee, thou sorrow old.
Unclasp thy hand from mine and cease to grieve me;
Fade like the winter sunset dim and cold.

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Depart, and trouble me no longer;
Die, vanish with forgotten yesterdays.
Eastward the darkness melts, the light grows stronger,
And dawn breaks sweet across the shrouding haze.

Die and depart, Old Year, old sorrow!
Welcome, O morning air of health and strength!
O glad New Year, bring us new hope to-morrow,
With blossom, leaf, and fruitage bright at length.

Celia Thaxter.

LITERARY AND PHILOLOGICAL MANUALS.

THREE recent publications tolerably well represent distinct phases of study and interest in the English language and literature. Professor Lounsbury's History of the English Language [1] is a model of what a hand-book should be; not so brief as Hadley's admirable sketch, it follows much the same line, and is marked by a similar freedom from fanciful or eccentric views. It is a clear, terse, and forcible statement of the main facts in the growth of the language, as distinct from the literature, and might well be used as a text-book in the study; its historical treatment is broad and sensible; we think there might have been more attention given to the common ground which the English occupies with other languages as regards elementary principles of change, but the limitations of the book perhaps justify this exclusive treatment. We like especially the author's unpedantic and healthful manner of looking upon the language as an expression of national life, and not as an ingenious piece of mechanism constructed for the amusement of grammarians. The conclusion of the first part only gathers into pregnant sentences what had never been lost sight of by the author: "As political reasons have lifted the tongue into its present prominence, so in the future to political reasons will be owing its progress or decay. Thus, back of everything that tends to the extension of language lie the material strength, the intellectual development, and the moral character which make the users of a language worthy enough and powerful enough to impose it upon others. No speech can do more than express the ideas of those who employ it at the time. It cannot live upon its past meanings, or upon the past conceptions of great men which have been recorded in it, any more than the race which uses it can live upon its past glory or its past achievements. Proud, therefore, as we may now well be of our tongue, we may rest assured that if it ever attains to universal sovereignty it will do so only because the ideas of the men who speak it are fit to become the ruling ideas of the world, and the men themselves are strong enough to carry them over the world; and that, in the last analysis, depends, like everything else, upon the development of the individual, — depends, not upon the territory we buy or steal, not upon the gold we mine or the grain we grow, but upon the men we produce. If we fail there, no national greatness, however splendid to outward view, can be anything but

[1] *History of the English Language.* By T. R. LOUNSBURY, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

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temporary and illusory; and, when once national greatness disappears, no past achievements in literature, however glorious, will perpetuate our language as a living speech, though they may help for a while to retard its decay."

Professor Lounsbury's manual represents the fresher, more scientific, and healthier study of our language. — a study which is based at once upon history and philosophy, and aims at the suggestive arrangement of facts in development. Professor Tyler's remodeling of Morley's First Sketch of English Literature [1] must be classed rather with the conventional histories of literature. As a piece of literary workmanship, Mr. Tyler's part may be characterized as putting Mr. Morley's book in order. The original sketch was almost hopelessly disarranged. One might have imagined from it that English literature was to be regarded as annalistic, so laboriously did Morley pick his way from reign to reign, dropping his authors unexpectedly at the discovery of contemporaries, taking them up again upon the appearance of new works by them, and thus hopelessly confusing the reader. The book seemed to proceed on the assumption that English literature was a great collection of books instead of a procession of authors, and the relative importance and influence of writers were constantly obscured. Mr. Tyler has done much to remedy this defect. He has perceived truly that literature is to be studied through authors, and that these authors have always had vital connection with the times in which they lived; he has therefore so grouped the periods and the men as to give the student some idea of the leading writers and their followers. But no great book, and we believe no successful text-book, can be made as this is made. Professor Morley's failure is not simply in the disorderly character of his material; that results in some measure from his failure to grasp the organic development of literature. We have a vast collection of biographic, bibliographic, and historic facts, with comments, criticism, and much rotund moralizing, and no rearrangement of this material, even when much condensation has been exercised, can make it thoroughly good material. Besides, the book in its original conception was very ill proportioned, and is not much better now. It begins with a leisureliness and a minuteness of detail which compel the reader to give time and attention to much that has only antiquity to commend it; so that his enthusiasm is very likely to ooze away before he reaches the later portions, which have a more direct bearing upon his thought and interest, and there he will find but scanty notice. As a history of the development of English literature, the book is a monstrosity, — all head and no legs.

The index to the book renders its encyclopædic contents available to the student, but we do not see how as a text-book it could be used judiciously without more pains on the part of the teacher than would suffice to make a better book. The whole plan of teaching English literature by such a manual as this is radically false. In spite of the constant assurance that the connection between literature and life has never been lost sight of, the whole assumption in the method is to a negation of the true relation of literature and life. The student is burdened with a vast amount of information about literature, and especially about books which he will never read, and has little time left for the study of literature itself. It is assumed, moreover, that literature breeds literature. Undoubtedly, the literature of to-day is stimulated by that of the past, and

[1] *A Manual of English Literature.* By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Thoroughly revised, with an entire rearrangement of matter, and with numerous retrenchments and additions by Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1879.

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its forms are largely controlled by it; but it is fed from the life of to-day, and the study of English literature might well be confined to the few books which possess a genetic character, while one leaves to the study of English history a consideration of the multitudinous ephemeral publications which are not properly literature at all.

Perhaps the long-prevalent methods of attacking English literature were those under which Mr. Deshler was bred, but we think we see indications of a struggle on his part to emancipate himself from the toils in his book on the sonnet.[1] Under the thin disguise of conversations between a professor and a business man, whose leisure is given to literature, we have a series of sonnets arranged in chronological order, with running comments upon them. The conversational form is well adapted to the subject, but it has been used in this instance stiffly and without any of the advantage which conversation gives. Instead of lightness and oblique suggestion, we have unmeaning and impertinent badinage, the whole treatment of the subject being that of a formal lecture. The professor discourses upon the sonnet, and the interlocutor seems to speak only for the purpose of breaking up the lecture. "I know precious little about Petrarch, professor," he says in one place; "but somehow, when I hear a fellow abused like that, I begin to have a warm side for him. I should like to see a 'specimen brick' of his, if you have one at command." It hardly increases one's confidence in an author's ability to reveal the subtle beauty of the sonnet when we find him speaking in this clownish fashion, but we try to believe that he is doing himself a little violence in his effort to give dramatic truth to his ignorant young listener. The examination of the sonnet in English literature leads the author by some pleasant by-ways, and it was a happy thought to offer one a glimpse of the course of English poetry by making this special form the object of study. The effect upon the reader, however, is not always stimulating. The author feels too heavily the responsibility which Morley, Chambers, Spaulding, and the rest have laid upon him of giving dull and unessential biographic details; his real interest, meanwhile, is in the sonnets, and the best of the book is its evidence of an honest love of good poetry. If the writer could only have given the sonnets with simple, enthusiastic comment, we should have honored him and enjoyed his book more. He often shows good insight, but no special critical power. He scarcely considers the important Italian influence, and gives slight help to the reader in any analysis of the form of the sonnet. We cannot help thinking how much better a book could have been made, and we venture to say would have been made, had the author enjoyed a thoroughly good training for his task.

He has overlooked, by the way, a curious coincidence in Wordsworth's sonnets. He quotes with approbation the lines on Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways, beginning,

> "Motions and means, on land and sea at war,"

and flings a little sneer at Bowles and Ruskin; but has he never read the indignant sonnet On the Projected Rydal and Windermere Railway, beginning,

> "Is there no nook of English ground secure
> From rash assault?"

With regard to the American Poems,[2] "prepared with special reference to the interests of young people both at school and at home," we have not the general objection which we have had to urge against Mr. Deshler's book. The editor has conceived his task with decent se-

[1] *Afternoons with the Poets.* By CHARLES D. DESHLER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[2] *American Poems.* Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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riousness, and has executed it with care, with taste, and with ability. He intends to offer, not a collection of miscellaneous pieces from Messrs. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson, but two or three principal pieces from each of these authors, which shall sufficiently represent them, and which shall challenge in the reader "the capacity for sustained attention, the remaining with the poet upon a long flight of imagination, the exercise of the mind in a bolder sweep of thought." This is a good plan, and, as we say, it has been well carried out. A little reflection will convince any one that Evangeline, Miles Standish, and the Building of the Ship are the wisest and most satisfactory choice that could have been made from Mr. Longfellow; that is, whatever else had been given, we should not have been satisfied if these had been wanting. The range of Mr. Lowell's poetry is also admirably suggested in the selection of The Vision of Sir Launfal, Under the Willows, Under the Old Elm, and Agassiz, with the exception of the third poem: if any of Mr. Lowell's patriotic pieces was to be given, it seems to us that the great Commemoration Ode had imperative claims. The School-Boy and Grandmother's Story are the delightfully fit selections from Dr. Holmes's poetry. Mr. Whittier also is most characteristically represented in Snowbound, Among the Hills, Mabel Martin, Cobbler Keezar's Vision, Barclay of Ury, The Two Rabbis, The Gift of Tritemius, The Brother of Mercy, The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall, and Maud Muller. To persons not very familiar with Bryant's poetry, The Little People of the Snow will be a lovely surprise; it is very like Bryant, too. In putting The Adirondacks among the poems of Emerson, the editor has, we think, made his chief and only grave mistake. It is so inferior in itself and so little distinctive that we wish it might be made to give place in a future edition to some such Emersonian poem as May-Day. If this were done, the work would be, on the whole, as perfect as any work of the kind can be. There must always be degrees of preference and differences of taste in regard to the various poems of any author; but we think the reasons would in nearly all cases be mostly for those which the editor has chosen. As respects his biographical sketches, they are done with signal taste, clearness, and discretion; and the many interesting notes on the poems attest the carefulness with which he has mastered their sense at all points. The general reader will of course see that these notes are often for young persons alone; but the general reader will find much of the historical light which they throw upon such poems as Evangeline and Miles Standish welcome and useful. The personal allusions which form so fine a charm of Mr. Lowell's ode on Agassiz are interpreted for the first time in print; and in an appendix there is a very pleasing reminiscence of the great naturalist, which gracefully supplements and comments some passages of the poem. It is a great merit in the editor of a book like this not to bestow superfluous labor; and we have found only one instance here of absolute waste, and that is in the following note: "Odorous. The accent here . . . is upon the first syllable, where it is commonly placed; but Milton, who of all poets had the most refined ear, writes . . . 'odórous.' But he also uses the more familiar accent." We believe that he always uses the more familiar accent, except in the case which the editor instances, and that it would not be easy in the whole range of English poetry to find such another case. The note is therefore misleading. But here we come upon the "dark and bloody ground" of the connoisseurs of English, when we meant with the greatest heartiness merely to commend an admirable book.

Dr. Weisse's large volume on the En-

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glish Language and Literature[1] is not a very wise book. The task the author set himself was an interesting one, but it has not been performed in a satisfactory way, and for several good reasons. In the first place, the writer started with the opinion that "the English idiom [is] more Greco-Latin than Anglo-Saxon," and he tells us in his own peculiar idiom that "a strict analysis of Anglo-Saxon and English literature, from King Ethelbert, A. D. 597, to Queen Victoria, realized our opinion, not only historically and philologically, but numerically." It will be seen that the book rests upon false ground; for the nature of a language is not determined by taking a page here and a page there out of even an enormous number of writers, counting the words on them and finding their derivations, and so deciding, by rule of thumb, to what class the language belongs. This erroneous system would at once classify the Persian as a Semitic language, on account of the large number of Arabic words it contains. What the author has not done is to examine the syntax of the language, which is the sure way to learn the truth about it. He has given no attention to the apparatus of inflection, the way words are made and strung together, and the consequence is a thoroughly unscientific book. The English grammar is Germanic, however loaded the language is with words from the Greek and Latin.

Dr. Weisse's careful computations of words, while they do not have the value that he sets upon them, are yet of interest. Still, they are by no means faultless. On pages 93, 221, and elsewhere, we find A. S. *vice* put down as belonging to the Greco-Latin family, which is just as accurate as would be the derivation of *father* from Latin *pater*. By what right are *ord* and *modum*, page 93, put down as of Latin origin? Yet these obvious corrections very materially affect the value of the table in which the words are found. In spite of errors which are probably the result of ignorance, the analyses of the writers are full of curious results, showing as they do the different proportion of Greco-Latin words used by various writers.

Before finishing with this part of the book, it is worth while to call attention to Dr. Weisse's new classification of languages: he discards the true system, and speaks of the Ario-Japhetic, Ario-Semitic, and Ario-Hamitic types; moreover, on pages 32, 33, he affirms the connection between Hebrew, Chinese, and Aztec; and, by a table of words of similar sound and meaning, seems to wish to prove the existence of a family relation between the Aryan languages, the Semitic, Basque, Chinese, and Aztec. It would be difficult to show more conclusively than the writer has done by this unscientific fancy his unfitness for his work. Why does he not take the list of curious resemblances between words of unrelated languages that Max Muller quotes in one of his lectures (Science of Language, second series, pages 300, 301, Am. ed.), and connect the Polynesian and Kafir tongues with those of the Aryan family? Numerous instances of minor inexactness might be given.

In the second place, the book has a great deal to say about English literature; but this part is not always to be commended. The account, page 346, of the origin of the English drama is inaccurate and incomplete; but more remarkable is the author's outburst concerning the stage, which he considers "an institution that developed intellects like Sophocles, Terence, Tasso, Ariosto, Sheridan, Shakespeare, Rev. James Townley, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Schiller, Goethe, etc." The author of High Life below Stairs certainly finds himself mentioned in strange company. Speaking of Shakespeare, he says, "In the Shakespearean

[1] *Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature.* By JOHN A. WEISSE, M. D. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1879.

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likenesses transmitted to us, we realize that not only anatomy, physiology, but phrenology and psychology, did their utmost to produce a typal man." Of Byron, "You may sympathize with him in the child-like attitude beneath the Elm at Harrow; but if he had remained there, the world would miss the graphic descriptions and the life-like characters that charmed readers and called forth Finden's beautiful illustrations, which adorn our centre-tables."

These examples will show one quality, and a very striking one, of the book. As to the inexactnesses, they are very many. For instance, page 409: "Not only England, but Spain, lost her greatest bard, April 23, 1616: on that day Shakspere died, aged fifty-two years; on the same day died Cervantes, aged sixty-nine. Was this accident, chance, or magnetism?" It was none of these; for England had not accepted the new style, as had been done by Spain, so that the two poets died on different days. Many of the slighter errors are doubtless the result of imperfect proof-reading. On the whole, a great deal of pains has gone to the making of what can never be more than a disappointing book.

Mr. Adams has compiled with considerable labor what is certainly a very useful book of reference.[1] His dictionary contains, arranged in alphabetical order, a list of English and American writers, their books, a large number of quotations, and very many useful scraps of information about books, so that the reader who comes across an obscure allusion can take down the dictionary with the conviction that he will find an explanation in its pages. The book does not supply the place of Allibone and the Dictionary of Quotations, but it supplements these and the other books of reference which save the student so many tiresome hours of labor. Of course it does not contain everything, but it approaches completeness in a very satisfactory way, and is also accurate, so far as we have used it. It is by use alone that it can be fairly tested. English literature is so enormous in extent that a manual of this kind will be consulted every day, and those who find deficiencies or errors can insert the additions or the corrections in their own copies. Meanwhile, they will find this volume really invaluable.

The extraordinary books of the man with the addled brain who refuses to believe that the globe is round, and maintains in numberless pamphlets that it is as flat as a table; a work on astronomy which should defend the Ptolemaic system; a physiology which should be based on the researches of the phrenologists, would be fit companions on the book-shelves for one important part of Crabb's English Synonymes.[2] The etymological information is a relic of the old-fashioned ignorance which should be as much forgotten nowadays as the navigation of triremes. The republication, in a so-called new edition with corrections, of some of the derivations that adorn this volume is really disgraceful to modern scholarship, and something that should never be pardoned the offending editor.

For instance, on page 284, it is stated that *savage* is derived from Latin *sævus*, and Hebrew *zaal*, a wolf. And yet it is to be remembered that there is a science of philology, in good repute, which not only condemns this method of solving linguistic questions, but has found the correct answer of this particular one. Again, *to live*, page 403, "through the medium of the Saxon *lib-*

[1] *Dictionary of English Literature.* Being a Comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By W. Davenport Adams. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

[2] *English Synonymes, explained in Alphabetical Order.* With Copious Illustrations and Examples drawn from the Best Writers. To which is now added an Index to the Words. By George Crabb, A. M. New Edition, with Additions and Corrections. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

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ban and the other Northern dialects, comes in all probability from the Hebrew *leb*, the heart, which is the seat of animal life." How does *scoff* come from the Greek σκωπτω? The identity of origin is plain, but it is extremely unscientific to derive one from the other. Equally inexact is this research: "SLACK, in Saxon *slaec*, low German *slack*, French *lache*, Latin *laxus*, and LOOSE, in Saxon *laes*, both from the Hebrew *halatz*, to make free, or *loose*." These examples could be easily multiplied; it is sufficient to say, however, that the derivations are, like those given above, generally grossly inaccurate.

Naturally enough, this prepossession in favor of faulty etymology has had its effect on the other part of the book. As amusing an instance as any is this: "NEIGHBORHOOD, from *nigh*, signifies the place which is nigh; that is, nigh to one's habitation. VICINITY, from *vicus*, a village, signifies the place which does not exceed in distance the extent of a village." Certainly, lucidity is not a merit of this definition, nor yet of many others that might be quoted. In fact, neither the author nor his editor has tried to define the synonyms; space has been found for nothing more than a series of disconnected, and at times incoherent, examples of the use of the words, from which the reader must draw the shades of meaning for himself. Thus: "*Bravery* lies in the blood, *courage* lies in the mind; the latter depends on the reason, the former on the physical temperament; the first is a species of instinct, the second is a virtue," etc. This is a favorable example of the author's method; but it appears in its true light in comparison with Whateley's treatment of the same words in his book on Synonyms (Am. ed., page 138). In a word, while there is no dictionary of synonyms that gives complete satisfaction, the faults of this one are so great that the reader is warned to think twice before putting any confidence in its assertions; and as for the temerity of the man who pretends to have corrected it, he is referred to his own publication, where, on the seventy-fifth page, he may read that "to *correct* is to remove gross faults;" this he has not done. A completer collection of gross faults it would be hard to find.

HER SHAWL.

DEAREST, where art thou? In the silent room
I find this wonder of some foreign loom,
Thy silken shawl, whose lines of loveliness
The matchless beauty of thy form caress.
Delicate raiment, shall I dare infold
All these warm kisses 'mid thy threads of gold?
Oh, hold them close her icy heart above,
Melting its winter into summer's love!
Beneath her coldness fonder still I grow,
As violets bloom along the edge of snow.
Through my sad heart there drifts a hope divine, -
O'er seas storm-swept shall softer mornings shine.
Oh, fairer thou than dawn! Here at thy feet
I wait, and kiss thy garment's hem, my sweet.

Oscar Laighton.

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HANNAH DAWSTON'S CHILD.

I.

In the summer of 1867, a man from the North came to the mountains of Virginia, and there purchased at a nominal price one of the fine old places that the impoverished condition of the land-holders threw upon the market. Being of a speculating turn of mind, he repaired and renovated the mansion, introduced hot and cold water with sundry other modern innovations, and announced his willingness to accommodate summer boarders. The enterprise was a successful one. People who came to stay a week lingered until the autumn, and failed not to return the next season, filling the rural scenes with the eccentricities of the mode, and the simple minds of the inhabitants with wonder and admiration. Among these visitors were a Mr. and Mrs. Markham, who had come hither in search of something different from the hackneyed round of watering-place attractions. He was an active and not over-scrupulous man, fond of his wife, but especially fond of his ease, and rendered uncomfortable only when the former interfered with the latter, as was too frequently the case. She was a pretty, faded woman of five and thirty, who spent her life in grieving inconsolably for the loss of her only child. If she had been clever, she could have found interest and occupation in books; if she had been vain, the society of the gay world would have afforded her the amusement and diversion she craved; if she had been poor, the cares of her household would have distracted her mind, and helped to drive away her sad memories; but, unhappily, she was rich and idle, — a warm-hearted, impulsive, unreasonable little woman, with nothing to employ her in the present, and nothing to look forward to in the future. She did not care for books, she was not fitted to shine in society; she would have made a model nurse for an invalid husband, a model mother for a half score of naughty children. What she needed was some tender, helpless, loving companionship day by day; and without it she was growing into a querulous, discontented middle age. Her husband, with whom this morbid melancholy of his wife was a perpetual shadow on every enjoyment, had tried in vain to induce her to adopt a child, hoping it would gradually take the place of her own dead baby; but she had capriciously refused to harbor the suggestion, objecting to it on grounds more or less reasonable, until at last he ceased to urge it, and resigned himself to the situation. Fate, however, or accident, decided matters otherwise. One day, a woman came to "Brooks's Tavern," as the place was generally called, to do a day's washing, and brought her youngest child with her, because she feared to leave it at home to the mercies of its brothers and sisters. Mrs. Markham, going to the laundry on an errand, was struck with the extreme beauty of the infant, and its remarkable resemblance to her own child. She stopped to play with it, and finally carried it off to her room. Her husband, coming home, heard a sound of great laughing and talking, and wondered what guest could have excited his wife to such unwonted hilarity. He opened the door; then stopped on the threshold with an expression of amused astonishment.

"Whose child is it?" he asked, when she eagerly challenged his admiration.

"Hannah Dawston's; she comes here to do washing. She is a very nice woman, but very poor. Her husband, they say, is a drunken creature, utterly good for nothing."

"Yes, I know him; he's a blacksmith

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down in the village; not a brilliant member of society, certainly. But the baby is beautiful. How long have you had him?"

"All the morning. I am afraid every moment she will come and take him away."

After this Mrs. Markham paid frequent visits to Hannah Dawston's cottage. Sometimes she stopped in her walks, ostensibly to ask for water; sometimes she brought work for Hannah's diligent fingers, plain sewing or a basket of stockings to be darned. During these visits her acquaintance with the baby progressed rapidly. He held out his arms to come to her now, and sometimes put up a pitiful mouth to cry when she went away. As the time drew near for her return to the city, she felt more and more reluctant to leave this child, and confided to her husband her ardent desire to adopt him as her own. He, attributing her improved health and spirits entirely to this new interest in life, entered with warmth into the scheme, and they talked it over together many times, planning out the child's future, with all the good things they would bestow upon him.

"If his mother will only let us have him," said Mrs. Markham, full of doubts; "but I should be afraid to ask her."

"Why afraid?"

"Because she might refuse. I do not think she likes me very much. It may be that she is a little jealous because the baby is so fond of me."

"I will speak to Dawston himself," was the reply, "and if I can get him to enter into the scheme he will be able to persuade his wife to consent to it. It would be absurd for them to refuse, when they are so poor, and we can give the child such advantages!"

Accordingly he broached the subject to Silas, stopping at the blacksmith's shop one evening at sunset, ostensibly to have a loose shoe clinched. He had grown very well acquainted with the country people during his two summers' sojourn in this region, and, being of an affable and social disposition, let himself down to their level without effort and without condescension; indeed, he was exceedingly popular. A man who was always ready to treat, and not above accepting similar favors in return, who was interested in local politics and agriculture, and the discourse of long-winded old rustics on these well-worn themes, was not without his value in this stagnant rural district.

Silas listened in silence until he found his companion expected a reply; then he scratched his head, and said, —

"Hanner an' me never thought we 'd keer about partin' with ary one o' the chillun."

"I can understand that very well," said the other; "but you should not let your affection for the child interfere with his welfare. I can give him every advantage, — money, education, influence, everything to secure his future happiness and prosperity. If you should die tomorrow, your children would be obliged to make their own living, — probably be 'bound out' until they were of age to strangers, and subjected to harsh treatment and ill usage; whereas, if you let me have this one, I will bring him up as my own son."

But Silas still shook his head, and seemed unconvinced. Then Mr. Markham proceeded to draw a graphic picture of the sufferings of the community: the incessant toil for the barest livelihood; the suffering from poverty, hunger, and cold; the privations to which this child would be subjected all its days, instead of the ease and luxury of the other life, which he could open to it. Indeed, he dwelt so eloquently upon this theme that Silas interrupted him with, "Oh, come now, mister, we ain't so bad off as all that. As fer bein' cold, ther 's allus wood enough to keep warm by, an' we kin gin'rally scratch along an' git enough to eat; wot with 'coons an' 'pos-

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sums an' rabbits in the fall o' the year, an' a pig an' a roas'n'-year patch an' wot chickens an' aigs the wimmen folks kin raise. Wot makes me so pertickler hard up is that spell o' sickness I told you about, when I broke my leg an' Luke Miles got all my customers, — the year of the fresh, when the petaters rotted, an' the cow died, an' all the corn got swep' away. Then I had to borry money, an' ther' warn't a man in the place as would go my security; so I had to give a mortgage on the shanty an' the garden spot. Sence then I hain't ben able to make it up, fer ther' ain't nothin' to be made in the shop, an' I carn't git trusted fer a cent's wuth at the store. So you may jest take yer davy ther' ain't much to put by fer a rainy day."

"Exactly!" cried the other triumphantly. "You cannot make enough to live on from day to day, and you have a millstone of debt round your neck in addition. Now listen to me. I have plenty of money and no children; you have plenty of children and no money: give me one of your little ones, and I will give you the money to start fresh in the world with. You will never succeed at your trade. What do you say to a nice little country store, now, and a fair stock to begin with?"

The blacksmith's eyes sparkled, but he was sharp enough to perceive his companion's eagerness, and to know that he could name his own terms; he therefore declined to be convinced by any argument, and affected great unwillingness to consent to the arrangement.

"Well," said the gentleman, at last, "of course you must do as you think best; but be very sure you do not stand in your own light. I shall be in this neighborhood for a few weeks longer, so if you change your mind the question is still open between us. Good-night." He stooped, as he spoke, and dropped some money into Dawston's palm, in payment for his services; then, gathering up the reins, dashed off rapidly down the dusty road, leaving a white trail behind him, like some erratic comet whisking suddenly into space.

Silas stood gazing after him until the last sound of the horse's hoofs died on the still evening air; then he put out the fire in the forge, hustled himself into the rusty coat that hung on the wall, locked the door, and took his way meditatively homeward.

Through the village he went, past the drinking-shop, where already the lighted lamp cast a cheerful reflection on the glass jars containing sticks of peppermint candy, grown soft and porous with long standing; for there was little demand here for so purely luxurious a commodity, and the sticks remained to add dignity and elegance to the bareness of the shelves, and to fascinate the gaze of impecunious urchins sent hither to exchange a dozen eggs for "the wuth of 'em in tea," or a few pounds of rags for a pint bottle of kerosene. It was not the candy, however, that arrested the progress of Silas, and caused him to fumble over the bit of money the stranger had given him. In a dark corner of the dingy room was the barrel whose contents, albeit reinforced, as tradition asserted, from time to time with red pepper and other noxious elements, besides a plentiful replenishing of spring water, possessed a strange charm for every man in the neighborhood. Silas debated with himself whether he should enter now, and possess himself of a draught of this delectable fluid, or wait until after supper, when its flavor would be enhanced by the society of other choice and convivial spirits. He decided in favor of the latter course, and pursued his journey rather heavily up the hill-side.

"Quare, now," he said to himself, "that she should have took sitch a fancy to one o' them chillun! Not such a bad idee, either, though I would n't let him see as I sot store by it. Yer see, he takes the child; he gives it good close, good bread an' meat, a good eddication.

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Say by 'n' by I wants money, — 't aint likely, o' course, but s'pose'n I does. I goes to him, an' I sez to him, 'I 'm 'bleeged to have setch an' setch a sum;' *ef* he gives it to me, well an' good: *ef* he don't, why I takes back the child. I gits the good close an' the eddication, besides his keep all the time t'other fellow had him. I don't see as I can lose anythin' by it, anyhow you fix it. I wonder what Hanner will say to it, now." He came to the top of the hill at this point of his reflections, and within a stone's-throw of the house. On the porch sat Hannah, with the baby in her arms. The sunlight still lingered here, though in the valley it was dark, and the floor was checkered with the flickering shadows of the morning-glory vines she had trained on the rough posts that supported the roof. Through the open door Ann Cather'n could be seen bustling about to prepare the evening meal, which consisted of corn cakes baked on a "spider" set over the hot coals. Lije sat in the corner, trying to mend some rusty old plow harness, and outside, perched astride on the fence, were Polly and little Jim.

The picture was a homely one; every night he came back to the same familiar scene, the same familiar group. He was not an affectionate husband and father, — a selfish man, rather, caring little, so that his own wants were gratified, what means were used to accomplish their gratification; but to-night, some old chord stirred in his hard nature, blunted and degraded as it was, and he regarded the little scene with a feeling of unwonted tenderness. He could not make up his mind to broach the subject to Hannah, for with the reaction in himself came the consciousness that she would receive the proposal with vehement indignation. After all, for themselves, what did it matter? and the life to which the children had been accustomed was the one that would suit them best! He stooped over Lije in the corner. The harness was neatly mended with a leathern thong; what a handy fellow he was, to be sure! He passed into the house, where Ann Cather'n, with her dress pinned up, lifted a flushed face from her cookery to regard him; truly, whatever happened, Ann Cather'n could not be spared! He laid a rough hand on Polly's carroty curls, and wondered that he had never noticed before what a nice little girl Polly was growing to be. He lighted his corn-cob pipe, and sat down on the step, hoping that the smoke would drive away his perplexities. Little Jim, dismounting from the fence, came to him, holding up a brown, bare foot, with the request that he would extract the thorn, and during the operation laid his rosy face wearily against his father's arm; then Silas knew what he had before suspected, that little Jim was his favorite child.

He thought it all over and over. He watched Hannah moving about with patient tenderness, never angry or disturbed by anything the children could do. He fancied the gap even one of these little people would leave in the family circle, and he drew his hard hand roughly across his eyes, lest their unwonted moisture should betray his emotion.

"I 'm glad I did n't give him no incurridgement," he said to himself. "So long as we kin scratch along an' keep soul an' body together, we won't go fer to have the chillun scattered round, this one here an' t'other one there, like puppies out 'n the same litter wot ain't drownded afore their eyes is opened to the mesries of this wicked world."

Meantime, the gentleman cantered back through the dewy August night to the hospitable retirement of Brooks's Tavern, with its background of mountains and distant glimpses of the broad Potomac. He was late for his supper; that he could see at a glance through the open door of the bare dining-room, with its fire-place filled to the mantelpiece with the fretted globes of musk-

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melons and fragrant cantelopes; but he was not forgotten; on the table still were a few dishes neatly arranged near his plate, over which a small negro boy stood sleepily waving a fly-brush made of a peacock's tail, and not improving matters by occasionally dipping the same into the cream pitcher, and sprinkling that unctuous fluid very liberally on all surrounding objects. He smiled at the scene, but he did not offer to eat his supper, and thus relieve the small butler of his arduous duties; he went up the staircase and into his own room. Emily met him at the door, with eager questions as to the result of his mission. When he told her of Dawston's refusal to accept their proposition, the disappointment, after the hope she had been living on, was too much for her, and she began to cry in her weak, hysterical way, reverting to the old trouble of her own child's death, until her husband, now thoroughly disheartened and miserable, strode out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

"Something must be done," he said to himself, as he went down-stairs in the dark. "If Emily continues to go on in this way, she will kill herself and drive me crazy. If she has set her heart upon this child, and is going to fret about it, as she has always done about the other, I must use every effort to get it for her. Life is a burden under the present state of affairs."

In the dining-room, the small negro had fallen asleep, with his head against the wall, and the fly-brush erect, but motionless, in his hand. On the table, in the peaches and cream, the cottage-cheese, and other rural delicacies, the flies were holding high carnival; they had imbedded themselves in the butter, and drowned themselves in the iced tea. Altogether supper was a failure; it was pleasanter on the veranda under the stars, with a cigar and the tinkling of distant sheep-bells as a running accompaniment to his own meditations.

II.

It was two or three weeks afterwards that Silas stood again at the door of his shop, looking idly out on the landscape, and listening disdainfully to the echoing strokes on his neighbor's anvil. He was so engrossed with his own bitter thoughts that he did not hear the sound of approaching hoofs in the opposite direction, until the voice of the rider accosted him, and he turned around to recognize the deputy sheriff, handsomely mounted on a gray steed with trappings of buff leather and burnished steel. This official, being in the pay of the government, and not dependent for subsistence on the scant yield of the soil, could afford to be portly and rubicund, arrayed in jaunty clothes of the latest fashion, with riding gloves that reached to the elbow and a whip of costly and delicate construction.

"Howdy, Silas," he said, affably. "Pleasant morning, ain't it? Cool fer this time o' year."

Silas assented; then, with a misgiving as to the errand of this potent personage, and a vague desire to conciliate him, he said, —

"Glad ter see you, Bill; ain't seen you afore fer a month o' Sundays."

"Thanky," said Bill. "Fact is, Silas, I ain't so mighty pertickler glad ter see you. I 've got some bad news fer you this mornin', my boy."

"Bad news ain't no news to me," said Silas, with a ghastly grin. "It 's all the kind I 'm used to."

"That so? Well, I s'pose I may as well up an' tell you first as last. Old Mr. Shugars, as got the mortgage on your place, is a-goin' to sell you out. He would 'a' done it long ago, ef he had n't knowed he could n't make nothin' by it. He knowed none o' the neighbors would bid aginst you, on Hanner's account an' the chillun's. But now there 's a man come here from the North som'eres that wants to go to cattle-farmin,' an' he is

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goin' to buy your place an' the Widder Dorlin's trac', alongside o' yourn. As soon as old Shugars heared o' that, he ups an' offers him your place fer four hundred dollars, which will pay your debt an' 'low him a pretty good interest. So ef you can't raise the money in the next few days, I 'm afeared it 's all up with you."

"This is not fair," gasped Silas. "I ought ter have had longer notice."

"It 's ben advertised in the paper ever sence last Feb'uary," said the sheriff. "Lor', Silas, you 've knowed that all along. It would 'a' ben put up at ection long ago, ef ev'rybody had n't 'a' said they would n't bid agin you."

"I don't see as how I kin raise it," said Silas, "'less you could lend it to me yerself, Bill."

"Lord," said Bill, looking at his watch, in great trepidation, "ef my debts wuz paid to-morrer, I should n't have five dollars left in the world. I 'm mighty sorry I can't accommodate you, Silas, seein' we 's neighbors an' setch old friends; but we 're all pore alike."

So saying, he struck his spur into the flank of his gallant steed and galloped away. Silas stood still, staring after him. There had come a blur over the landscape, so that the well-known objects no longer wore their familiar aspect: the lightning-struck tree, the little foot-bridge across the brook, the lines of clean clothes hung out to dry, — what made them seem to whirl and spin round so strangely before his eyes? He went back into the shop, but, fearing to be disturbed by public curiosity, he went round to the back, and sat down on a broad, hewn log that formed the door-sill, resting his head in his hands. Here grew the rank and noisome foliage of the "Jimson weed," and under its broad leaves motherly hens scratched and clucked to their little chickens. Except for this, there was no sight or sound to break the almost slumbrous calm of the summer day. By degrees the first feeling of bewilderment wore off, and he was able to think soberly of the situation. With that wonderful capacity for putting off the evil day peculiar to men of his indolent, happy-go-lucky temperament, he had never regarded the foreclosure of the mortgage as a thing likely to happen in his generation; and if he thought of it at all it was only as a thing to be dreaded in the remote future, and not likely to affect any present plans or calculations. Even the advertisement in the paper, alluded to by the sheriff, had not shaken his happy security, trusting as he did in his neighbors' good nature and his own good luck, notwithstanding events had proved this last to be a most treacherous dependence. Now, when the blow had actually come, he felt utterly stunned and helpless, and though he sat revolving the matter over and over in his mind, he could think of no way out of his difficulties. To him the sale of the house and bit of land attached to it meant starvation and death, for on that alone the family depended for subsistence; and there was no one who would lend him the money, or whom he could ask to share with him the burden of maintaining a needy and clamorous household. Suddenly through the gloom of his meditations, a flash of recollection recalled Mr. Markham's offer to adopt one of the children. The objections that had once seemed to him so potent melted away in the desperate necessity of the moment. He got up quickly, and putting on his hat strode through the shop, locking the door after him, and set out at a steady, resolute stride to follow the road that led to Brooks's Tavern. The cool morning had turned into an intensely hot day; the grass and leaves seemed quite parched and withered in the sun, and the dust in the road blew up in red clouds, as it was stirred by the hot breath of the summer wind. Every now and then a covey of partridges whirled past him from some hidden re-

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treat in the long, sedgy grass, and a grasshopper, singing a dreary song of drought, blundered into his face, to be driven off with vehement, rural expletives, which the uninitiated might have mistaken for swearing. The road was long, but Silas would fain have had it longer when, on reaching the brow of a hill, he looked down upon the goal of his journey nestled at the base, with a thrifty background of barns and stables, hen-houses and cattle-sheds. It was an old house, built of stone, with wide porches running around all four sides of the building. Vines were trained to every post and pillar, and late, sweet roses clambered up on the rough walls and laid their pink, pale faces against the glossy green of the ivy leaves, whose tendrils ambitiously strove to attain even to the lichen-covered shingles of the roof. On the porch, with his chair tilted back against the wall and his polished boots elevated on the railing, Silas recognized his friend, Mr. Markham, with a sudden sinking of the heart, which impelled him to turn around and hurry back over the road he had just traversed, rather than state his errand and go through with the coming interview. It was too late, however; the recognition was mutual. The gentleman scrutinized him through the eye-glasses dependent from his watch-chain, then removed his feet from the railing, pushed back his chair, and advanced to receive him.

"Come in," he said cordially, offering a slim, white hand to the grimy grasp of the blacksmith's fingers; "come in, and sit down. You look warm and tired; will you have a glass of whisky and water?"

The members of the household who looked into the darkened dining-room on this sunny afternoon wondered to see this singularly assorted pair sitting together in close converse, with the decanter of whisky between them. Gossip was rife among the summer boarders this afternoon, — what could these two have to say to each other? When Silas rose to go, he buttoned a roll of notes into his pocket, and pulled his old hat far down over his eyes.

He tramped back wearily enough over the long road that lay between him and the village. There was a path leading straight to his house that would have saved a mile of the distance, but he persuaded himself that he needed something to keep up his spirits, and took the round-about course which led past the little drinking-shop, known in the neighborhood as "Tav'ners." It was an innocent place enough in appearance: a log-cabin set back from the street in a small yard which womanly thrift and love of ornament had striven to decorate with flowers, failing by reason of the predatory propensities of the horses tethered to the small and stunted saplings planted round the house, and struggling for life against every possible disadvantage. The shadows of these saplings had attained dimensions which the substance could never hope to reach, when Silas pushed open the rickety gate and walked up the path to the door. Before he could enter he heard his name mentioned once or twice, and lingered to listen to what they were saying, with the laudable desire to know what his neighbors thought of him, which he shared in common with the rest of humanity.

Of course, he verified the old proverb: the men playing cards on a dirty board laid across two chairs knew no good of him. His troubles had got abroad, and instead of the sympathy which he had fancied they would excite he heard himself denounced as a good-for-nothing rascal, together with the hope that now he would have to go to work, "an' stop layin' about drunk, to be supported by Hanner an' that oldest boy o' his'n," with much more to the same effect. This was hard to stand from men no better than himself, the old companions of his frolics! He pulled his hat over his

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eyes, and slunk away. He told Hannah he had a headache, and would go to bed without his supper; but she made him a cup of tea, and insisted on his drinking it, although he felt as if every drop were choking him, and her kindness were adding the last touch to his misery. The next day he paid his debt to Mr. Shugars, much to that gentleman's surprise, and somewhat to his disappointment, as the affair was creating a pleasurable excitement in the neighborhood, and he had hoped, besides, to make a profit out of the transfer of the property. Silas explained that he had succeeded in borrowing the money from a friend "up the country," and went away with a full acquittance in his pocket. The story, getting out, was a nine days' wonder; everybody heard it but Hannah, who, absorbed in her household duties, and rarely going abroad, never knew the interest her affairs excited, or suspected the web that fate was spinning about her feet. Silas passed the time in a kind of suppressed excitement. Again and again he resolved to tell Hannah what he had done; but he was a coward by nature and by long habit, and every day brought fresh proof that she would never consent to give up the child. She might have been persuaded to part with one of the others, for the sake of the advantages offered; but this baby, who slept in her arms, who depended upon her for the very breath he drew, — he knew that she would rather starve upon the hill-side than retain the cottage upon such terms as these. He believed honestly that if the child were dead she would grieve for him for a little while, and then become resigned and reconciled to his loss; but to give him up living to another woman, — that she would never do! Truly, he was a very wretched creature in these days, not daring to face Hannah with his miserable story; while Mr. Markham, now returned to the city, wrote him peremptory letters demanding why he did not personally deliver the child, according to the terms of the agreement, and hinting darkly at swift retribution if there were any treachery or double-dealing on foot in the matter. At last, fairly at his wits' end, he sat down and indited the following epistle:

"mr. Markum, i cant git hanner toe giv him up, yu mus cum an git him yoself shee mus nott noe enythin abowt it i am afeared toe tel her, shee wil tel evry boddy els yore tru frend Silus d. p. s. the Nabers wood tar an fether mee ef tha knowed."

This letter written and secretly dispatched, Silas, having shifted part of the burden to another's shoulders, calmly waited.

III.

One lovely autumn day, when the blue haze lay soft over the distant hills and the sunshine came down on the earth like a benediction, Hannah put the baby to sleep in his cradle on the porch, where it was warmer than in the house, by reason of the sunlight. She covered him up with an old shawl, and then went back to her work again. It was Monday, and the children had gone to the public school recently started in the village. Even little Polly had not escaped the general enthusiasm in the cause of education, and, primer in hand, had set out with the others, crying lustily all the way because she could not keep up with them. There was washing to be done in the shed behind the house, and if the baby was good his mother calculated to have all the clean clothes hung out to dry before noon; she therefore went to work at them with the sort of heartiness that insures success. There is always pleasure in any downright thorough exertion, whether it be physical or mental. Hannah enjoyed the lovely day, the healthful exercise of her muscles, the very soap-suds foaming up to her elbows. The warm blood crimsoned her face, and the steam curled the short hair about her

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face into little girlish rings. She sang, too, over her work the old rousing Methodist tunes that bring the sinner to a sense of his iniquities at camp-meetings and revivals, in a clear, high voice that woke the echoes in neighboring woods. Every now and then she stopped, and listened to hear if the baby were stirring; but there was no sound of him, and the sunshine, swinging around, now darted slant bars of light into the clean, bare apartment which was kitchen, parlor, and bed-chamber in one. It was no unusual thing for him to sleep this way, after a night spent in keeping the rest of the family awake. After a time the washing was finished; Hannah wiped the soap-suds from her wrinkled hands, and contemplated with pride the result of her labors. Then she went into the house, and kindled the fire to prepare the early dinner. Still the baby slept. Wondering a little, she put on the kettle, and then went out on the porch to look at him and see if he were covered up. To her amazement she saw the shawl lying on the floor. She flew to the cradle. It was empty! In vain she searched the house, saying to herself over and over that he must be there, while the dead, cold certainty at her heart told her that it was impossible. Then she ran to the out-buildings, lifted the logs at the wood-pile, and craned her neck over the curb of the well; but there was not a foot-print in the moist earth, not a bubble on the calm surface of the water. At last, she threw her arms up above her head, with a wild cry, and rushed bare-headed down the hill-side and into the village. People ran to their doors as she passed, wondering; and then, persuading themselves that it was their duty to see what was the matter, threw down their work and followed her. She did not stop until she came to the shop, where Silas stood lounging against the door. He knew what had happened long before she reached him, and strove so to steady his nerves that he need not betray himself. He tried to speak to her, but she cried out.

"The baby, the baby! my child, my child! He is gone, and I can't find him! Oh, Silas," with a wild gesture of appeal, "somebody has stolen my baby away!"

"Stolen!" cried Silas, striking down the uplifted hands, "who could 'a' stole him? You 've done left him out some-'eres with your keerlessness, an' some wild varmint has dragged him away." Hannah uttered a piercing shriek at this, and fell fainting to the ground. The village women crowded about her with rough sympathy, and, the excitement spreading marvelously, men left their teams in the road and their plows in the furrow to come and hear the story of the loss of Hannah Dawston's child. While they stood about talking, a stalwart young fellow proposed that they should go and search for it. "Ef it 's been took by a wild-cat, or a painter," he argued, "we kin track it by the blood, an' ef we don't lose no time we may git back the body afore it 's destroyed; an' ef it 's a person, why we will see foot-marks an' signs. *She* would n't notice, when she wuz so flustered an' scairt-like," making a compassionate gesture towards Hannah, lying with closed eyes with her head on a neighbor's lap. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm, and men, women, and children joined eagerly in the search, Silas going at the head of the party. All day long they scoured the country, but not one particle of evidence rewarded their zeal. There was not a foot-print in the road or around the house, not a trace of blood, not the torn shred of a garment in all the adjacent woods and fields. For a week the excitement raged; every day parties went out sworn to clear up the mystery before they returned. The story drifted out into the world and got into the newspapers; but nothing was ever found out, and by and by people grew tired of the subject, and stopped talking about it; then, naturally, they for-

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got it for days together, unless some chance allusion recalled it to their minds. But Hannah did not forget. She went mechanically about the house attending to her duties, but there had come hard lines into her face, which never relaxed now into smiles, and her voice grew to have a harsh, grating sound, as if it had become rusty from long disuse. The children marveled, and fretted at the change at first, but they adapted themselves to it in time, and showed that they noticed it only by whispering to one another, as if their mother's presence imposed some mysterious restraint upon them. Silas, feeling himself to be vaguely under a cloud, spent less and less of his time at home, and more of it at "Tav'ner's," unable to bear the burden of his guilty thoughts under the haunting gaze of Hannah's sorrowful eyes. So it was that the autumn drifted into the winter. The corn was cut and stacked away for husking; farm wagons brought in the golden harvest of pumpkins and the ruddy yield of the apple-trees; and the morning-glory vines were torn from their rough trellises, and blown fitfully about, at the wicked will of the wind.

One wild December night, Hannah sat alone in the cottage. The children, after talking together in whispers, crept away to bed, whence the sound of their voices uplifted in riotous glee reached their mother's ears, until they were hushed in slumber. Silas had not come home to his supper, and the meal, carefully put by upon the hearth to keep warm for him, was slowly drying up in the heat of the fire.

The wind shrieked in the chimney; it tore at the shingles on the roof, and rattled the windows till it seemed every moment that the panes would fall shivering in upon the floor; it blew gustily in under the door, and rocked the empty cradle, as if spectral hands were thus lulling the ghost of a child. Although Hannah was not a timid woman, the dread of the tempest and the loneliness, with that unaccountable fear of the supernatural that possesses us all at times, crept over her, and chilled her to the bone. She dared not look behind her, for every shadow had acquired an awful significance, and she put her hands up to her ears to keep out the wailing of the wind and the ghostly, monotonous sound of the swaying cradle. The clock struck nine; then the slow minutes ticked out the half hour; then a quarter; then a sudden knock echoed on the door. It was not loud, but imperative. Hannah started to her feet in amazement, but before she could answer the summons it was repeated. With a mind full of misgiving, she went to the door; as she opened it, the wind swept into the room, blowing out the candle, and scattering the fire-brands far and wide over the hearth. Peering out into the dark, she could only distinguish the muffled, shadowy outline of a small, slight figure.

"What do you want?" she asked, raising her voice so that it could be heard above the roar of the storm. But the figure did not answer; it came up close to her instead, and held out something in its arms with a gesture that constrained acceptance. As it stood there, the wind swept aside the scarf, and revealed to Hannah a white, frightened face, which seemed, somehow, to her dazed senses strangely familiar; the next moment, as it were in a whirl of the tempest, the apparition vanished utterly, and Hannah was left alone in the door-way staring out into the night.

It was almost a minute before she recovered herself sufficiently to shut the door; then she went to the hearth and knelt down, to examine her strange acquisition by the fitful light of the fire. It was an odd bundle, folded carefully in a great shawl. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely unfasten it, while a mysterious premonition thrilling through her warned her what it contained. The next moment a sweep of

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white drapery flowing over her lap confirmed the truth. She snatched the covering away, and a child lay before her, — her child! She uttered a little cry of rapture. It seemed too wonderful to be true; it must be a phantom, a delusion of her brain! But she held him in her arms, and kissed him on eyes and cheeks and lips, and then she knew he was an actual, tangible reality. She sat for a long time holding him upon her knees, too absorbed in her new happiness for any other thought; but after a while it occurred to her that it was strange he did not wake. What had they done to him to make him sleep so soundly and so long? Besides, he was so cold! but then the night was cold, — bitterly, icily cold.

She held the little hands to the fire; she chafed them between her own, and covered them with kisses. She pressed the small, cold face to her bosom, and strove, like the prophet of old, to infuse her own life into the chilled current of this baby's veins; but there was no unclosing of the waxen lids, no answering pressure of the tiny, marble fingers.

When Silas came in late in the night, he found the fire reduced to the back log and a bed of coals. There was a sort of dim light in the room, by which he distinguished Hannah sitting still by the hearth. He thought she was asleep, and laid his hand on her shoulder to rouse her, telling her thickly that it was time to go to bed; but she did not move or speak, so he went over to the other side, and sat down, trying with drunken gravity to mend the fire, and while he was thus engaged fell into a doze himself, with his head resting on the seat of a chair. He was awakened in the early morning by a feeling of intense cold, and, stiffened and cramped by the uncomfortable position in which he had been lying, he aroused himself with difficulty. The fire was entirely out; the door was open, and the snow had drifted in in a white heap on the floor. By the faint, uncertain twilight of the winter morning, he saw that the spot where he remembered to have seen Hannah was vacant. "She 's gone to bed," he said to himself, and bent over his task of making the fire. Soon there was a cheerful snapping and crackling of lightwood knots and hickory splinters, and the room was in a glow. While he warmed his hands at the blaze, he looked about him, and saw that the bed in the corner, in all the bravery of its patchwork quilt, was still unrumpled. This disquieted him a little, and he opened the door of the next apartment to see if she had lain down with the children. But no; the children lay huddled close together for warmth, with their heads covered up, but there was no sign of their mother. Then he went to the door, but whatever foot-prints had been made earlier in the night were obliterated now by the flakes, which continued to fall thick and fast, draping all the dim landscape in a kind of ghostly veil. It was clear that she must have gone out, since she was not to be found in the house; but nothing could be done towards finding her until it grew lighter, and it was dreary waiting for the dawn. How the slow moments dragged away he scarcely knew, but at last the sun rose up mistily in the east, and all the familiar objects stood out clearly in the white glare of the snow; then he went to the neighbors and told them his story. "He had been afeared, ever sence the baby wuz took, that there was som'at wrong with Hanner's mind," he said, and the men who listened consented readily to help him in his search. "She can't have gone fur," they said to one another. But all day long they looked, and looked in vain; at last, towards sunset, when they had almost given up the quest in despair, they found her in a bit of copsewood, not far from Brooks's Tavern, lying at the foot of a tree, with the dead child in her arms. The men

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looked at one another in speechless wonder. This was the child whose mysterious disappearance had so excited the community a few months before. Whence had its mother procured it, and what strange chance had united in death these two so cruelly divided in life? Tears glimmered in the eyes of these rough backwoodsmen, and had to be winked away, while they constructed a litter of boughs, and bore the child and its mother to the nearest shelter. Good Mrs. Brooks refused to believe that Hannah was dead. She went to work immediately with the stimulants and hot applications needful to restore suspended animation, and after an hour's exertion was rewarded by feeling the deadened pulse throb faintly, and seeing the heavy lids unclose. The room was full of strange faces, attracted hither by curiosity and sympathy, but the eyes of the patient wandered past them all in an eager, anxious way, as if they were seeking something they could not find. A sympathetic woman, interpreting the unexpressed wish, brought the dead child, and placed it beside her. She smiled faintly at this, and laid her poor wan cheek against the baby's waving hair; but still there seemed something on her mind, and an undefined trouble showed in the eyes with which she anxiously scanned the faces about her. At last, she plucked the sleeve of a woman busied about the bed. "The lady," she whispered, — "where is she?"

"What does she say?" demanded the others, noticing the woman's puzzled face.

"She says she wants 'the lady,'" was the reply. "What lady can she mean?"

"Mrs. Markham, perhaps," suggested a young girl, more quick-witted than the rest. "She came last night. Shall I tell her, mother? It can do no harm." Her mother assented, and she went away, returning presently with the lady in question, shrinking behind her companion with a white face and wide, frightened eyes.

As soon as she entered the room, Hannah's countenance expressed satisfaction, and she made them all understand that she wished to be alone with this new-comer. The women withdrew accordingly, and, wondering, left them together.

When they were gone, there was silence in the room, — silence so profound that the terrified Emily could hear the separate fall of each silver snow-flake against the window pane. She was alone with the woman she had wronged, and nothing in the world could screen her from the accusing gaze of this woman's dying eyes. When she could endure it no longer, she covered her face with her hands, and cried out wildly, "Oh, why do you look at me like that? I cannot bear it!"

"Why — did — you — take — my — child?" demanded Hannah, huskily, shaping the words with her lips rather than speaking them aloud.

"Oh, forgive me!" cried Emily, sobbing. "I did n't know. My husband told me you were willing I should have him. I — I loved him so."

"You — loved — him," said Hannah, dropping out her words, one at a time, "and — yet — you — killed — him."

Emily threw herself on her knees beside the bed. "I will tell you!" she cried. "I never knew — believe me, or not, as you will — I did not know. The baby drooped; he did not thrive, for all my care. One night he was ill, — so ill that I sat up and held him in my arms. I heard my husband talking in his sleep; he said things about the child, — things that frightened me. I waked him up, and somehow I found out the truth. Oh, forgive me! I would not willingly have wronged you so! As soon as I knew, I set out to find you, to bring you back your child. My husband threatened me, but I did not mind. It is a two days' journey, and the baby

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was ill, — so ill! Oh, you do not know how I watched the little feverish face, — how gladly I would have given up everything to restore him to you as he was when I took him away!"

Her voice broke down utterly here, and she hid her face in the bed-clothes, sobbing.

"I thought if I could bring him to you alive," she went on presently, "if he were once laid in your arms, he would get well again. I tried to come to you as fast as I could, but while I waited at the station the baby died. I saw the shadow creep up over his face, and then I thought I should go mad. I do not know why I brought him to you at last. I think I was afraid to keep him. I dared not bring him here, where they knew me. It frightened me to hold him in my arms. When the carriage came to the turn of the road, I made them stop and wait till I came back. It was cruel, I know, but I could not help it. I tried to speak to you then, but the words would not come. Ah, God forgive me, I believe I have killed you too!" She stopped, and the dusky stillness of the room was filled with the sound of bitter weeping. Presently, she felt something groping about her neck, and then a hand was laid lightly on her hair. It was Hannah's hand thus blindly outstretched, in mute token of forgiveness. Emily caught it in her passionate, impulsive way, and covered it with kisses; but while she held it still, the poor worn fingers stiffened in her grasp, and grew cold, with a deadlier chill than that of the bitter winter's day.

When she cried out in her fright, people came with lights, and cautious footsteps, and bustling, curious voices; but Hannah Dawston's spirit had flown beyond their aid, and under the white winding sheet of the snow they laid her side by side with the child.

Lucy Lee Pleasants.

ENGLISH IN ENGLAND.

THE worst English that I have ever heard spoken, I heard in England. There, however, I also heard the best that could be spoken, — not better, indeed, than I have heard in New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; but of this good English I must acknowledge that I heard much more, in proportion to their numbers, among my British than among my American acquaintances. The standard of comparison in all cases is a British standard; for it is a postulate in the discussion of this question that the best English is that which is accepted as the best by people of the best education and social standing in England. What is accepted by them; not necessarily what is spoken by them. For, as we shall see, they are somewhat remarkable for individual variation from their own undisputed standard.

Almost all Americans who live in cities have opportunities now and then of hearing English spoken by natives of Old England, which, however, is not therefore necessarily the best English. For, as many Frenchmen, even many Parisians, speak very bad French, so many Englishmen and many Londoners, in fact most Englishmen and most Londoners, speak bad English. I think that the vilest French that I ever heard was from a Parisian born and bred; and a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Française agreed with me in my opinion of it. It would seem superfluous to say this, were it not for the general assumption

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that a Parisian must speak good French, and for the assumption by many Englishmen, who speak in the vulgarest way, that because of their English birth they are competent to criticise and to censure the speech of men born elsewhere, who are as thoroughly English in blood as they are, and whose education and training have been far superior to theirs. Nor is mastery of idiom so absolutely a matter of race, or even of early education. Whose English surpasses in clearness and in idiomatic strength that of the German Max Müller, first as an English writer among all contemporary philologists?

Among home-keeping Yankees who had never visited England, I was, I am inclined to believe, somewhat exceptional in my opportunities of observing the speech of Englishmen, which began when I was a boy, and went on increasing in frequency until I crossed the ocean. There was therefore nothing very new to me in the average speech around me when I found myself among my cousins in the old home, and nothing at all new in the English that I heard from the friends that I found there, and from their acquaintances. How should there be? This, too, would seem a superfluous remark, were it not for the common assumption and frequent assertion that there is an essential difference between the language of the two peoples, due in part to the preservation in this country of phrases and pronunciations which are obsolete or obsolescent in England, and in part to changes which have taken place here, some of which are attributed — Heaven help us! — to the influence of the aboriginal "Indians" upon our habits of mind and body! Many Yankees who speak with unconscious freedom the language of good American society must have encountered with amusement the complimentary expressions of surprise at their "pure English," with which they were favored in England. A friend of mine, a lady, met one of these with a whimsical and characteristic reply. She was on both sides a Yankee of the Yankees; but her mother bore a name which stands high among the historical patronymics of England. She was as fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and buxom a matron as you would find in New England; and being once where there were many portraits of members of the family in question, her likeness to some of them was so striking that it was remarked upon. Nevertheless, a gentleman, an officer in the British army, thought it necessary not only to compliment her upon her English, but to ask her if she was not peculiar in this respect among her countrywomen. "Oh, yes," she immediately replied; "but then I have had unusual advantages. There was an English missionary stationed near my tribe." His captainship subsided at once into silence, and seemed to be revolving the matter in his mind in a more or less dazed fashion, which afforded her great amusement.

Between the majority of Englishmen and the majority of Americans there is a difference of pitch and inflection of voice. The English pitch is generally higher; the inflection is almost always more varied. The "average American's" voice is comparatively hard and monotonous. But upon this point, and upon the general superiority of the Englishwoman's voice in its quality, — a soft, rich sweetness, — I have said enough elsewhere. Nor would any remark upon this point be on this occasion either requisite or pertinent. This has nothing to do either with the substantial part of language, the vocabulary, or with pronunciation, which varies more or less from generation to generation, which differs more or less in different circles, and which is not quite alike in all individuals in the same circle. This of course is true of both countries.

The first peculiarity that attracted my

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attention in the speech of Englishmen was a thick, throaty utterance. It was not new to me, but I was struck by its general diffusion. The effect is somewhat as if the speaker were attempting to combine speech with the deglutition of mashed potato. This peculiar utterance, in which a guttural *aw* seems to prevail, is, however, far from being universal. It is not high-class speech. Yet it begins to manifest itself somewhat high up in the social scale, being perceptible just below what may be called the Oxford and Cambridge level. Then it broadens down from precedent to subsequent, until, when it reaches the lowest level, it is broad enough and thick enough for the foundation of a very substantial theory of peculiarity in national speech. It manifests itself chiefly in the utterance of *a*, *o*, and *u* in combination with *l* and *r*; for example, in such words as *ale*, *pale*, and *royal*, which are spoken by Englishmen of the lower and lower middle classes much as if they were written *ayull*, *payull*, and *ryull*, the *l*'s being gobbled low in the throat with a desperate gulp. I thought that the tendency to this mode of speech seemed to be strongest in those who were short-necked and corpulent. I remember one obese, red-faced shopman who gulped at "Royal Wilton" in such a strangling fashion that I should hardly have been surprised to see him fall down upon the spot in a fit of apoplexy. General negative assertions are dangerous; and I shall therefore not say that this gulp is never heard among educated English gentlemen and ladies; but I am sure that in such society I never heard it.

The ill treatment which the letter *h* receives from a very large proportion of the English people is of course known to the most superficial observer of their speech. It is the substance and the point of a standing joke which never loses its zest. Mr. Punch's artists, when hard put to it for the subject of a social sketch, can always fall back upon the misfortunes of the aspirate. *H* in speech is an unmistakable mark of class distinction in England, as every observant person soon discovers. I remarked upon this to an English gentleman, an officer, who replied, "It 's the greatest blessing in the world; a sure protection against cads. You meet a fellow who is well dressed and behaves himself decently enough, and yet you don't know exactly what to make of him; but get him talking, and if he trips upon his *h*'s that settles the question. He 's a chap you 'd better be shy of." Another friend said to me of a London man of wealth, and of such influence as comes from wealth and good nature, "The governor has lots of sense, and is the best fellow in the world; but he has n't an *h* to bless himself with." And there seems to be no help for the person who has once acquired this mode of pronunciation. Habits of speech, when formed in early life, are the most ineradicable of all habits; and this one, I believe, is absolutely beyond the reach of any discipline, and even of prolonged association with good speakers. I have had opportunities of observing many English persons of both sexes who came to America in their early childhood, who were educated here, and who had attained mature years, and yet they could not utter the initial *h*, but, for example, would say *ee* for *he*. If they did, by special effort, sound the *h*, it was with a harsh ejaculation, and not with that light touch which, although so distinctly perceptible, is but a delicate breathing, and which comes so unconsciously to good speakers in England, and to bad speakers as well as good — to all — in America. In England I observed many people in a constant struggle with their *h*, overcoming and being overcome, and sometimes triumphing when victory was defeat.

The number of *h*'s that come to an untimely end in England daily is quite incalculable. Of the forty millions of people there cannot be more than two

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millions who are capable of a healthy, well-breathed *h*. Think, then, of the numbers of this innocent letter that are sacrificed between sun and sun! If we could send them over a few millions of *h*'s a week, they would supply almost as great a need as that which we supply by our corn and beef and cheese.

There is a gradation, too, in the misuse of this letter. It is silent when it should be heard; but it is also added, or rather prefixed, to words in which it has no place. Now the latter fault is the sign and token of a much lower condition in life than the former. The man who puts on a superfluous *h*, and says *harm* for arm and *heyes* for eyes, will surely drop the *h* from its rightful place, and say *ed* and *art* for head and heart; but the converse is far from being true. This superfluous *h* is a much graver solecism than the suppressed. It is barbarous. To hear it you must go very low indeed in the social scale. But, on the other hand, the suppression of the *h* is a habit that creeps up into the very highest ranks, diminishing in strength and extent as it rises, until it wholly disappears. For example, only Englishmen of the very uppermost class and finest breeding say home and hotel; all others, *'ome* and *'otel*. And the latter are so unconscious of their slip, so sure that they do say home and hotel, that if they are charged with dropping the *h* they will deny it, and make desperate efforts to utter the sound, which result only in throwing a very great stress upon the *o*.[1] These two words are the last and most delicate test of the *h* malady. Past that line English speech, when not impaired by individual incapacity or tainted by affectation, is perfect, "express and admirable."

Widely spread as this incapacity for managing the *h* is, it seems to have attracted little other attention in England than that which manifests itself in ridicule. No English orthoepist or phonologist whose work I have met with has made it the subject of examination, or of more than a mere passing remark. Nor does it seem to have been even laughed at until very lately, — hardly before the beginning of this century. Until that time there is no evidence which I now remember that it had ever been taken note of. The Elizabethan dramatists make the English speech of Frenchmen and of Hollanders the occasion of laughter; and among their own countrymen the Welshmen do not escape. The dramatists of the Restoration ridicule the Irish speech till we are surfeited with their Teagues and their "dear joys." The speech of English clowns is also imitated, and in general ridiculed, not only in plays but in ballads, and at last in novels, from the first of these periods to the close of the last century. But in all this mass of low character painting there is not a touch of fun that depends upon a misplaced or a displaced *h*. Even such personages as Lord and Lady Duberly, Zekiel and Cicely Homespun, in The Heir at Law, and Old Rapid and Young Rapid, Farmer Oatlands and Frank Oatlands, in A Cure for the Heart Ache, although their "cacology" supplies no small part of the fun in the performance, are not represented as maltreating their *h*'s. Sheridan, who belongs to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, leaves this trait of speech unridiculed, although he has low characters, and he made a Mrs. Malaprop. To imagine such personages in a play or a novel of to-day without being made the butt of laughter on this account, is almost impossible.

That English writers on language should have made no remark upon this

[1] I cannot refrain from saying that I never passed such a censure upon any Englishman's speech before his face. Apart from general considerations, it would have ill become one who had met only with kindness and consideration there, from strangers as well as from friends, from high and low alike. I have, however, known of such personal criticisms having been made by those who perhaps were suffering under provocation which I did not receive.

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trait of English speech is in itself remarkable. For it is peculiarly English, or rather South British. The Lowland Scotch, who are as English in blood as the people of England themselves, and whose speech is an ancient and important English dialect, are entirely without this *h* trait; and so are the English people of Irish birth, the descendants of them of the old "English pale." Men of English blood and American birth, New Englanders, Virginians, and the like, are also without it entirely. Yet it so pervades England that it might be regarded as the normal form of English speech, but for the fact that it is entirely absent from the speech of those who speak the best English, and is to them a cause of aversion and an occasion of ridicule. It is remarkable, too, that this trick of speech is not at all the consequence of any inability with regard to the proper utterance of *h*. Quite the contrary; for the man who threatens to "punch yer 'ed" will also "blarst yer heyes."

These facts seem to me to point to a conclusion which yet cannot be accepted as established because of another fact which cannot be set aside, although it may be explained. The absence of any allusion to the *h* difficulty by English dramatists and humorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can hardly be accounted for except by the supposition either that it did not exist, or that it was not then peculiar to a low condition of life. The fact that it does not exist and never has existed in the speech of the English people of Ireland or of America almost compels the conclusion that it was unknown in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when (as to Ireland mainly, and as to North America absolutely) the English language was translated to those countries. The sudden outbreak of ridicule provoked by the dropping and adding of the *h*, about the beginning of this century, would seem to indicate either that the habit had been formed or had come into vogue with the lower classes during the eighteenth century, or that, having until that time prevailed among all classes, it was dropped and stigmatized as vulgar by the upper classes about the end of that century.

To these inferences there is opposed the very stubborn fact that there is evidence in old English literature that what is now called the vulgar use of *h* was in past centuries the common and received pronunciation of English. This is not the place for a purely linguistic discussion; but I will mention that in the Lay of Havelok the Dane, written about A. D. 1280, and existing in a manuscript of about that date, eye is written *heie*, earl *herle*, old *hold*, eat *hete*, ate *het*, ever *hever*, and English *Henglishe*. There is a great deal of such evidence. Moreover, there is the evidence given by the presence of the full form of the indefinite article *an* before words beginning with an accented aspirated syllable: as, for example, "an household," "an habit," "an headache," "an history," "an hundred." This continued until a recent period, and has not yet entirely passed away, although it is passing. For example, Mr. Trollope, in his Three Clerks writes, "If the Board chose to make the Weights and Measures *an* hospital for idiots, it might do so. . . . He would never remain there to see the Weights and Measures become *an* hospital for incurables." The presence of the *n* in such cases shows pretty clearly that the *h* was silent; in which case there is evidence that it was dropped by the best English writers of the last century in a multitude of words in which it is now *de rigueur* that it should be heard. The change in some words is not yet quite perfected. Mr. Thackeray spoke of the English *h*umorists, and that pronunciation is given by Phelp of Cambridge in Stormonth's dictionary; but I heard Cambridge dons talk of "Every Man in his Umour." In this, however,

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they merely preserved the pronunciation of the last generation, as certain English clergymen do, who offer "'umble and 'earty thanks" in the church service every Sunday. Walker gives the pronunciations, hospital *ospital*, humble *umble*, humor *yumer*, in all of which Phelp calls for the sound of *h*. Mr. Trollope's "an hospital" is merely a remnant of old-fashioned pronunciation, which, if I remember rightly, will not be found in his later novels.

The question is one which it is not safe to undertake to decide without a careful and thorough examination of the whole range of English literature; but I venture the conjecture, which, however, is somewhat more than a conjecture, that the suppression of *h* was once very widely diffused throughout England among all speakers, including the best, during which time — a very long one — the function of *h* was to throw a stress on the syllable which it ushered in, as it is in the Spanish word *hijos;* that the widely diffused suppression of the breathing among the lower classes of modern England is, like many other so-called vulgarisms, a mere survival among them of what has perished among their "betters;" and that this suppression of the *h* was so general, even among the upper classes so late as the middle of the last century, that it provoked no remark, — indeed commanded no attention from the social critics and satirists. This theory leaves the correct pronunciation of the *h* by all classes in Ireland and in America unaccounted for. But that remarkable fact may possibly be the result of a predominance in the emigrants to those countries of people from the north of England. For the dropping and the adding of the *h* is even now, after forty years of railway intercourse, so much more common in the southern counties of England than in the northern as to be remarkable on that account. It is sometimes called a "cockneyism." No view of it could be farther from the truth. Some of the most marked cases of it that I have ever met with were Cornish people from near Land's-End, who had never been in or near London.

Nor do all London people of the lower orders have this trouble with their *h*'s. I observed this in many instances. One particularly impressed me. On my way from Rochester to London I left my own seat, and entered a third-class carriage, on a visit of observation, which I had found that I was permitted to do. Taking my seat next a woman, I soon fell into talk with her, which before we had gone many miles became somewhat confidential on her part. She was, I found, a commercial traveler; in a word, a female bagman. But although she was born and brought up in London, and was quite in her proper place in a third-class carriage, I observed that her pronunciation was perfectly correct, and that she never dropped an *h*, much less added one superfluously. Her language also was good, although her manner of speech and the tone of her voice revealed the lowness of her origin. She was very intelligent; and although she talked with a strange man thus freely, her behavior and her manner were perfectly modest.

One pronunciation, which is called a Yankee trait, I was surprised to find diffused all over England and through all classes, — *aou* for *ou*. I had first observed this some years before in the case of an English gentleman, an author of some note whom I met in New York, and who said very plainly *paound* for pound. I thought it might be a trick peculiar to him; but when I was in England I found it quite to the contrary. Paound was the rule; pound the exception. In Liverpool, the next morning after my arrival, I went to look at a house which was to let; and the young lady who was kind enough to show it to me (the daughter of the tenant, a physician, and of repute, as I found) told me that it was "a beautiful haouse," which indeed it was. A railway porter, on my asking him

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how long I should have to wait for a train, replied, "Nearly a haour, sir." I was at breakfast in London at the University Club with an author of distinction and a Fellow of his college, when a friend of his, evidently a member of the club, came up and said, "Haou d' deaou?" At Westminster Abbey, at the door of which I presented myself at a certain time in the service, a verger said to me, "You cawnt pahss in neaou, sir." In a first-class carriage on the South Eastern Railway I had as fellow passengers two men, who were quite well dressed, and one of whom was nicely gloved. Their talk was bucolic. "Osses are bad to git." "They *are* bad to git; 'igh prices." "Haou abaout caouws?" "Caouw cattle are very good at Aylesbury." These men said "*di*-rectly" and "sheootin" (shooting); and one of them, "Must n't we alleaow [that is, confess] that?" On my walk from Canterbury to Harbledown I asked direction of a boy whom I met, who said, "Ther 's an old church up aour way that they call Hairbledaoun church," just like a rustic Yankee boy that I might have met in the remotest parts of New Hampshire. In Kent the farmers and the peasants spoke warmly of the goodness of the graound.

One instance of this pronunciation produced an odd effect. At Warwick Castle, as I walked across the greensward on my way to the great tower, I picked up a large, handsome gray feather, which I still have. I asked the man who stood at the foot of the tower to take my shilling what bird had dropped this feather. Looking at it a moment, he said, "It 's an auk." Of course I knew that he did not mean the bird called the auk, and I showed him that it could not be a hawk's feather, when he exclaimed, "Oh, it 's a haowl, it 's a haowl! We 've got a big haowl 'ere, and 'e 's dropped one of 'is feathers." Two evenings afterwards I was at a performance of King Lear in Birmingham by an actor of reputation. In the last act, as the poor old king is coming in with the dead Cordelia, he cries, "Howl, howl, howl!" These words are heard from behind the scenes before Lear actually appears; and they were on this occasion so very nearly "Haowl, haowl, haowl!" that they brought the Warwick "haowl" instantly and vividly to my mind; and the result was far from being in keeping with the feeling proper to the scene.

These examples, it will be seen, come from all quarters and from all classes. This rueful note is, however, uttered with a difference in the two countries. In England the *aou* has none of that nasality which enters into its composition in America, and makes it, not lovely in itself, certainly one of the most offensive sounds that can be uttered by the human voice. But among the better class of speakers in America this *aou*, compounded with nasality or pure and simple, is never heard.

There is, however, in the pronunciation of the upper classes in England no marked difference from that of well-educated, well-bred people in the Northern and Eastern States of the Union. I observed, however, a stronger tendency to the full, broad *ah* in some words, and to the English diphthongal *a* (the name sound of the letter, *aee*) in others. At Westminster Abbey I observed that the officiating canon said "comm*ah*ndment" and "*r*emembr*ah*nce," trilling the *r* as well as broadening the *a*; and at King's Chapel, Trinity, Cambridge, where I sat next the reader, my ear was pleased with his "power and comm*ah*ndment." I heard the same broad *ah* sound of *a* in transpl*a*nt, p*a*st, c*a*st, *a*sk, and the like from three distinguished authors, one of them a lady, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in London. At the debates among the young men at the Oxford Union, I heard the same broad sound, — gr*ah*nted, cl*ah*ss, p*ah*sture, and so forth. But at St. Paul's, in London, a young deacon who said, "He*ah* be-

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ginneth the tenth chapt*ah* of the book of Kings," said, "And it came to p*ă*ss," and yet worse "p*ă*th," clipping his *a*'s down to the narrow vowel sound of *an*. On the whole, however, the broad sound very greatly prevailed among the university-bred men.

The name sound of *a* attracted my attention chiefly in proper names, mostly classical. It seemed somewhat strange to hear a Cambridge don say Cleop*ay*tra and Coriol*ay*nus; and not the less so because he did not say *Ay*thens. But I remember that Byron (somewhere in Don Juan, I believe) by a rhyme requires the pronunciation Sardanap*ay*lus. This use of the English *a* is carried into Latin; and at Oxford the prevailing pronunciation of Balliol, in spite of its two *l*'s, is B*ay*liol. Yet at the Union debates and elsewhere I heard the Continental *i* insisted upon strongly in calibre, — pronounced cal*ee*bre, — although the accepted pronunciation is cal*ĭ*bre, as in America.

In words like "institute," "duke," and "constitution," in which *u* follows *d* or *t*, the English *u* (iotized *u*) is generally uttered with very unmistakable clearness by the best speakers. Some of them are so very particular on this point that they suggest the spelling instit*ewt*; constit*ew*tion, which seemed to me somewhat extravagant and affected. It is well to avoid instit*oot* and *dook;* but still one need not *tew* the word, like a rustic Yankee saying *too*.

From a clergyman in Kent, the rector of one of three parishes, which, lying together, are called "the three Graces," because the living of each is a full thousand pounds, I heard the old pronunciation of *were*, making it a perfect rhyme to *ware* and *there*. This pronunciation, which prevailed for centuries, and which is correct, if in pronunciation there is any correctness other than a conformity to the best usage, had passed out of vogue before Walker's time, more than three quarters of a century ago. From the same reverend gentleman I heard the old pronunciation of *mercy*, *earth*, and *virtue*, — not *murcy*, *urth* and *vurtue*, but a sound of *e* like that in the first syllable of *error*, which I had heard from well-educated old people in my boyhood. And yet this gentleman was not an aged man. He had merely preserved the pronunciation which he had learned in his youth. The fact is worthy of remark chiefly as it is an illustration of a certain independence, or rather individuality, of speech which is not uncommon in England. English people do not fear to maintain a little singularity even in their language.

Among the clergymen I observed a general retention of the final *ed* of the participle, as belov-ed, betray-ed, observ-ed, and the like. To this I had been accustomed, of course, in the reading of the Liturgy and of the Bible; but in England I heard it even in sermons, in the delivery of which American clergymen, according to my observation, always use the contracted form. In other respects the delivery of the clergy of the two countries seemed to me quite alike, making allowance, of course, for merely individual peculiarities on both sides. And when I speak of clergymen in America, I do not mean such men as he who preached the sermon on "a harp of a thousand strings," but men like Dr. Dix, Dr. Potter, and Dr. Schenck in the Episcopal church, and Dr. Adams, Dr. Bellows, and Dr. Chapin among the Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Congregationalists. It is, however, true, I believe, that in England more than in the United States clergymen read the service, the Bible, and their sermons not only with a more settled emphasis, but with a perceptible cadence, which in some cases approaches a see-saw inflection, and which has somewhat the effect of a measured chant. I heard this from one old clergyman here in my childhood, — Dr. Milnor, of St. George's, where I first went to church.

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I was only six years old when I last saw him in surplice and bands, but I can now hear the regular rise and fall of his silvery voice, the measured inflections of which seemed to my childish ears to have a certain sanctity in them in keeping with the place and with the religious function which he was performing.[1] But after that time I never heard it until I went to England, and there not from all clergymen. This style of delivery is a survival of the old style of elocution. The late Hon. Luther Bradish told me that in his boyhood he was at a country house in England, not far from London, and that Mrs. Siddons used to be there often, and would read poetry to the ladies as they sat at needlework in the morning parlor. He spoke with great admiration of the beauty of her voice and the nobility of her expression. I asked him what was the style of her reading, — whether it was free and natural. He replied, "Not quite. She read with a measured cadence. As I remember it now, there must have been a good deal of sing-song about it; and there was the same in her delivery of long speeches on the stage. But still it was very fine, and from her it seemed to my boyish taste angelic."

The conversion of final *ng* into *n* is remarkably common in England, even by speakers of the highest classes; far more so, I should say, than it is in America; certainly much, very much, more so than it is among our best bred people, who indeed are very rarely guilty of this slovenliness. But in England members of Parliament, Fellows of colleges, dukes and dandies, farmers, philologists, say doin', bein', seein', and even line for lying. I heard an absurd little swell (and yet I believe he was at bottom a good fellow) say, "Oh, yeth! But you thee, I bein' tho vewy fond of 'untin' and thootin' I cahnt be thtoppin' in London in the autumn." And yet I'll be bound that little chap thought great scorn of the American way of speaking English. I observed, by the way, that impediments or rather incapacities, of speech are much commoner in England than they are with us. A lisping man here is a very rare bird; but in England, especially among the upper classes, he is not uncommon. As an affectation the fashion is not very new. Chaucer's wanton and merry friar lisped "to make his Englissch swete upon his tunge." There is the same comparative commonness there and uncommonness here of men who have trouble with *r*, and who say, like my little friend, "vewy." It was amusing to hear a captain in the Guards talk about his "wedgment."

Of pronunciations which were evidently deliberate variations from the standard, I observed, in addition to those which I have already mentioned, *know*-ledge, which I heard only from the lips of educated men, first from a barrister of unusual scholarship and accomplishments; — oppo-*zite*, which I heard not infrequently from speakers of all classes, and which I first heard in this country from an English clergyman who was visiting at our house, and who used to produce a pocket Greek Testament at morning prayers and follow in it my father's reading, somewhat, as I discovered, to his amusement; — tor-*toys* (tortoise), in which the last syllable was pronounced just like the plural of *toy;* but this, though not a low-class pronunciation, was uncommon, the general pronunciation of the syllable in question being, not as the dictionaries give it, either *tis* or *tus*, but an abbreviation of *toise* which is

[1] This venerable and most estimable clergyman always read prayers and preached in black silk gloves, as indeed my own grandfather did; for it was the fashion then among clergymen of the Episcopal church who were at all particular about clerical costume. The forefinger and thumb of the right-hand glove were slit open to enable the wearer to turn the leaves of Prayer Book and Bible. A fine line-engraved portrait of Dr. Milnor in the pulpit, and thus decorated, hung in our parlor at home, and is still in my possession.

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quite inexpressible by letters. The *half*, *walk*, and *talk*, in Chester I have already mentioned. Those from whom I heard it, were neither rustic nor uneducated speakers.

One of the most characteristic and striking speeches that I heard was from a young gentleman, an author and the son of an author and editor of some distinction (neither of them is now living), who in the course of talk about Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, exclaimed, "Wot 'n igstrawnry man!" I could make no mistake about it, for he repeated the remark soon after, — "Wot 'n igstrawnry man!"

Of quite a different sort was the noteworthy pronunciation of a little fellow who officiated as "buttons" at a house in Essex where I was visiting, and who said to me, as he came into my room one morning, "I 've took your dress trousis to the tiler's, sir." Now if he had taken my hat to the tiler's, it would not have been very surprising. But in fact, of course, he had taken my trousers to the tailor's; and his pronunciation of the title of that functionary was a to me charming survival of the old sound of the word. For English *i* is *ah-ee*, and *tiler* is simply *ta-ee-ler* (with the *a* broad), that is, the French *tailleur*, in which form our modern name for the older sempster came into the language. And by the way, whatever uncertainty there may be about other words of like termination, there is no doubt that this is an English form of the French *tailleur;* and yet neither Johnson himself, nor the most bigoted of Johnsonian etymological spellers, has insisted upon spelling the word *tailour*. The Doctor and his followers have remained content with *tailor*, although, unlike *honor* and *favor*, it has no Latin original.

Of words new to me I met with only one. (I of course am leaving out of consideration the dialect and the folk phrases of remote rural districts. And indeed, of that I had little opportunity to hear anything. In the counties in which I took my rural walks I found no dialectic peculiarities worthy of remark, either in vocabulary or in pronunciation.) This word was *singlet*, which came up to me printed on my first washing bill in Liverpool. I had never seen it before; but its suggestion of *doublet* of course instantly showed me that it must mean an under-vest, as it did, — a merino under-shirt. I never heard it spoken or met with it in any other part of England; nor is it in any English dictionary. It is a Lancashire word. And yet of course it is not dialectical, as being Romanic it could not be. It reminded me that in one of Ford's tragedies a woman passing from one chamber to another in the night speaks of herself as going "thus singly," meaning plainly, and as the context shows, not that she went alone, but that she was covered with a single garment.

Of familiar words used in a somewhat peculiar sense I found a few.

Ever is used in composition thus: "Whoever is it?" "Whatever can it be?" This usage is mostly confined to ladies, and is not regarded as good English.

Tiresome is used for disagreeable. "Those tiresome Brighton people." "Do be quiet: why will you be so tiresome?" "That cross, ill-natured, tiresome woman."

Mind, as a verb, has its function stretched to an extreme which is sometimes laughable. There is not only "Would you mind handing me the milk-jug?" for "Would you take the trouble," etc., but "I don't mind that," meaning, don't find it unpleasant. I heard a lady, a peeress, say to a very swellish fellow who had just taken honors at Oxford, "A—— is a very good fellow, — so pleasant; don't you think so?" "Ah — yes," was the slow reply, "I — don't — mind him." This brought to my recollection that in one of Charles Reade's novels a young swell proposes in this

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fashion: "Would you mind our getting married? I should n't."

Nasty. This word, of unpleasant suggestions, is used much more commonly in England than it is in the United States. An ill-natured speech is called "a nasty speech," a stormy day "a nasty day;" and I even heard an English lady call an awkward step "a nasty step." Therefore, when Lady A—— said here at dinner, where she sat at her host's right hand, speaking to her husband, who sat at the hostess' right hand, and who thought it proper not to touch his soup, "Do take some, A——: it 's not at all nasty," she did not mean to be so rude, that is, quite so rude, as she seemed to those who sat with her.

Jug is universally misused for *pitcher.* I did not hear the latter word once in any part of the country, or from speakers in any class of life, while I was in England, but always the "water-jug," "the milk jug." The misuse is of very recent origin, and the word itself is comparatively new. According to all evidence of English literature and lexicography, a jug is a coarse vessel with swelling sides, usually made of stone-ware or brown clay, — a thing that never would be brought upon a nicely served table. A pitcher, on the contrary, may be large or small, gracefully shaped, and of porcelain, of china, of crystal, of silver, or of gold. The word *jug* is unknown to our earlier literature, and is not found in the Bible, although *pitcher* and *bottle* occur there frequently; and *pitcher* has been known for centuries as the equivalent of *ollula*, *urna*, *amphora.*

Merchant is widely misused. You shall not find a grog seller who does not call himself a spirit merchant, or a man in a little black den of coals who does not call himself a coal merchant. The word is misused in this way among us of late years, but not quite to such an extent. Still, however, there is in England a standard and a tribunal before which such bad usage has no force. I heard of a man who had been in trade, and in a large way; but his affairs had gone to utter ruin, and left him old, poor, and helpless. He was respected and personally liked, and there was an effort to get him into an asylum founded for "decayed merchants." The trustees, although they had the kindest feeling toward him, and wished to give him help, decided that they could not admit him because he was not a merchant. He had never been engaged in foreign trade, — had never owned or even chartered a ship.

Tidy is strangely used to mean good of its kind, pretty. The misuse, however, does not, according to my observation, rise above the lower middle class. Among them a tidy girl means a pretty girl, and particularly a girl with a good figure. Indeed, I have often heard tidy applied to a young woman of whose person and clothing tidiness, according to the true meaning of the word, could surely not be predicated; for the untidiness of the lower-class Englishwoman, unless she becomes a chamber-maid or a bar-maid, passes man's understanding. *Tidy* is also used for *pretty* in a metaphorical sense, as thus, by a distinguished novelist. "The alcohol we consume every day would be a tidy sale for a small public house."

Do is made a word of all work. Women do their back hair, and do everything that they arrange. "I have got these flowers to do," meaning to arrange in a vase. "Tom," said a lady at luncheon, "would you mind changing seats? I can't do this beef," meaning that she could not carve and serve it. On my way from Birmingham to London a lady got out of the carriage at a small station. She was one of the women who take responsibility heavily; for she faithfully tried to shut the door of the carriage, and after struggling with it a moment she broke out, "Oh, dear! you must call some one. I can't do this door."

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Immediately and *directly* are strangely used for "when" or "as soon as." This usage is not regarded as the best, and has not the sanction of the best writers: but in every-day speech it prevails widely, and is even found in the books of writers of repute. The following passages, from the pages of a novelist of distinction, furnish examples of this queer and widely prevalent misapprehension and misapplication. "Directly he entered the room, Mrs. D—— formally introduced him." "Immediately N——'s arrival was heard of, Mrs. W—— hastened up to town." "'Are you ill?' said G—— directly she saw him."

"Different *to*" for "different *from*" is in general vogue, except among the most careful speakers. Although it is in almost universal use in England, it is not defensible, and is not English. It is however no novelty. Baker, in his Remarks on the English Language, 1770, justly censures it, as well as "different *than*," which is also in common use. "Different *to*" has however the support of Addison.

Awfully. I cannot say that the misuse of this word in England struck me as peculiar, for it is misused in the same monstrous way here. But there I was amazed by the high quarters in which I heard it maltreated. We all know what *awful* means in Shakespeare, in the Bible, the Prayer Book, in Addison, and in Macaulay; but when I heard a Cambridge don, who was engaged in earnest scientific talk with another, say, "That's an awfully good experiment," and when I heard the president of the Philological Society say to a lady who sat next me, in the most matter-of-course, unconscious way, "Oh, yes, she's an awfully nice girl," I came to the conclusion that, whatever it may have once meant in the speech of England, *awfully* means "very" in the language of Philistia.

My horror of horrors, however, was the hearing at Oxford — at Oxford of all places, and at the Oxford Union! — a member of the university speak of "events which are daily *transpiring* under our very eyes." After that I gave up observing, or even caring about, the misuse of English in England. What was it to me that they had not escaped the loathsome contamination of which I saw evidence in the sign "Wine Office and *Sample Room*" at 95 Regent Street Quadrant!

I was surprised, indeed, to meet with that disgusting Americanism, of New York origin, in London; but I was none the less amused at the fastidious shudder with which a lady in a first-class railway carriage said to her daughter, who had declared that something or other was "not worth a row of pins," "My dear, I do wish that you would not use that low American slang." American slang! O lady Philistina, how I longed to quote to you the passage from the sad scene in Richard II., in which the queen, apprehensive of her coming woes, says, —

> "But stay, here come the gardeners:
> Let us step into the shadow of these trees.
> *My wretchedness unto a row of pins*
> They 'll talk of state."

Indeed, what simile would better fit a woman's mouth? This passage, by the way, is of interest as showing that pins were put up in the same way three hundred years ago as now.

I must pass over not a few minor points in regard to the English of England which I hoped to touch upon, and close this chapter of my English experience with a story of a little talk I had with a man on the Surrey side of London bridge. I was passing a hatter's shop, and seeing the man himself, as I supposed, at the door, and thinking that he looked like the sort of man I should like to talk to, I stopped, and, entering, asked the price of a hat. "Seven and six, sir, that style. Them, nine shillin. But if you 'd like to 'ave sumthink werry helegant, 'ere 's our tiptop harticle at ten and six." I thought it right to tell

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him at once that I did not intend buying, but that I was attracted by his hats and wished to know the price. He was perfectly civil and good-natured, as I always found London shopmen, whether I bought or not; nor did I ever encounter among them either servility or browbeating. He answered, with a rueful little h'm and smile, "Hi thought so. Hi see your 'at was too new for you to want a hother. *Would* you be so good as to let me look hat it, sir?" I handed it to him. "H'm! Lincoln and Bennett! Hi thought so. Hall you swell gents goes to them, 'cos they 've got a big name, an' so they gits big prices. But there 's hother people knows 'ow to make a 'at as well as Lincoln and Bennett. Look a' that 'un," handing me one of our tip-top harticles. Then, with a burst of enthusiasm, "*Would* you be so good as to put on that 'at, sir?" I complied. "There! Hi do think that sets you hoff, helegant. Hanythink nobbier Hi never see." As the hat was decidedly too small for me, to say nothing more, I did not agree with him, and set it down in silence. "That 'at sir, 's a harticle Hi 'm proud of, an' I 'll set it agen hanythink that hever come hout of Lincoln and Bennett's shop." "I beg pardon," I said, "but you call *at* an article; I thought it was a preposition." The temptation was irresistible, but I did not know what might come of my yielding to it, and I prepared for a quick retreat. But I was safe in the density of his mental faculties. "Proposition, sir?" said he after a moment. "I 'ave n't 'eard hany; but I shall be 'appy to 'ave one." To tell the truth, I felt a little ashamed of myself. The man's ignorance was not his fault. Putting my own preposition on my head, I bade him good-day; and as I turned the corner — it was the next one — I saw him looking after me with the bewildered air of one vainly struggling at apprehension.

Richard Grant White.

HELEN'S CUP.

Then Helen, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Presently she cast a drug into the wine whereof they drank, — a drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow.

BUCHER AND LANG'S HOMER.

GIVE me the potent draught that Helen poured
To lull Telemachus! Make me forget
All present peril, all old sins, and let
Me look toward peace. Long threat'ning, Fate's sharp sword
Before my eyes has hung, — about me roared
The battle's clamor. Sore I am beset;
New fears and ancient pains together met
Assail me, who for peace have long implored.

Give me, at last, to drink, and let them flee,
The baffled ghosts that watch me sullenly,
To those waste fields that waiting shadows keep;
And down some waveless tide, in quiet deep,
As set of day upon a quiet sea,
Oh, let me drift, and dream, and fall on sleep.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

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THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.[1]

THE unheroic side of a certain number of great men cannot fail to interest a very large number of readers, and a thorough account of the private life of a man like Napoleon Bonaparte is full of instruction for every student of history and of human nature. Madame de Rémusat, who has given us this entertainment, held for some years the position of lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine. She was evidently a person of great intelligence, and she kept a diary in which she recorded her observations from day to day. It is very plain that Napoleon admired and respected her, low as was his general opinion of women, and he frequently talked with her about himself, — this was always his favorite subject, — his past history and his plans for the future. Unfortunately, in the commotion of his return from Elba she burned these memoirs, to prevent their falling into strange hands; but shortly afterwards she rewrote them in the form in which they are now given to the world. Doubtless the fresh charm of the first draught is gone, but no one can read these pages without being impressed with their truth and intelligence, as they now stand. While we miss the precision of a diary, we have the story told by a writer whose memory of the most momentous part of her life was unimpaired, and there is no reason to doubt the shrewdness of her judgment of men and things.

As for his personal appearance, Napoleon was short and clumsily built, his legs being too short for his body. His head was handsome, especially the upper part; his eyes were bluish-gray, generally wearing a melancholy expression; his laugh was, we are told, irresistible. But he seldom laughed; he preferred to wrap himself up in dignity; or, more exactly, to make himself feared rather than loved. Madame de Rémusat records one or two instances of flashes of amiability on his part, but some of them only bring into greater relief the coldness of his heart, as when he tried to make himself agreeable to her while she was almost heart-broken about the murder of the Duke of Enghien. At another time, just after he had made himself emperor, he talked for a while most pleasantly to herself and her husband; then suddenly his face became sombre, and he gave M. de Rémusat some harsh, trifling order, evidently with the intention of preventing them from attaching too much weight to this brief relaxation of his dignity. He condemned Henri IV. for his personal amiability. "He lacked seriousness," he said one day. "*Bonhomie* is an affectation that a sovereign should avoid. What does he mean by it? To remind those who are near him that he is a man like other men? What absurdity! When a man is a king, he is a man apart; and I have always admired the true political instinct that Alexander the Great showed in claiming descent from a god." His aim, like his practice, was to hold every one aloof, to keep those about him in terror.

In a brief summary of his character, Madame de Rémusat says that he had "no generosity, no real greatness. I have never seen him admire or understand a fine action. He always distrusted a noble feeling; he never made any account of sincerity, and did not hesitate to say that he recognized a man's superiority according to his skill

[1] *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat.* 1802–1808. Publiés avec une Préface et des Notes par son petit-fils, PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Sénateur de la Haute-Garonne. Tome 1er. Paris: C. Levy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

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in lying; and on this occasion he took pleasure in recalling that, when he was a child, one of his uncles predicted that he would govern the world, because he was such an inveterate liar. 'M. de Metternich,' he added, 'is very near being a statesman; he lies very well.'" Those whom he won by flattery he kept in subjection by severity. He understood the French people well. The evening before his coronation, his marshals were disputing about precedence, and referred the matter to his decision. Madame de Rémusat said to him, "You seem to have stamped the ground of France, and to have said, 'Let all the vanities arise from the earth!'" "That is true," was his reply; "but it is very convenient to govern the French through their vanity."

He had other ways, too, of managing public opinion: at Gand, in one of his tours, he was received with evident coolness; and, after thinking the matter over, he said to his wife, "These people are exceedingly religious, and under the influence of the priests; we must stay a long time at church to-morrow, secure the clergy by some little attention, and so we shall regain what we have lost;" and he was right.

Madame de Rémusat asked him one day why, if he set so little store by men's opinion, he should undertake so much. "Oh, one must be the creature of one's fate. Whoever is called by her cannot resist her. And then human pride creates the public that it desires in that ideal world we call posterity. When one thinks that a hundred years hence a fine line will recall some great action, a painting will preserve the memory of it, one's imagination is inflamed, the battle-field loses its terrors, the cannon roars in vain; one hears only the sound that a thousand years hence will carry a hero's name to our descendants." "I can never understand," she said, "how one can run risks for glory, while one despises the men of one's own time." But here he interrupted her: "I do not despise them; that is something you must never say; and I especially admire the French!"

"I smiled at this sudden exclamation," Madame de Rémusat goes on; "and as if he had guessed the cause of my amusement, coming near and pulling my ear, which was, as I have said, his usual gesture when in good humor, he repeated to me, 'Do you understand, madame? You must never say that I despise the French.'"

In his private life he was constantly under the eye of Madame de Rémusat, who does not paint him as a model of domestic virtues. He was accustomed to meet his wife's denunciations of his infidelities by pleading his genius, which, he said, raised him above the laws that served to control other men. Yet he returned to her, anxious for the pardon which he knew he could obtain. Family ties had but little weight with him. When the elder brother of Napoleon III. died, the boy whom he had chosen for his heir, the emperor was in Berlin, and seemed so little moved that Talleyrand reminded him, just before he was to appear in public, "You forget that there has just been a bereavement in your family, and that you ought to look a little sad." Bonaparte answered, "Je ne m'amuse pas à penser aux morts." The anecdote is interesting for what it shows of both men. There are other stories about Talleyrand, for which the reader must consult the book. Talleyrand's memoirs, it may be said by the way, if they are ever published cannot fail to be amusing reading, and there can be but little doubt that what he says about Napoleon will but corroborate the testimony of Madame de Rémusat. He understood his man well, and once he satisfied his love of mischief by the following trick: Napoleon was willing enough to be emperor, but he detested the notion of becoming king. Berthier came in, and Talleyrand told

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him if he wanted to please Bonaparte to go to him and urge him to make himself king. Berthier was only too glad to have an agreeable subject of conversation, and he began his little speech. The moment he heard the word *king*, Napoleon's eyes flashed; he shook his fist in the face of his adviser, with, "Imbecile, who told you to come here and stir up my bile? Another time you will be careful whose advice you take."

When all the best stories are told, there is left enough of Madame de Rémusat's intelligent discussion of the great man and of his policy to keep the reader entertained. Besides her own observation, she had the advantage of hearing Napoleon's views concerning himself; and he seems to have had as few delusions on that subject as on many others. He said, in speaking of his wife, "She is always a great deal more anxious about me than is necessary. Josephine is always afraid lest I should fall seriously in love; she does not know that love is not made for me. For, what is love? A passion which sets on one side the universe, in order to see nothing but the beloved object on the other. And, certainly, it is not my nature to give up myself to any such view of life."

At another time, after a long account of his career, he went on as follows: "In Egypt, I was free from the tiresome fetters of civilization; I dreamed all sorts of things, and saw the way to put my dreams into action. I created a religion: I saw myself on the road to Asia, mounted on an elephant, a turban on my head, and in my hand a new Koran, of my own composition. In my undertaking I should have united the experiences of two worlds; I should have attacked the English in East India, and by this conquest I should have again come into relation with Europe. The time I spent in Egypt was the happiest of my life, for it was the most ideal. But fate decided otherwise. My letters from France showed me that I had not a moment to waste. I came down to practical life, and returned to Paris, where the most important matters are settled in an *entr'acte* of the opera."

In general, however, the ideal side of life — and in the case just mentioned it was only his ambition that was excited by his imagination — had but little meaning for him. Life was to him a game, in which people were hardly more than chessmen. Yet, with his low opinion of others, he had no delusions about himself. The murder of the Duke of Enghien was but a stroke of policy, and he strongly condemned unnecessary murders. He acknowledged to Talleyrand that he was essentially a coward; that is to say, that he would not be averse to doing a disgraceful action under compulsion, as indeed the much-discussed fate of the unhappy duke clearly proves.

What makes this book valuable is, of course, Madame de Rémusat's intelligent observation. Her acuteness was great, — as great as her opportunity of studying the hero whose unheroic side she clearly shows. What strikes one most about him in this book is his unlikeness to the French people. The enthusiasms that feed their imagination had no influence over him; he observed them in the people he governed, and they served him as strings to pull, in order to produce certain actions. He was most distinctly a foreigner, who yet knew how to use the tools that lay under his hand. His intelligence and his energy were almost without limit. Madame de Rémusat in no way belittles his genius, but she sets his character before us in no attractive light. That part of him had no power of deceiving a quick-witted woman, who was above all things a lady. She treats him with generosity, but without flattery.

The second volume of Madame de Rémusat's Mémoires carries the reader into the year 1806. One misses the charm of novelty that was so striking at the beginning of her chronicle, but this

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is more than made good by the general widening of her subject and the introduction of many new persons. Yet Napoleon is of course the first figure, and one gets fuller knowledge of the repulsive side of this remarkable man. His manners in the domestic circle — if that phrase can be applied to his court — seem to have been as unattractive as those he showed to his foes on the field of battle. It is almost fair to wonder whether some of his perpetual upsetting of Europe was not the consequence of his lack of peace at home.

At any rate, he found it easier to conquer kings and emperors than to preserve tranquillity in his own palace. His methods for accomplishing his purposes were alike in both cases. "He arranged matters of etiquette with all the severity of military discipline. Every ceremony was performed as if at the beat of a drum, everything was done at a quick step, so to speak: and this haste, the continual fear that it inspired, united to the unfamiliarity of half the courtiers with these methods, gave his court a dismal rather than a dignified appearance, and impressed on all faces the uneasiness which was to be observed amid all the pleasures and magnificence with which he ostentatiously surrounded himself."

When he was supervising military preparations at the camp of Boulogne, he was also settling questions of precedence and the rank of various new officials. The empress, with the tact of her sex, filled her place very well; but the emperor, we are told, treated his courtiers with severity, and Madame de Rémusat says that it was curious to witness the frequent discomfiture of those members of the old aristocracy who, under one pretext or another, had consented to wait upon the emperor. He would utter some angry word, and their fine phrases would seem idle. The position of a courtier, she says, was of no value; it led to nothing. "It was dangerous to be a man in his presence, that is to say, to preserve the exercise of any intellectual faculties; it was simpler and easier for every one, or nearly every one, to adopt the air of servitude."

His methods of keeping those about him in this condition were certainly well suited for their purpose. At one time, when, in the absence of the emperor, rumor had been busy with some of the ladies of the palace, connecting their names with more or less serious flirtations, it happened that Napoleon suddenly appeared at the table where a number were breakfasting together, and, after a few insignificant words, he began to make it clear that they had been the object of gossip. The empress, who knew his method of pleasantry, tried to interrupt him, but he persisted. "Yes, ladies, you are keeping the people in the faubourg Saint-Germain very busy. They say, for instance, that you, Madame —— have been falling in love with Mr. So and So; that you, madame," and so he went on. Madame de Rémusat thought he did this out of sheer love of mischief, but he assumed to be angry with those who sniffed at his court, and he threatened to exile any one who should gossip about a lady of the palace. The empress shortened the breakfast to put an end to the scene. When she upbraided him for his thoughtlessness, he said that the ladies ought to be obliged to him for his zeal in defending them when they were attacked.

His manners in society were ungracious; his first remark to almost every one was, "What is your name?" There was a man, named Grétry, whom he was especially in the habit of forgetting; so that when his name was asked once too often for the patience of its owner, he replied, "Toujours Grétry."

It was only when he was at his real work in life that the emperor was happy: thus when he was at Saint-Cloud preparing for the campaign of 1805, although he was as busy as possible, he was unwontedly serene and gracious.

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The empress, too, was not sorry when he proposed a new campaign, since she could "thus escape the gossip of Paris, which terrified her, the tediousness of the palace of Saint-Cloud, and the observation of her brothers-in-law. She looked upon a campaign as a journey." What this lady suffered at the hands of the emperor's family was indeed grievous. Madame de Rémusat tells us that at the coronation the empress, whose manner had been most dignified and striking, when she had to proceed from the altar to the throne, had a moment of altercation with her sisters-in-law, who were carrying her robe with such manifest aversion that I saw the time when the new empress could not step forward. The emperor, who perceived what was wrong, spoke a few dry, firm words to his sisters, and set everything in motion.

"The Pope," the chronicler goes on, "during the whole ceremony, had the air of a resigned victim; but it was a dignified resignation which he had voluntarily assumed for a great object."

It is unnecessary to give full accounts of the intrigues of the court; most of us would think in reading them that we had before us a record of the social warfare of some insignificant village. It is more interesting to turn to some of the many anecdotes that illustrate Napoleon's character. Here is one: He was extremely proud of the campaign of 1805, which saw the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and the occupation of Vienna; "one thing alone occasionally aroused his ill-humor. He was astonished at the indifference with which the Viennese treated him, and at the difficulty he had in getting them about him, although he invited them to dinners and entertainments at the palace he was occupying. He was amazed at their devotion to a beaten sovereign who was inferior to him." In his surprise he spoke about it to Monsieur de Rémusat. This gentleman told him that, while they acknowledged Napoleon's greatness, they felt that their own emperor was great, and that they could not love any one else. But Napoleon was unable to comprehend these feelings, for he "believed in nothing but success;" and after his return to Paris, when he heard of the touching reception the Viennese gave to their conquered emperor on his reentry into the city, he said, "What a strange people! I am sure that if I were to go back to Paris under such circumstances I should not be received in this way."

The keenness of Madame de Rémusat's observation and the soundness of her judgment are to be seen on every page of her delightful book, and the final chapters of this second volume are full of acute analysis of Napoleon's relations to the men who surrounded him. His jealousy of his marshals, his low opinion of humanity at large and of all individuals, his habit of controlling every one by brutality, — all of these habits were clearly seen by the keen-eyed woman who was in no way imposed upon by his grandeur. Her remarks, too, on Napoleon's unfavorable influence upon literature are very intelligent. The editor quotes some criticism of her son's upon this part of her book, but what she has to say will commend itself, at least, to the attention of her readers. In short, these two volumes are a perfect mine of information about what we may call the local color of the first empire; she has written a chapter of modern history without illusions and without prejudices.

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A GERMAN AGITATOR AND A FRENCH DILETTANTE.

It may be said with truth that there are but few novels in any tongue that will compare in interest with Helene von Racowitza's Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle.[1] It bears witness, however, to the difference between fact and fiction — a difference to the credit of fiction — that distinguishes real stories from anecdotes. A more humiliating story to read, and indeed a more humiliating confession to write, it would be hard to find, and yet it is easy to see how the whole matter came about. Possibly, a glance at the writer's portrait will explain the failure of her life. She is certainly striking-looking, and, in a way, handsome, but with a weak face that gives emphatic corroboration to her narration. It will be remembered that it was she with whom Lassalle was in love. Lassalle was a famous German socialist, who has left his mark on contemporary German thought. She was almost a child in years when she first met him, and one gathers that she was an attractive creature, and the two fell instantly in love. He was twice her age, and in many ways, from his democratic affiliations, his Jewish birth, and his stormy past, anything but the man whom a German diplomatist, who was anxious to maintain his position, would welcome as a son-in-law. From the first, her parents tried to prevent their meeting, but with only the usual success; to be sure, the two young people saw very little of one another, but enough to determine to marry. It was during a visit to Switzerland that Helene became engaged to Lassalle. When she announced this fact to her family, there was enormous commotion. She ran off to the hotel whence Lassalle was to issue to overcome her parents by his many fascinations. He had already before this tried to simplify matters by urging her to run away with him, but she had refused. Now she proposed the same course to him, but this time he refused, and he sent her back to her home. She tells at some length how her family broke her spirit, and made her an unwilling tool to break off the match and rid them of Lassalle. When, finally, a young man, who had long been in love with her, killed Lassalle in a duel, she suffered a good deal, but shortly afterward she consented to marry him.

Certainly, it is only the surly fathers of pretty, addle-pated daughters — such as the middle-aged observer sees in farces, and the youthful lover in very kindly old gentlemen — who can find cause for pleasure in this pitiable tale. There are, of course, some girls who would not have yielded in this way, but she brings forward in excuse her ignorance of her lover's real character; and there are some young men who would have been quick to run off with her, and the principal excuse for Lassalle we may take to be this, — that he had boundless confidence in his power to win the enraged parents to his way of thinking; but one cannot help thinking that he overestimated his own powers.

One is safe in saying that the novelist would have brought things to another conclusion, but the statement that Tourguéneff drew his Helene, in On the Eve, from the lady whose adventures have just been mentioned is a hasty one; for On the Eve was published in 1859, and at that time the other Helene had never met Lassalle. But looking on it as a bit of writing, which is after all its main interest to us, one must say that the book is very interesting, like any true report

[1] *Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle.* Von Helene von Racowitza, geb. v. Dönniges. Breslau und Leipzig: S. Schottländer. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

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of life, or of the tragedy of any human being's life. Certainly, the writer has the merit of frankness, and she makes no effort to give facts any false name. She says that in writing the book, with its full and true account of her acquaintance with Lassalle, she hopes in some measure to mitigate the blame that has been attached to her in the matter. But this wish to justify herself does not diminish her frankness; on the contrary, she apparently tries to place the facts before the reader as simply and fully as possible, relying on the truth of the old saying, "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner." On the whole, one cannot help feeling pity and sympathy for the impetuous, romantic, high-spirited girl who was so ill brought up that the wonder was that she did not fall into even more mistakes of action than was the case. It is yet to be understood that the book is of the nature of a special plea for herself against the blame that she has received as the indirect cause of Lassalle's death. But it is strange to come across a verbatim account of her conversation with him at their second meeting, at a public ball, when, in a pause of the dance, he asked her what she would do if she were his wife, and she were to see him ascending the scaffold to meet his death. She answered, "I should wait until they had cut off that proud head, that those eagle eyes might have something they loved to rest upon until the last moment, and then I would take poison."

One does not like to think of her unavailing regret, as she wrote these lines, that, instead of such an ending of their ardent love, he should have been killed in a duel on her account, and she should have let herself be persuaded into marrying the man who shot him. It would be hard to imagine a more bitter sarcasm on the difference between our notion of ourselves and what we actually are.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is at times not so beautiful, as we may see by comparing the fate of this Helene with Tourguéneff's Helene, the circumstances of whose life bear so striking a resemblance to those of the one who lived to record her career. But in the novel Bersenieff did not draw back when he was asked to run away with the woman he loved, and we are brought back to our original feeling that if a loving, headlong, easily influenced girl is to act like a heroine she must have a whole-hearted hero to inspire her, and not a man who is the prey of vanity and ambition, as we must suspect Lassalle to have been.

It is not unfair to look upon Helene von Racowitza's book as a special plea, as the presentation of her side of an interesting case, but the reader who wishes to learn more about the questions she raises will not feel contented unless he reads Kutschbach's little volume,[1] which brings forward a great deal of new testimony, and, from its impartial summing up of the words of various witnesses, may be looked upon as a sort of judge's charge. Helene's book is interesting, but it grows dull by the side of this fuller volume, and many of the points that are left in the dark by her have the full light of day thrown upon them by this writer.

What is made pretty clear is that Lassalle was more indifferent to Helene at the period before they met in Switzerland than she supposed. This is not a very important matter, however, for there is no doubt that he was in love with her after that time. What seemed inexplicable was his treatment of her when she fled from her father's house, and offered to run away with him. He simply upbraided her for acting foolishly,

[1] *Lassalle's Tod.* Im Anschluss an die Memoiren der Helene von Racowitza: Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle, zur Ergänzung derselben. Von A. KUTSCHBACH. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. New York: E. Steiger. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

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and sent her back to her parents. It is true that she had promised not to speak to them of the matter until he should reach Geneva, but when she found her family rejoicing and inclined to amiability on account of the recent engagement of her sister, she judged it a fitting moment to try her luck with her parents. Naturally enough, the contrast between this new love affair and the one they were rubbing their hands over did but drive the parents, and especially the stern father, to greater wrath.

Lassalle's rejection of Helene was the turning-point in this tragic history. She went back to her home, possibly mortally wounded by his treatment. He, on the other hand, then first began to think seriously of her. In two or three of his letters, — not with perfect tact, it must be acknowledged, — he says that he only began to love her a few hours after that unfortunate affair. But from that moment he set to work with the utmost energy: he summoned his most trustworthy friends to his aid; he sent letters to Helene by various messengers; he went to Munich to get the help of the state department in opposing Helene's father, who was in the diplomatic service. In a word, he took the most active measures to undo what he then thought to be his folly, and to get back the opportunity he had once let slip through his fingers.

His letters to her gave her full information about the way she should conduct herself, in order to escape from her father's persecution. He besought her to stand firm, and when he began to hear of her wavering, he spoke with mingled severity and entreaty. This writer makes it very plain that Helene is inexact in her defense of herself; in certain particulars she is condemned by very strong testimony. But, however that may be, she, as she says, soon yielded to her parents' wishes, and threw Lassalle over. That she did this with extreme readiness no one who has read much fiction can for a moment doubt. Meanwhile Lassalle was moving heaven and earth to win her, and raging like a lion over all the obstacles that stood in his way. Her conduct may with justice be called heartless; but then he knew before that she had no will of her own, and the reader's sympathy for him is tempered by the thought that she was so little worthy of all this passionate devotion.

Yet when one speaks of passionate devotion, one cannot help thinking of two or three instances of Lassalle's grossness, that are disclosed in this book, that will make many estimable people regret only that it was not they who fired the pistol that mortally wounded him. When he learned that she was false to him, — and anything more enraging than Helene's conduct no novelist could devise, — he wrote to her father a letter in which he said that since he was now convinced that Helene was "a contemptible drab" he had no reason for not calling out the old gentleman, who had so insulted him. In short, he brought his death upon himself, and it was the only conclusion, in his eyes, to as complicated a bit of love business as one often finds reported in the nobler, or at least more pretentious, gossip of printed books. But where is the person, man or woman, who is really indifferent to gossip? In other words, who is absolutely indifferent to every one else?

It is a curious fact that Théophile Gautier has ceased to be a contemporary writer so soon after his death. This statement is not a bull, it may be well to say, but simply a recognition of the fact that what he aimed at doing has ceased to be the aim of the new generation of writers. With him, to state it broadly, execution was everything; but nowadays, taking Daudet and Zola for examples, the execution is of less moment, and the main thing is the matter that has to be expressed. Thus, Daudet's Les Rois en Exil is made of long

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episodes and detached incidents; there is no separate, distinctly marked catastrophe; the book is a serious work, not an accumulation of cleverness. Gautier could run on, too, at will, as his Le Capitaine Fracasse shows; but his lighter work, and more especially his poetry, gives us only the spectacle of a man playing with difficulties, and continually surprising us by his dexterity. It is an ungrateful person who does not derive pleasure from Gautier's wonderful performance, but one does not have to be a very stern moralist to insist that real greatness is a very different thing from the possession of any conceivable amount of skill. The disadvantages of Gautier's theories were seen when Tom, Dick, and Harry decided that it made no difference what they wrote about, so long as they expressed themselves with grace, and that he was an evil-minded man who asked what was the use of blowing soap-bubbles. But Gautier was better than his imitators, and we can admire him without making it an article of literary faith that it is necessary for every one to try to do what he almost alone could do well. These are thoughts which suggest themselves on taking up a little volume about Gautier that his son-in-law and fond admirer, Emile Bergerat, has just published.[1] The author knew Gautier for only the last few years of his life, but he has succeeded in giving us what is really a distinct impression of the charm the poet exercised upon his friends. The book contains, too, scraps of his talk, which will be found interesting. Here is one remark: "While man wholly dies, there is nothing about him that dies so truly as his voice. We know, or at least we can imagine, what becomes of the rest of him, but what becomes of the voice? What is there left of it? Nothing can recall the memory of a human voice to those who have forgotten it; nothing can give an idea of it to those who have not heard it. It is absolutely annihilated. It returns to chaos without leaving any trace; a voice that is extinct is extinct forever, and all nature, with its hundred thousand orchestras, and the infinitely multiplied echoes of its orchestras, will never by any chance find it again. No sound of it, no notion! There is nothing to fix its modulation, to attest its charm and quality, — nothing!"

There are passages in the book, however, and notably some of Gautier's poems, which serve to give a complete notion of one part of that eminent writer's nature, while they indicate very clearly one radical difference between French literature and that of some other countries. These are those poems which could not be published in any collection with claims to being thought reputable. M. Bergerat, who desires to be a faithful chronicler, shows us those qualities in his father-in-law which one whom he would call prudish would endeavor to hide. But when one is speaking about Théophile Gautier, one is privileged to be almost as frank as he himself was, and all of his offenses against conventional propriety were in good part redeemed by his child-like unconsciousness of the way he was shocking his contemporaries. It should be said about this book that it brings Gautier vividly before us, and that this result is the more remarkable in view of the slight quantity of material that the author was able to make use of. What we have here makes us only regret the more that we have no full report of the distinguished writer when a young man. He must have been a strange character even for Paris.

[1] *Théophile Gautier.* Entretiens, Souvenirs, et Correspondance. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: Schönhof. 1879.

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is twenty years since the death of Washington Irving removed that personal presence which is always a powerful and sometimes the sole stimulus to the sale of an author's books, and which strongly affects the contemporary judgment of their merits. It is almost a century since his birth, which was nearly coeval with that of the republic. For fifty years Irving charmed and instructed the American people, and was the author who held on the whole the first place in their affections. As he was the first to lift American literature into the popular respect of Europe, so for a long time he was the chief representative of the American name in the world of letters. During this period, probably no citizen of the republic, except the Father of his Country, had so wide a reputation as his namesake, Washington Irving.

It is time to inquire what basis this great reputation had in enduring qualities, and whether it was largely a social product, and ephemeral. To enter fully into such an inquiry cannot be the purpose of this essay. Within the necessary limits prescribed for it, I cannot critically examine his various works, nor even outline the manner of their production, nor sketch in any detail the triumphs of his literary career. I shall attempt only a study of one period, — the formative period of his life as a man of letters, — and pass from that to some observations upon his rank and the character of his literary work.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1785, and was the eighth son in a family of eleven children. His father, William Irving, was a sailor from Shafinska, one of the Orkney Islands, who traced his descent from William de Irwyn, the armor-bearer and secretary of Robert Bruce. In 1761 he married Sarah Sanders, a beautiful girl, whose acquaintance he made at the seaport of Falmouth, England, and two years later settled in New York as a trader. He was a successful merchant until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. In this contest he was a staunch whig, and his wife was distinguished for her merciful ministrations to the patriot prisoners confined in the city. Our author was born in William Street, and spent his boyhood there in an old-time house about half-way between Fulton and John, that was not pulled down till 1849, within ten years of his death.

New York at the time of his birth was a rural city, clustered about the Battery, of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants. It did not extend northward quite to the site of the present City Hall Park, and beyond that, then and for several years afterwards, were only country residences, orchards, and corn-fields. The city was half burned down during the war, and had emerged from it in a dilapidated condition. There was still a marked separation between the Dutch and the English residents, though the Irvings seem to have been on terms of intimacy with the best of both nationalities. The habits of living were primitive; the manners were agreeably free; conviviality at the table was the fashion, and strong expletives had not gone out of use in conversation. Society was the reverse of intellectual: the aristocracy were the merchants and traders; what literary culture found expression was formed on English models, dignified and plentifully garnished with Latin and Greek allusions; the commercial spirit ruled, and the relaxations and amusements partook of its hurry and excitement. In their gay, hospitable, and mercurial character, the inhabitants were

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true progenitors of the present metropolis. A newspaper had been established in 1732, and a theatre had existed since 1750. Although the town had a rural aspect, with its quaint dormer-window houses, its straggling lanes and roads, and the water-pumps in the middle of the streets, it had the character of a city, and already much of the metropolitan air.

These were the surroundings in which the boy's literary talent was to develop. His father was a deacon in the Presbyterian church, — a sedate, God-fearing man, with the strict severity of the Scotch Covenanter, serious in his intercourse with his family, without sympathy in the amusements of his children. He was not without tenderness in his nature, but the exhibition of it was repressed on principle, — a man of high character and probity, greatly esteemed by his associates. He endeavored to bring up his children in sound religious principles, and to leave no room in their lives for triviality. One of the two weekly half-holidays was required for the catechism, and the only relaxation from the three church services on Sunday was the reading of the Pilgrim's Progress. This cold and severe discipline at home would have been intolerable but for the more lovingly demonstrative and impulsive character of the mother, whose gentle nature and fine intellect won the tender veneration of her children. Of the father they stood in awe; his conscientious piety failed to waken any religious sensibility in them, and they revolted from a teaching which seemed to regard everything that was pleasant as wicked. The mother, brought up an Episcopalian, conformed to the religious forms and worship of her husband, but she was never in sympathy with his rigid views. The children were repelled from the creed of their father, and subsequently all of them except one became attached to the Episcopal church. Washington, in order to make sure of his escape, and feel safe while he was still constrained to attend his father's church, went stealthily to Trinity church at an early age, and received the rite of confirmation. The boy was full of vivacity, drollery, and innocent mischief. He had a love of music, which became later in life a passion, and great fondness for the theatre. This latter stolen delight he first tasted in company with a boy who was somewhat his senior, but destined to be his literary comrade, James K. Paulding, whose sister was the wife of Irving's brother William. Whenever he could afford this indulgence, he stole away early to the theatre in John Street, and remained until it was time to return to family prayers at nine, after which he would retire to his room, slip through his window and down the roof to a back alley, and return to enjoy the afterpiece.

Young Irving's school education was desultory, pursued under several more or less incompetent masters, and was over at the age of sixteen. The teaching does not seem to have had much discipline or solidity; he studied Latin a few months, but made no other incursion into the classics. The handsome, tender-hearted, truthful, susceptible boy was no doubt a dawdler in routine studies, but he assimilated what suited him. He found his food in such pieces of English literature as were floating about, in Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad. At ten he was inspired by a translation of Orlando Furioso. He devoured books of voyages and travel; he could turn a neat verse, and his scribbling propensities were exercised in the composition of childish plays. The fact was that the boy was a dreamer and saunterer; he himself says that he used to wander about the pier heads in fine weather, watch the ships departing on long voyages, and dream of going to the ends of the earth. His brothers Peter and John had been sent to Columbia College, and it is probable that Washington would have had the same advan-

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tage if he had not shown a disinclination to methodical study. At the age of sixteen he entered a law office, but he was a heedless student, and never acquired either a taste for the profession or much knowledge of law. While he sat in the law office he read literature, and made considerable progress in his self-culture; but he liked rambling and society quite as well as books. In 1798 we find him passing a summer holiday in Westchester County, and exploring with his gun the Sleepy Hollow region, which he was afterwards to make an enchanted realm; and in 1800 he made his first voyage up the Hudson, the beauties of which he was the first to celebrate, on a visit to a married sister who lived in the Mohawk Valley. In 1802 he became a law clerk in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and began that enduring intimacy with the refined and charming Hoffman family which was so deeply to influence all his life. His health had always been delicate, and his friends were now alarmed by symptoms of pulmonary weakness. This physical disability no doubt had much to do with his disinclination to severe study. For the next two or three years much time was consumed in excursions up the Hudson and the Mohawk, and in adventurous journeys as far as the wilds of Ogdensburg and to Montreal, to the great improvement of his physical condition, and in the enjoyment of the gay society of Albany, Schenectady, Ballston, and Saratoga Springs. These explorations and visits gave him material for future use, and exercised his pen in agreeable correspondence; but his tendency at this time, and for several years afterwards, was to the idle life of a man of society. Whether the literary impulse which was born in him would have ever insisted upon any but an occasional and fitful expression, except for the necessities of his subsequent condition, is doubtful.

Irving's first literary publication was a series of letters, signed Jonathan Oldstyle, contributed in 1802 to the Morning Chronicle, a newspaper recently established by his brother Peter. The attention that these audacious satires of the theatre, the actors, and their audience attracted is evidence of the literary poverty of the period. The letters are open imitations of the Spectator and the Tatler, and although sharp upon local follies are of no consequence at present except as foreshadowing the sensibility and quiet humor of the future author, and his chivalrous devotion to woman. What is worthy of note is that a boy of nineteen should turn aside from his caustic satire to protest against the cruel and unmanly habit of jesting at ancient maidens. It was enough for him that they were women, and possessed the strongest claim upon our admiration, tenderness, and protection.

Irving's health continued so much impaired when he came of age, in 1804, that his brothers determined to send him to Europe; and he took passage in May in a sailing vessel for Bordeaux, his consumptive appearance impressing the captain with the foreboding that he would not live to cross the Atlantic. His absence was prolonged till January, 1806. He traveled through France, then in a very suspicious and disturbed condition, passed into Italy, visited Sicily, sojourned in Paris, and reached London by way of Belgium. His journey, although interesting in itself and made at a period of feverish political excitement and transition, was not immediately fruitful in a literary way, and need not detain us. It was the irresolute pilgrimage of a man who had not yet received his vocation. Everywhere he was received in the best society, and the charm of his manner and his ingenuous nature made him everywhere a favorite. He carried that indefinable passport which society recognizes, and which needs no *visé*. He saw the people who were famous, the women whose recognition is a social reputation; he made

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many valuable friends, — not the least valuable of whom were Americans sojourning abroad (some of whom, like Washington Allston and Newton, were to have a career); he dabbled in art, and was seriously tempted by Allston to remain in Rome and become a painter; he frequented the theatre; he indulged his passion for the opera; he learned how to dine and to appreciate the delights of a brilliant *salon;* he was picking up languages; he was observing nature and men, and especially women. His excuse for writing little from Paris, whose gayety and brightness fascinated him, was, "I am a young man, and in Paris." That he profited by his loitering experience is plain enough afterwards, but thus far there was little to prophesy that Irving would be anything more in life than a charming *flâneur*.

Nor on his return to America, with reëstablished health, did his life at first take on more serious purpose. He was admitted to the bar, but he still halted. Society more than ever attracted him and devoured his time. He willingly accepted the office of "champion at the tea-parties." He was one of a knot of young fellows of literary tastes and convivial habits who delighted to be known as "the nine worthies," or "the lads of Kilkenny." They had jolly suppers at the humble taverns of the city, and wilder revelries at an old country house on the Passaic, which is celebrated in the Salmagundi papers as Cockloft Hall. There was some affectation of roistering in all this, but it was a time of social good fellowship and easy freedom of manners in both sexes. At the dinners there was much sentimental and bacchanalian singing; it was scarcely good manners not to get a little tipsy, and to be laid under the table by the compulsory bumper was not to the discredit of the guest. These young gentlemen liked to be thought "sad dogs." That they were less abandoned than they pretended to be the sequel shows; among Irving's associates at this period who attained honorable consideration were John and Gouverneur Kemble, Henry Brevoort, Henry Ogden, James K. Paulding, and Washington's brother Peter. The saving influence for all of them was the refined households they frequented, and the association with women who were high-spirited without prudery, and who united purity and simplicity with wit, vivacity, and charm of manner. There is some delightful correspondence between Irving and Miss Mary Farlie, a belle of the time, who married the tragedian, Thomas A. Cooper, — the "fascinating Farlie," as Irving calls her, and the "Sophie Sparkle" of the Salmagundi. Irving's susceptibility to the charms and graces of women — a susceptibility which continued always fresh — was tempered and ennobled by the most chivalrous admiration for the sex as a whole. He placed them on an almost romantic pinnacle, but his actions always conformed to his romantic ideal. In a letter to Miss Farlie, written from Richmond, where he was attending the trial of Aaron Burr, he expresses his exalted opinion of the sex. It was said, in accounting for the open sympathy of the ladies with the prisoner, that Burr had always been a favorite with the sex; "but I am not inclined," writes Irving, "to account for it in so illiberal a manner; it results from that merciful, that heavenly disposition implanted in the female bosom, which ever inclines in favor of the accused and the unfortunate. You will smile at the high strain in which I have indulged; believe me, it is because I feel it; and I love your sex ten times better than ever."

Personally, Irving must have awakened a reciprocal admiration. A drawing by Vanderlyn in Paris in 1805, and a portrait by Jarvis in 1809, present him to us in the fresh bloom of manly beauty. The face has an air of distinction and gentle breeding; the refined lines, the poetic chin, the sensitive mouth, the

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shapely nose, the large, dreamy eyes, the intellectual forehead, and the clustering brown locks are our ideal of the writer of the Sketch Book and the Pilgrim in Spain. A relation, who saw much of our author in his latter years, writes me, "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose, which might perhaps be called large, a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. I should call him of medium height, about five feet eight and one half to nine inches, and inclined to be a trifle stout. There was no peculiarity about his voice; but it was pleasant, and had a good intonation. His smile was exceedingly genial, lightening up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while if he were about to say anything humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes even before the words were spoken. As a young man his face was exceedingly handsome, and his head was well covered with dark hair; but from my earliest recollection of him, he wore neither whiskers nor mustache, but a dark brown wig, which, although it made him look younger, concealed a beautifully shaped head." We can understand why he was a favorite in the society of Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and Albany, as well as of New York, and why he liked to linger here and there, sipping the social sweets, like a man born only to leisure and seemingly idle observation of life.

It was in the midst of these social successes, and just after his admission to the bar, that Irving gave the first decided evidence of the choice of a career. This was his association with Paulding and his eldest brother William in the publication of Salmagundi, a semi-monthly periodical, which ran with tolerable regularity through twenty numbers, and stopped in the full tide of success, with the whimsical indifference to the public which had characterized its every number. Its declared purpose was "simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." In form and manner it was an imitation of the Spectator and the Citizen of the World. Its wit, and to some extent its humor, were original; but so perfectly was it adapted to local conditions that it may be profitably read to-day as a not untrue reflection of the manners and spirit of the time and city. Its amusing audacity and complaisant superiority, the mystery hanging about its writers, its pretense of indifference to praise or profit, its caustic wit, contagious humor, and pungent criticism, piqued, puzzled, and delighted the town. It was from the first an immense success. It had a circulation in other cities, and many imitations of it sprung up. Notwithstanding some affectations and puerilities, it is still readable. Of course, if it were offered now to the complex and sophisticated society of New York, it would fail to attract anything like the attention it received in the days of simplicity; but the same wit, insight, and literary art, informed with the modern spirit and turned upon the follies and "whim-whams" of the metropolis, would undoubtedly have a great measure of success. In Irving's contributions to it may be traced the germs of nearly everything he did afterwards: in it he tried the various stops of his genius; he discovered his own power; his career was determined; thereafter it was only a question of energy or necessity.

Irving did not, however, immediately devote himself to literature, nor seem to regard his achievements in it as anything more than aids to social distinction. Like many young lawyers with little law and less clients, he dabbled somewhat in local politics; but he could not adapt himself to the unseemly association and nauseous work demanded (at that time) of a ward politician, and was soon disgusted with it. He unsuccessfully solicited some appointment at Albany; a very modest solicitation, which

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was never repeated. Although a federalist, and, as he described himself, "an admirer of General Hamilton, and a partisan with him in politics," he accepted a retainer from Burr's friends in 1807, and attended his trial in Richmond, more in the capacity of an observer of the scene than as a lawyer. He did not share the prevalent opinion of Burr's treason, and regarded him as a man so fallen as to be shorn of the power to injure the country, for whom he could feel nothing but compassion.

Not long after the discontinuance of Salmagundi, Irving, in connection with his brother Peter, projected the work which was to make him famous. At first nothing more was intended than a satire upon Dr. Samuel Mitchell's Picture of New York, just then published. It was begun as a mere burlesque upon pedantry and erudition, and was well advanced, when Peter was called by his business to Europe, and its completion was left to Washington. In his mind the idea expanded into a different conception. He condensed the mass of affected learning into five introductory chapters, — as Irving afterwards said, it would have been improved if it had been reduced to one, — and finished the History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker, substantially as we now have it. This was in 1809, when Irving was twenty-six years old.

But before this humorous creation was completed, the author endured the terrible bereavement which was to color his whole life. He had formed a deep and tender passion for Matilda Hoffman, the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, in whose family he had long been on a footing of the most perfect intimacy; and his ardent love was fully reciprocated. Irving was restlessly casting about for some assured means of livelihood, which would enable him to marry, — perhaps his distrust of a literary career was connected with this desire, — when, almost without warning, Miss Hoffman died, in the eighteenth year of her age. Without being a dazzling beauty, she was lovely in person and mind, with most engaging manners, a refined sensibility, and a delicate and playful humor. The loss was a crushing blow to Irving, from the effects of which he never recovered, although time softened the bitterness of his grief into a tender and sacred memory. He could never bear any allusion to her, even from his most intimate friends. After his death, in a private repository, of which he always kept the key, was found a lovely miniature, a braid of fair hair, and a strip of paper, on which was written, in his own hand, "Matilda Hoffman;" and with these treasures were several pages of a memorandum, in ink long since faded. He kept through life her Bible and her Prayer Book; they were placed nightly under his pillow in the first days of anguish that followed her loss, and ever after they were the inseparable companions of all his wanderings. This memorandum, it subsequently appeared, was a copy of a letter addressed to Mrs. Foster, a married lady, in which the story of his early love was related as a reason why he had never married. It was in 1823, while he sojourned in Dresden, that he became intimate with an English family residing there, named Foster, and conceived for the daughter, Miss Emily Foster, a deep attachment. That this would have resulted in marriage if the lady's affection had not been preoccupied the Fosters believed. Irving's biographer thinks otherwise, and gives reasons for believing that he could not at that time have entertained a project of matrimony. It is not for us to question his judgment, with his full knowledge of the circumstances; yet it is evident that Irving was very seriously impressed, and very much unsettled until he drove away the impression by hard work with his pen; and it would be nothing new in human nature and

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experience if he had, for the time, yielded to the attractions of loveliness and a most congenial companionship, and had returned again to an exclusive devotion to the image of the early loved and lost.

The reception of the History of New York is too well known to need description. Its success was far beyond Irving's expectation. It met almost universal acclaim. It is true that some of the old Dutch inhabitants, who sat down to its perusal expecting to read a veritable account of the exploits of their ancestors, were puzzled by the indirection of its commendation; several excellent ladies of New York and Albany were minded to ostracize the innocent author from all social recognition; and as late as 1818 Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, Irving's friend, in an address before the Historical Society, showed the deep irritation the book had caused by severe strictures on it as a "coarse caricature." But the author's winning ways soon dissipated the social cloud, and even the Dutch critics were disarmed by the absence of all malice in the gigantic humor of the composition. One of the first foreigners to recognize its power and originality was Walter Scott.

The book is indeed an original creation, and one of the very few masterpieces of humor. In spontaneity, freshness, breadth of conception, and joyous vigor it has the character of the production of the spring-time in literature. It has entered into the popular mind as no other American book ever has, and it may be said to have created a social realm which, with all its whimsical conceit, has almost historical solidity. The Knickerbocker Pantheon is at least as real as that of Olympus. The introductory chapters are of that elephantine facetiousness which pleased our great-grandfathers, but which is exceedingly tedious to modern taste; and the humor of the book occasionally has a breadth that is indelicate to our apprehension, although it perhaps did not shock our great-grandmothers. But notwithstanding these blemishes, I think the book has more enduring qualities than even the generation which it first delighted gave it credit for.

It is strange that after this success Irving should still have hesitated to adopt literature as his profession. But for two years, and with leisure, he did nothing. He had even hope of political preferment in a small way; and he entered into a mercantile partnership with his brothers, which was to involve little work for him and such share of the profits as should assure him support and leave him free to follow his literary bent. Yet he seems to have been mainly intent upon society and the amusement of the passing hour, and, without the spur of necessity to his literary capacity, he yielded to the temptations of indolence, and settled into the unpromising position of a gentleman of leisure.

The peril to trade involved in the war of 1812 gave him forebodings, and aroused him to some effort. He accepted the editorship of a periodical called Select Reviews, afterwards changed to the Analectic Magazine, for which he wrote several sketches, some of which were introduced into the Sketch Book, and several reviews and novel biographies. But the slight editorial care required was irksome to a man who had an unconquerable repugnance to all periodical labor. The business of his firm and of other New York importing merchants sent him often to Washington, to look after their interests. These visits greatly extended his acquaintance with the leading men of the country, and, as usual, brought him into the thick of gayety and fashion. His political leanings did not prevent an intimacy with the president's family, and Mrs. Madison and he were sworn friends.

Although a federalist and an admirer of England, his sympathies were all with his country in the war of 1812, and he took active service on the military staff

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of Governor Tompkins. The sudden ending of the war defeated his intention of entering the regular army; and in 1815 he made a visit to his brother Peter, his business partner, in England, intending only a brief sojourn. He remained abroad seventeen years.

A portion of this period was consumed in annoying business cares, in failure, and in the experience of bankruptcy. When this was over he addressed himself resolutely to the profession of letters, and thereafter till the end of his life, although he was from time to time and for long intervals incapacitated by a tormenting ailment, he labored heroically for the support and comfort of those who were dependent on him. During these seventeen years he became famous wherever the English language was read, and in 1832, when he returned to New York, America greeted her most famous literary man with a spontaneous outburst of love and admiration. The enthusiasm manifested for him was equaled by his own for the land and the people he supremely loved. His first care was by extended travel to make himself thoroughly acquainted with that land, and his next to provide at Sunnyside on the Hudson a modest and retired home for himself and his relatives.

Irving was now past middle life, having returned to New York in his fiftieth year; but he was in the full flow of literary productiveness. His development was somewhat tardy compared with that of many of his contemporaries; but he had the "staying" qualities. The first crop of his mind was of course the most original, and time and experience had toned down his humor; but the spring of his fancy was as free, his vigor was not abated, and his art was more subtle and refined. Some of his best work was yet to be done. It is worthy of passing mention that his admirable sense of literary proportion, which is wanting in many great writers, characterized his work to the very end.

High as his position was as a man of letters, the consideration in which he was held was much broader than that, — it was that of one of the first citizens of the republic. His friends, readers, and admirers were not merely the literary class, but included nearly all the prominent statesmen of the time. Almost any career was open to him if he had lent an ear to their solicitations. But political life was not to his taste, and it would have been fatal to his sensitive spirit. It did not require much self-denial, perhaps, to decline the candidacy for mayor of New York, nor the honor of running for Congress; but he put aside also the distinction of a seat in Van Buren's cabinet as secretary of the navy. His acceptance of the mission to Spain, an appointment which plunged him into profound astonishment, was doubtless influenced by the intended honor to his profession, the gratifying manner in which it came to him, his desire to please his friends, and the belief, which was a delusion, that diplomatic life in Madrid would offer no serious interruption to his Life of Washington, in which he had just become engaged. The nomination, the suggestion of Daniel Webster, Tyler's secretary of state, was cordially approved by the president and cabinet, and confirmed almost by acclamation in the senate. "Ah," said Mr. Clay, who was opposing nearly all the president's appointments, "this is a nomination everybody will concur in!" "If a person of more merit and higher qualification," wrote Mr. Webster in his official notification, "had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations." No other appointment could have been made so complimentary to Spain, and it remains to this day one of the most honorable to his own country.

His third visit abroad was the occasion of the renewal of hospitable honors wherever he went, and of a recogni-

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tion from the highest personages of the fitness of his appointment. He remained at Madrid four years, discharging with much tact and diplomatic wisdom the duties of minister in a perplexing time, when the Spanish government was changing its character and its personnel with the rapidity of shifting scenes in a pantomime. "This consumption of ministers," wrote Irving to Mr. Webster, "is appalling. To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car: before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight."

I shall not dwell upon the ten years of literary activity which preceded this appointment. One incident of it, however, cannot be passed in silence: that was the abandonment of his life-long project of writing the history of the conquest of Mexico to Mr. William H. Prescott. It had been a scheme of his boyhood; he had made collections of materials for it during his first residence in Spain; and he was actually and absorbedly engaged in the composition of the first chapters, when he was sounded by Mr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, in behalf of Mr. Prescott. Some conversation showed that Mr. Prescott was contemplating the subject upon which Mr. Irving was engaged, and the latter instantly authorized Mr. Cogswell to say that he abandoned it. Although our author was somewhat far advanced and Mr. Prescott had not yet collected his materials, Irving renounced the glorious theme in such a manner that Prescott never suspected the pain and loss it cost him, nor the full extent of his own obligation. Some years afterwards Irving wrote to his nephew that in giving it up he in a manner gave up his bread, as he had no other subject to supply its place; "I was," he wrote, "dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since." But he added that he was not sorry for the warm impulse that induced him to abandon the subject, and that Mr. Prescott's treatment of it had justified his opinion of him. Notwithstanding Prescott's very brilliant work, we cannot but feel some regret that Irving did not write a Conquest of Mexico. His method, as he outlined it, would have been the natural one. Instead of partially satisfying the reader's curiosity in a preliminary essay in which the Aztec civilization was exposed, Irving would have begun with the entry of the conquerors, and carried his reader step by step onward, letting him share all the excitement and surprise of discovery which the invaders experienced, and learn of the wonders of the country in the manner most likely to impress both the imagination and the memory; and with his artistic sense of the value of the picturesque he would have brought into strong relief the *dramatis personæ* of the story.

The service that Irving rendered to American letters no critic disputes, nor is there any question of our national indebtedness to him for investing a crude and new land with the enduring charms of romance and tradition. In this respect our obligation to him is that of Scotland to Scott and Burns; and it is an obligation due only, in all history, to here and there a fortunate creator to whose genius opportunity is kind. The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy; and this would remain an imperishable possession in popular tradition if the literature creating it were destroyed. His position in American literature, or in that of the English tongue, will be determined only by the slow settling of opinion, which no critic can foretell, and the operation of which no criticism seems able to explain. I venture to believe, however, that the verdict will not be in accord with much of the present prevalent criticism.

Irving was always the literary man;

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he had the habits, the idiosyncrasies, of the literary man. I mean that he regarded life not from the philanthropic, the economic, the political, the philosophic, the metaphysic, the scientific, or the theologic, but purely from the literary point of view. He belongs to that small class of which Johnson and Goldsmith are perhaps as good types as any, and to which America has added very few. The literary point of view is taken by few in any generation; it may seem to the world of very little consequence in the pressure of all the complex interests of life, and it may even seem trivial amid the tremendous energies applied to immediate affairs; but it is the point of view that endures; if its creations do not mold human life, like the Roman law, they remain to charm and civilize, like the poems of Horace. You must not ask more of them than that.

Irving had the defects of his peculiar genius, and these have no doubt helped to fix upon him the complimentary disparagement of "genial." He was not aggressive; in his nature he was wholly unpartisan and full of lenient charity; and I suspect that his kindly regard of the world, although returned with kindly liking, cost him something of that respect for sturdiness and force which men feel for writers who flout them as fools in the main. Like Scott, he belonged to the idealists, and not to the realists whom our generation affects. Both writers stimulate the longing for something better. Their creed was short: "Love God and honor the king." It is a very good one for a literary man, and might do for a Christian. The supernatural was still a reality in the age in which they wrote. Irving's faith in God and his love of humanity were very simple; I do not suppose he was much disturbed by the deep problems that have set us all afloat. In every age, whatever is astir, literature, theology, all intellectual activity, takes one and the same drift, and approximates in color. The bent of Irving's spirit was fixed in his youth, and he escaped the desperate realism of this generation, which has no outcome, and is likely to produce little that is noble.

I do not know how to account, on principles of culture which we recognize, for our author's style. His education was exceedingly defective, nor was his want of discipline supplied by subsequent desultory application. He seems to have been born with a rare sense of literary proportion and form; into this, as into a mold, were run his apparently lazy and really acute observations of life. That he thoroughly mastered such literature as he fancied, there is abundant evidence; that his style was influenced by the purest English models is also evident. But there remains a large margin for wonder how, with his want of training, he could have elaborated a style which is distinctively his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity as any in the English tongue. This is saying a great deal, though it is not claiming for him the compactness, nor the robust vigor, nor the depth of thought, of many other masters in it. It is much to have deserved the eulogy of Campbell that he had "added clarity to the English tongue." This elegance and finish of style (which seems to have been as natural to the man as his amiable manner) is sometimes made his reproach, as if it were his sole merit, and as if he had concealed under this charming form a want of substance. In literature form is vital. But his case does not rest upon that. As an illustration, his Life of Washington may be put in evidence. It is impossible for any biography to be less pretentious in style, or less ambitious in proclamation. The only pretension of matter is in the early chapters, in which a more than doubtful genealogy is elaborated, and in which

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it is thought necessary to Washington's dignity to give a fictitious importance to his family and his childhood, and to accept the Southern estimate of the hut in which he was born as a "mansion." In much of this false estimate, Irving was doubtless misled by the fables of Weems. But while he has given us a dignified portrait of Washington, it is as far as possible removed from that of the smileless prig which has begun to weary even the popular fancy. The man he paints is flesh and blood, presented, I believe, with substantial faithfulness to his character; with a recognition of the defects of his education and the deliberation of his mental operations; with at least a hint of that want of breadth of culture and knowledge of the past, the possession of which characterized many of his great associates; and with no concealment that he had a dower of passions and a temper which only vigorous self-watchfulness kept under. But he portrays with an admiration not too highly colored the magnificent patience, the courage to bear misconstruction, the unfailing patriotism, the practical sagacity, the level balance of judgment combined with the wisest toleration, the dignity of mind, and the lofty moral nature which made him the great man of his epoch. Irving's grasp of this character; his lucid marshaling of the scattered, often wearisome and uninteresting details of our dragging, unpicturesque Revolutionary War; his just judgment of men; his even, almost judicial moderation of tone; and his admirable proportion of space to events, render the discussion of style in reference to this work superfluous. Another writer might have made a more brilliant performance, descriptions sparkling with antithises, characters projected into startling attitudes by the use of epithets; a work more exciting and more piquant, that would have started a thousand controversies, and engaged the attention by daring conjectures and attempts to make a dramatic spectacle; a book interesting and notable, but false in philosophy and untrue in fact.

When the Sketch Book appeared, an English critic said it should have been first published in England, for Irving was an English writer. The idea has been more than once echoed here. The truth is that while Irving was intensely American in feeling he was first of all a man of letters, and in that capacity he was cosmopolitan; he certainly was not insular. He had a rare accommodation of tone to his theme. Of England, whose traditions kindled his susceptible fancy, he wrote as Englishmen would like to write about it. In Spain he was saturated with the romantic story of the people and the fascination of the clime; and he was so true an interpreter of both as to earn from the Spaniards the title of "the poet Irving." I chanced once, in an inn at Frascati, to take up The Tales of a Traveler, which I had not seen for many years. I expected to revive the somewhat faded humor and fancy of the past generation. But I found not only a sprightly humor and vivacity which are modern, but a truth to Italian local color that is very rare in any writer foreign to the soil. As to America, I do not know what can be more characteristically American than the Knickerbocker, the Hudson River tales, the sketches of life and adventure in the far West. But underneath all this diversity there is one constant quality, — the flavor of the author. Open by chance and read almost anywhere in his score of books, — it may be the Tour on the Prairies, the familiar dream of the Alhambra, or the narratives of the brilliant exploits of New World explorers; surrender yourself to the flowing current of his transparent style, and you are conscious of a beguilement which is the crowning excellence of all lighter literature, for which we have no word but "charm."

The consensus of opinion about Ir-

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ving in England and America for thirty years was very remarkable. He had a universal popularity rarely enjoyed by any writer. England returned him to America medaled by the king, honored by the university which is chary of its favors, followed by the applause of the whole English people. In English households, in drawing-rooms of the metropolis, in political circles no less than among the literary coteries, in the best reviews, and in the popular newspapers the opinion of him was pretty much the same. And even in the lapse of time and the change of literary fashion authors so unlike as Byron and Dickens were equally warm in admiration of him. To the English indorsement America added her own enthusiasm, which was as universal. His readers were the million, and all his readers were admirers. Even American statesmen, who feed their minds on food we know not of, read Irving. It is true that the uncritical opinion of New York was never exactly reëchoed in the cool recesses of Boston culture; but the magnates of the North American Review gave him their meed of cordial praise. The country at large put him on a pinnacle. If you attempt to account for the position he occupied by his character, which won the love of all men, it must be remembered that the quality which won this, whatever its value, pervades his books also.

And yet it must be said that the total impression left upon the mind by the man and his works is not that of the greatest intellectual force. I have no doubt that this was the impression he made upon his ablest contemporaries. And this fact, when I consider the effect the man produced, makes the study of him all the more interesting. As an intellectual personality, he makes no such effect, for instance, as Carlyle, or a dozen other living writers who could be named. The incisive critical faculty was almost entirely wanting in him. He had neither the power nor the disposition to cut his way transversely across popular opinion and prejudice that Ruskin has, nor to draw around him disciples equally well pleased to see him fiercely demolish to-day what they had delighted to see him set up yesterday as eternal. He evoked neither violent partisanship nor violent opposition. He was an extremely sensitive man, and if he had been capable of creating a conflict he would only have been miserable in it. The play of his mind depended upon the sunshine of approval. And all this shows a certain want of intellectual virility.

A recent anonymous writer has said that most of the writing of our day is characterized by an intellectual strain. I have no doubt that this will appear to be the case to the next generation. It is a strain to say something new even at the risk of paradox, or to say something in a new way at the risk of obscurity. From this Irving was entirely free. There is no visible straining to attract attention. His mood is calm and unexaggerated. Even in some of his pathos, which is open to the suspicion of being "literary," there is no literary exaggeration. He seems always writing from an internal calm, which is the necessary condition of his production. If he wins at all by his style, by his humor, by his portraiture of success or of character, it is by a gentle force, like that of the sun in spring. There are many men now living, or recently dead, intellectual prodigies, who have stimulated thought, upset opinions, created mental eras, to whom Irving stands hardly in as fair a relation as Goldsmith to Johnson. What verdict the next generation will put upon their achievements I do not know; but it is safe to say that their position and that of Irving as well will depend largely upon the affirmation or the reversal of their views of life and their judgments of character. I think the calm work of Irving will stand when

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much of the more startling and perhaps more brilliant intellectual achievement of this age has passed away.

And this leads me to speak of Irving's moral quality, which I cannot bring myself to exclude from a literary estimate, even in the face of the current gospel of art for art's sake. There is something that made Scott and Irving personally loved by the millions of their readers, who had only the dimmest ideas of their personality. This was some quality perceived in what they wrote. Each one can define it for himself; there it is, and I do not see why it is not as integral a part of the authors — an element in the estimate of their future position — as what we term their intellect, their knowledge, their skill, or their art. However you rate it, you cannot account for Irving's influence in the world without it. In his tender tribute to Irving, the great-hearted Thackeray, who saw as clearly as anybody the place of mere literary art in the sum total of life, quoted the dying words of Scott to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear." We know well enough that the great author of The Newcomes and the great author of The Heart of Midlothian recognized the abiding value in literature of integrity, sincerity, purity, charity, faith. These are beneficences; and Irving's literature, walk round it and measure it by whatever critical instruments you will, is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions, and did not care to envelop them in a cynical suspicion; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain; and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The introduction into the Boston public schools of Six Popular Tales, selected and arranged by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, and a volume of Poetry for Children, edited by Samuel Eliot, superintendent of schools, marks another step in the process of growth which appears to be going on in modern opinion in regard to education.

At length the old system which has endured so long seems crumbling, and new methods and new ideas appear on every side. That old system, the system beloved by the true pedagogue, is only too well known. It is the system of routine and of cram, and there are few people under forty who have not at some time suffered under it.

To excite interest or arouse enthusiasm has not been considered the task of a master in the common schools. On the contrary, an interested school-room would probably be rather noisy, and hence objectionable. Scholarship has been held to consist in learning text-books by heart, and in answering by rote such questions as were printed for the master's use; that school has been the best where the routine was most iron bound, where children were drilled in their exercises like soldiers in the manual, and where excellence, in the one case as in the other, depended on turning human beings into machines.

Now, apart from the fact that such discipline is pernicious, because it en-

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feebles the mind by overloading it with undigested matter, and crushes out originality by discouraging all independent thought, it is equally objectionable on other grounds. Long experience has proved that it is a doubtful blessing to teach a man to read, and then turn him upon the world to pick up such further education as the cheap literature of great cities affords. The immense sale of sensational newspapers of the worst class proves the truth of this fact, and is admitted to be one of the most threatening signs of the times. There is no use in attacking the publishers of criminal literature by indictment, and by fine and imprisonment. Where there is a demand there will be a supply, all the laws in the statute-book to the contrary notwithstanding. The true way to suppress such publications is by lessening the demand, and this can be done only by educating the children in the common schools to read something better. That much can be done in this direction the believers in the new departure are thoroughly convinced, and that without any great expense or radical change, except in bringing common sense to bear upon the educational problem.

The popular dissatisfaction with the results attained by the elaborate, costly, and ineffective system in use has been to bring forward a new class of school superintendents, and to inaugurate the movement which has caused such books as those edited by Dr. Eliot and Mr. Lodge to be put into the schools.

Admitting at the outset that beside the vast mass of human knowledge, that portion which can be taught to students at the greatest of universities must be but a petty fragment, the theory that many things should be taught is frankly abandoned. The school at once ceases to be considered as a place where an education is given, and becomes a place where children are taught how to learn, and, if possible, inspired with a love of knowledge for its own sake. The problem is, first, How are children to be interested in their lessons? and, second, How are they to be taught to love to read?

The way to begin would obviously seem to be at the beginning. The first years of a child's education are those in which he acquires habits of mind and methods of thought which influence his whole life, and yet the primary department is that branch which has hitherto been most neglected. If the beginning has been right, if in the first three years of school the child has learned to read and write with ease and to take pleasure in reading and writing, to carry him further is an easy task. If, on the contrary, study has been irksome; if he has not been trained to fix his attention and to apply his mind; and, above all, if he has not learned to read with pleasure and to be fond of books, future success becomes difficult, or impossible.

Many thousand years ago mothers and nurses discovered how to teach babies to talk. About other educational problems there may be doubt, but this one is settled: the one thing every human being, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, can do really well is to speak the tongue his mother taught him. Now if pedagogues, instead of making children go their way, would only consent to follow the example set by the mothers and teach as they do, or, in other words, would let children learn in the way in which nature meant them to learn, they might be successful, too; but they consider themselves wiser than nature, and therefore they fail. A mother does not begin by teaching her baby to spell before it learns to talk. She says, "I am 'mother;' say 'mother;'" and the baby understands perfectly, and tries, and after a while says "mother," and is delighted; and so learning to talk goes on with perfect satisfaction to every one. In view of these well-known facts, common sense would suggest making an effort to see if it is impossible to teach

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reading and writing in the same way; in perfect faith that if it can be done it must be right, because it must be natural. That it can be done with entire success the result of many different experiments has proved. The method is very simple. For example, the teacher, on the first day of school, draws a man on the blackboard, and then taking a little class of about a dozen children about her she asks them what she has drawn. They say "a man," and are interested at once. She then writes the word "man," and tells them that means "man," too. They understand immediately, and after she has rubbed it out and rewritten it a few times they learn to recognize it wherever they see it. Then while the impression is still fresh they are sent to their seats to see how good a man they can make on their slates for themselves. This is the first writing lesson, and though naturally the first attempts are not very successful, it is surprising how quickly children learn to imitate any word they see written, and with what never-failing interest and enjoyment they will copy words and sentences upon their slates. Every word they read they also write, and of course spell; for children would no more spell the word "man" wrong when they wrote it, after having learned to draw it in this way, than they would draw the man himself without his head. Indeed, the method of teaching spelling is the great feature of the system. If anything has been demonstrated by repeated failure, it is that teaching to spell English by ear is impossible. Nine out of ten of the people who speak the English language to-day, if they are in doubt how to spell a word, write it down to see how it looks; that is, they spell by eye, although the eye has never been trained to retain the shape of words. The object system spends its whole power on this training of the eye. From his first lesson, before he knows a letter, the child is taught to imitate the written shapes; he is taught to rely entirely upon the eye, and after he has learned his letters, and can spell orally, instead of drawing what were to him at first arbitrary signs, the same system is continued. Spelling is taught by dictation and by exercises in writing original composition, until at length the eye retains naturally and without effort the form of every word that has been seen.

Meanwhile, orthography is learned. Having always seen sentences written beginning with a capital, it seems to the children a law of nature that all sentences should so begin, and accordingly they never think of writing otherwise. They learn in the same way what a question mark is, and what it means, and where it should be put, and so on throughout. Strangely enough, also, although the child has never been taught his letters, and only knows written words as signs representing objects, he finds no difficulty in recognizing the printed words when he sees them in a book.

Thus children who have learned to read from script upon the blackboard, when they are put into primers go on with so little difficulty that the delay in the school work may be neglected. Every one knows, however, that the converse does not hold true, and that children who have first learned to read print do not read handwriting naturally. As time goes on another strange phenomenon takes place. Children begin to read new words at sight, without knowing their letters, or at least the names of the letters. They appear to have come to associate certain written signs with certain sounds, and to generalize just as they do when they learn to talk. No child, for instance, ever heard the word "gooder," yet the chances are he will say "gooder," and not "better," because he has learned by observation the rule for forming the comparative, but not the exception to the rule. So in learning to read he seems to recognize the force of the letters long before he knows

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their names. When this stage is reached the battle is won. After that children soon learn the names of letters for themselves; at most the teacher has only to spell the words aloud for a few days as she writes them on the board. The difficulty then is to supply the books. There is no danger that children thus taught will not love to read. Learning has been one long pleasure to them, because it gave a vent for their energy in work they thoroughly understood, which occupied at once their brains and their hands. They read childish books with the same ease and the same delight that they talk childish talk, and the chief care of the instructor now should be to see to it that plenty of the right kind of reading is supplied: reading to stimulate the interest, to rouse the imagination, and to fix the attention: reading at the same time healthy and sound, and which shall lead to better things in the future. It is partially to supply this want that Dr. Eliot and Mr. Lodge have edited these books. It may be thought that it required no gift of prophecy to foresee that stories that had delighted children for a thousand years would delight them still, yet these stories have never been put in schools before. Nor is the mere story the chief end in view. They have been edited with the object of making them perfect as a school-book. The oldest and purest texts have been chosen, and it is safe to say that there are no reading-books in existence of equal literary merit. The same is true of the poetry; the selection has been made with the object of educating the taste, and preparing the scholars to enjoy the best forms of literature as they grow older.

The amount of reading which can be disposed of during a year in a good primary school is amazing. Such books as these are simply devoured by children who have hitherto been starved so far as their fancy and their imagination are concerned. If any one cares to test practically how strong the interest of children who are thus taught really is, he has only to buy a dozen picture-books, or indeed story-books of any kind, go to some primary school where this system is in successful operation, and tell the children that he has brought them something new to read. He will probably be satisfied that there is no lack of eagerness about him, and that the little people know quite well what they want.

Exactly the same thing holds true of writing. No human being can be interested in making pot-hooks, or in filling dreary copy-books with copies, but almost any one can be interested in putting his thoughts into words if he is rightly taught. As a matter of fact, nothing seems to entertain children more, after they begin to write with tolerable ease, than to give on their slates an abstract of some story they have read, or to describe anything else that happens to have attracted their attention. Where this system of original composition has been adopted from the beginning the classes soon acquire real ease and facility of expression; they write as they read and as they talk, naturally.

The object throughout should be to make boys and girls use their minds and think for themselves, instead of passively taking whatever tasks are set them to learn. The same idea can be made to pervade the whole school course. If children are thus treated, they can be interested in their studies, especially if attention is paid to the disposition and peculiarities of the individual. The existing system is of cast-iron. The true system is elastic. Children are not made to fit the school and the school-master; on the contrary, the school should be made to encourage the individual development of each child. To kindle intelligent interest in all is impossible, but in every class there are some who begin quite early to show decided tastes in certain directions. To foster and to develop such growth should be the highest aim of the common schools. It would be,

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doubtless, impossible to give individual instruction to each pupil in the school itself, but unlimited resources are at hand. The public libraries are, for practical purposes, perfect, and they are open to all. Under a judicious system, the reading supplied to the schools might be made a sort of index or introduction to the public libraries. It would be easy and by no means costly to have a course of reading, beginning with these little primary books and extending to the high schools, which would in five or six years give the children a fair idea of English literature, stimulate their interest, and at the same time put them in the way of following out any subject for which they had a taste. Teachers, on their side, should not stop at the books placed in their hands. It should be their greatest pleasure, as it certainly is their highest privilege, to point out to their children the books to read at home, and thus to give that invaluable lesson which is now so seldom learned, — how to go alone. Nothing can be done, however, so long as schools remain the victims of routine. Immense buildings, costly apparatus, multitudes of studies, forms, parade, and show, do not make good schools or good scholars. That school is good in which the work is done intelligently and with interest. That school is bad in which the work is superficial, unintelligent, or dull.

That modern ideas should be bitterly resisted by many teachers trained under old ideas is natural. They worship the text-book as a resource in time of trouble, and do not know what to do if they are called on to rely upon themselves. Yet no text-book, however good, can give what must be given to make teaching effective. Instruction depends, for all its vitality and for all its vigor, on the life and power which the teacher can put into his talk. Without that the best of books must be dull to schoolchildren, the most carefully digested course must become mere humdrum routine. There is no public question of more interest and of more importance. The schools do not do the work they might; they do not fill the place they should. The expense at which they are carried on is crushing. More will not be given until more is demanded by the public, and to arouse public interest and call public attention to the school question as it now stands is the best service that can be performed for popular education.

PRISONS AND PENITENTIARIES.

One of the chief distinctions of this century is the adoption of the comparative method of study, and we owe to it the most brilliant and useful results in scholarship and reform, applied to science, religion, social economy, language, art, and archæology. It was by an imperfect use of this method that John Howard called the attention of Europe to the necessity of prison reform; but it was not until a more comprehensive view began to be taken of criminal law and prison systems in various countries, and of the relation of crime to pauperism, to taxation, to economic legislation, and of the criminal class to the neglected class, that any substantial progress began to be made, and the question ceased to be a merely humanitarian one, that is, one of the cruel or the humane treatment of prisoners and convicts, and was seen to be one of the most vital problems that can engage the attention of statesmen. It was then

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that the idea of prevention was apprehended to be as important a part of social economy as punishment. The idea is still very slowly working its way, — as slowly as the notion among physicians that the prevention of disease may as profitably occupy their attention as its cure.

The application of the comparative method to the subjects of prison systems, reformation of criminals, and the prevention of crime has been conspicuously the life-work of the late Dr. E. C. Wines; and it secures for his name a high distinction among the few in any age who have with single-mindedness devoted themselves to the welfare of society, which will increase as his labors are more fully understood. The result of eighteen years of special study of his subject is embodied in his work on The State of Prisons,[1] just published. It was literally the culmination of his work; for only three days after he had finished the preface, and without warning of diminution of his extraordinary vigor and capacity of labor, he was called out of the world. His pioneer work was done, and in both his life and his manner of leaving it he must be considered fortunate. The work to which he devoted himself will go on, guided largely by the comprehensive principles he has laid down, and the methods he established.

The comparative method which he adopted showed that Dr. Wines was not a mere theorist, but a theorist who built upon and subjected his theories to the test of facts. Probably led to his mission by his intense sympathy with humanity, he was never betrayed into any false sympathy with offenders, and he never let humanitarian zeal obscure his estimation of the actual nature of the class he had to deal with, or its relation to the welfare and safety of society. He believed in the possibility of the reformation of a large per cent. of criminals, not by coddling, but by the application of industrial and moral training under sufficiently vigorous conditions; and he believed more in the prevention of crime and the diminution of the criminal class by the rescue of children from criminal association and tendency. He expected to accomplish his ends by enlightening the public mind, by instructing it to take a comprehensive view of the subject, rather than by isolated and spasmodic experiments. To this end he diligently collected facts; to this end he organized the latest International Prison Congress, and thus brought to bear upon every individual state and community the light everywhere educed by experiment, reflection, and the trial of the most varied methods upon all sorts of peoples.

Perhaps the chief value to the world of the life of Dr. Wines is in his systematizing of prison knowledge, as it is illustrated in this bulky volume, and his organization of what is loosely called prison reform (but which is really the reform of society) from the scattered and spasmodic efforts of philanthropists into something approaching the dignity of a science. The immediate value of this book is very considerable, although its statistics are of necessity temporary, and must be revised from year to year. In so comprehensive a plan as a review of all the prison systems of the civilized world, including systems as remote as those of Turkey, Siam, India, China, and Japan, we do not expect to find more than the outline facts. Upon these, however, we can rely; they have been taken from official sources, verified in this country and in Europe by personal observation. Books of this comprehensive character are usually loose compilations of unverified and perhaps obsolete

[1] *The State of Prisons and of Child-Saving Institutions in the Civilized World.* By E. C. Wines, D. D., LL. D., Honorary President of the International Congress of Stockholm. Cambridge, University Press: John Wilson and Son. 1880.

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statistics. This volume is not of that sort; it bears evidence on every page of careful and conscientious editing, and the solid mass of facts is thoroughly digested. In turning over the pages devoted to the state of prison and reform institutions in the several States of our Union, we have been struck by the freshness of the information and the discriminating criticism concerning affairs within our personal knowledge.

The general review of the state of prisons and of prison codes and discipline will be of immediate service in the work of reform, and the statements of the condition and methods of child-saving institutions in Germany, England, France, and elsewhere will serve to stimulate and guide us in the prevention of crime; but the permanent value of the book is in the exhibition of the author's comparative system, and in his original discussion of all the questions that enter into the legislation for and the conduct of penal and reformatory institutions. In this respect the book will be a standard authority, and an indispensable one to legislators, prison managers, and those who would study the exceedingly intricate relations of poverty and crime to our "booming" civilization. On the topics of the treatment of dependent and neglected children in institutions or in families; the organization of prisons, the congregate and the separate systems, the government by moral or by physical force, the value of educational and religious agencies, the systems of convict labor (working the prisoners on account of the State; letting their labor by contract to certain persons; and leasing the prison to individuals, with the control of its discipline and industries), the relation of prison labor to outside industries and its effect upon the prisoners, the self-support of prisons, and the question of taxation,— on all these and other related matters, equally important, Dr. Wines is an authority to be studied, because he had singularly acute powers of observation, practical sagacity as to what could and could not be done in the present condition of society, and the widest experience.

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE.

Mr. Eaton's work on Civil Service in Great Britain,[1] which was undertaken in his official capacity as chairman of the Civil Service Commission, and on the request of President Hayes, is in style and matter to be classed among our best political histories. A short introduction by George William Curtis most ably shows the present evil state of our own civil service, and Mr. Eaton steps immediately *in medias res*, relating how all the leading nations from England to Russia have long since made great reforms in their civil service, save the United States, which is just turning to the subject. The cause of our backwardness, which Mr. Eaton asks rather than gives, is mainly to be found in the great productivity of our labor, which causes us to throw all our energies into production, and to be careless of those saving methods which far more than purely political considerations have been the cause of civil service reform on the Continent, and which have had considerable effect in England. Again, our youthful and ardent nature dislikes the mechanism which the system of competitive examinations seems to entail on the civil

[1] *Civil Service in Great Britain.* By Dorman B. Eaton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

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service of Europe, and, having had no history of our own to tell us what a tyranny that of the majority may become, we have drifted into absolute party government without a fear. Now, however, Mr. Eaton considers that "a more sober and introspective mood has lately come over the public mind, which is highly favorable to a reform in our administration, and we may reasonably expect that the influence of the reform sentiment will continue to gain strength."

Our politician claims that the spoil system is a necessary condition to the existence of our government by parties, and that Great Britain is so differently constituted from our own country that the experience of the former cannot be applied to us. Mr. Eaton therefore gives his intention of showing the great similarity of party government in both countries, and that the abuses of patronage "were in full vigor under despotic kings two centuries before this continent was discovered, and four centuries before party government existed." From no other country than England, Mr. Eaton rightly claims, can we better see the stages through which we must pass ere we obtain a reformed civil service; for England is most like us, is older than we are, and has the largest civil service known, and the widest experience in that direction. Mr. Eaton then finds that in the early history of England civil places were often hereditary, and were given and openly sold by the king. But later the people began to complain of bad appointments, and in the Magna Charta we see the first civil service rule, which made the king promise that "we will not make any justices, constables, sheriffs, bailiffs, but of such as know the law of the realm and mean primary justice in this country." The second phase was when the places were no longer hereditary, but were given under the spoil system. This was an advance, being the necessary stage through which the government must pass before a non-partisan service could exist. Cromwell was the great initiator of the partisan spoil system, and from his day until 1855 that system existed, though under conditions continually improving. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. bribery and corruption under the partisan spoil system were the highest, and the civil service was in a state most deplorable. But the reign of William III. was the beginning of improvement; the tenure of judges was now made during good behavior, and executive officials under the responsible ministry were no longer allowed seats in Parliament. The bribery of members still existed, and in the time of Walpole there was general despair that government could ever be carried on without open or concealed bribery. But the advance steadily proceeded, and by the time of George IV. open bribery of members ceased. Now began the contest against that form of bribery more concealed, but more injurious, than the bribery of money, — that of patronage. Mr. Eaton has well told the struggle between those who controlled or received the benefits of the patronage system and the reformers sustained by the force of public opinion, in which the latter were so successful. Those who despair of civil service reform in the United States should compare the different conditions of that service in England in 1853 and in 1870. In the former year Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote made their famous report, which gave a condition of the public service in comparison with which our own seems almost perfect. Deadness and incompetency were the prevailing characteristics of the service, while sickly, stupid, and often half-idiotic sons of the influential drew pay for almost worthless services. But even at that time removal from office for political opinions was hardly known in England. And here lies the difference between the United States and England: the struggle in the latter country has been greatly a strug-

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gle for a more efficient civil service; but our service to-day is by no means wretched; the general life and activity of the people have been sufficient to furnish an active service despite the evils of patronage. With us the evil is mainly a political one; it is the power of the machine in politics. And this is harder to combat than the inefficiency, on account of the resulting indifference of the people. The gain to the average individual from civil service reform is slight, while the loss to the politician and the office seeker is great. As the latter give their whole efforts to retain the present system, and as the public can give but little time to reform, the result is, as we should expect, that while the majority of the country deem reform necessary and good, no steps in its direction are taken. But the more turbulent aspect of our politics is causing us to seek means of restricting the power of the majority, and this perhaps more than any other cause will effect during the next decade substantial reforms in our civil service.

The famous struggle by which the middle class of England forced upon unwilling ministries continual reforms in the civil service ended in 1870, when Gladstone, who had always been in favor of the reform, made open competition by examination the only means of entrance into the civil service of Great Britain. Since that time investigations have been made into the working of the system by committees from Parliament and the executive in 1873, 1874, and 1875, and of these Mr. Eaton says, "Nor in the immense mass of testimony taken in 1874 and 1875 any more than in that of 1873 can I find anything tending to show personal corruption on the part of any officer, or any feeling that such corruption existed in the public service." The system has become now almost universally popular, and the civil service commission will doubtless become permanent.

Mr. Eaton has given a good description of the esteem in which a civil officer is held in England, while here the position is the least esteemed of all respectable and well-paid employments. The system has increased the number of women in the service of the government, and it need hardly be said that there are no official assessments and no illegitimate use of official power in elections. If the argument is raised that the system is impracticable and is not used by private corporations, Mr. Eaton replies that such large corporations as the Bank of England, the Westminster Bank, and others have long used the examinations with success.

The great objection to the reform is one which Mr. Eaton has not touched, nor have we seen it put forward by the politician. It is the danger we are in at present of restricting by excessive examinations our free growth. Competition in examinations ultimately forces the examiner to be so severe in his requirements that the whole powers of those who are examined must be for years exerted to succeed in the examination. This evil is growing fast upon us, and has had already injurious effects upon students in England and in our own country. Without doubt, much of the injury is due to an evil system of examinations, which will in time be remedied; but for the present this reform will increase the tendency of reducing men to a general average by the grinding process of education. Yet the examination system, with all its faults, faults which are capable of correction, is better for our civil service than its present polity, where political manipulation and sycophancy are too often the essentials of obtaining and retaining office.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT is to become of our poets if the critics demand of them to preserve what is called "local coloring," and yet to render it applicable to the whole ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Alaska to Florida? To be effective, local coloring must have a very limited basis. Heine's pine-tree dreaming of the palm, so prettily Anglicized by Lord Houghton, is a trifle compared to the task daily demanded of our bards by such critics as Mr. John Burroughs, for instance. He sharply criticises Lowell and Longfellow for not strictly representing the flora and fauna of what he calls "our latitude," his own field of observation ranging apparently from the latitude of Washington to that of New York State, and not seeming to include New England at all. Must a poet always adapt his descriptions, as a politician adapts his schemes, to the precise latitude and longitude of the national metropolis?

Take, for instance, one of the criticisms made on Lowell. Mr. Burroughs complains in general terms that our poets "get ahead of or behind the season with their flowers and their birds," and says, "I have frequently seen the dandelion blooming in their pages with the clover." He then goes on to specify as follows: "We know the poet [Lowell] is a month or more out of season when, in Al Fresco, he makes it [the dandelion] bloom with the buttercup and the clover: —

> "'The dandelions and buttercups
> Gild all the lawn; the drowsy bee
> Stumbles among the clover-tops,
> And summer sweetens all but me.'

The buttercup and the clover bloom in June, and are contemporaries of the daisy." Thus far Mr. Burroughs; but what is the fact? Nobody doubts that the clover and buttercup are found in June; the question is, When do they begin to bloom? Lowell wrote in Cambridge, and on turning to a diary kept by myself for four years in that precise locality I find the first appearance of the white clover recorded as ranging from April 24th to May 20th, in different years; that of the buttercup (*R. bulbosus*) from May 8th to May 20th; that of the red clover from May 16th to May 26th. So much for the assertion, "bloom in June;" and as for the dandelion, Gray gives it "April — September" for blossoming, and I have myself found it in October. No doubt it blossoms much more sparingly, as summer goes on, than in the spring-time; but Lowell is perfectly justified in describing it as gilding the lawn with the buttercups, even after the first appearance of the red clover.

When Mr. Burroughs turns from dandelions to violets, and from Lowell to Bryant, he hardly succeeds better. Bryant is essentially a poet of Massachusetts, so far as his local coloring goes, especially in his earlier compositions; but when Burroughs speaks of violets, he seems never to have been in Massachusetts at all. He says, "Our only sweet-scented violet is a small, white, lilac-veined species (not yellow, as Bryant has it in his poem), that is by no means common. I have found it a few times on the Potomac, but never on the Hudson. It is obscure, and its perfume slight." But what have Bryant's poems to do with the Potomac or the Hudson? No violet is better known in New England than the sweet-scented white violet (*V. blanda*), and both this and the nearly related species (*V. lanceolata*) are fragrant, as that careful observer, Bigelow, could have told Mr. Burroughs. They grow together "abundantly," as Bigelow justly says, in moist places,

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whitening the surface in spite of their small size, and even imparting, sometimes, though not always, a delicate fragrance to the atmosphere.

But even when Mr. Burroughs comes to speak of Bryant's yellow violet, he does not seem to know the precise flower described. He mentions "the yellow species," as if there were but one, and seems by his way of speaking to refer to the later and larger violet which blooms at the end of May (*V. pubescens*); whereas Bryant is describing the round-leaved species (*V. rotundifolia*), which comes much earlier, and is much less common. Mr. Burroughs says of Bryant's yellow violet, "Neither is it quite true that,

> "'Of all her train, the hands of Spring
> First plant thee in the watery mold;
> And I have seen thee blossoming
> Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.'

It is not the first flower of spring; the hepatica is earlier; so is the houstonia." Here again our critic, in his decisive way, makes a point which the facts, in Massachusetts at least, will not sustain. The hepatica and the early yellow violet both blossom at the very beginning of April, and often before the snow has left the ground; whereas, during a series of years, the earliest date assigned in my notes for the houstonia (*Hedyotis cærulea*) is April 20th, and Gray attributes it to May. Mr. Burroughs thus proves himself less careful and accurate than the poet he censures, and I should consider Bryant the better authority of the two as to the fragrance which he attributes to the early yellow violet.

Another of Mr. Burroughs's criticisms on Bryant is stated as follows: "Occasionally in other poems he seems to complete his picture without strict regard to truth, as when he makes his Summer Wind, which from the 'tall maize' must be a July wind, shake down showers of fragrant blossoms from the shrubs; whereas there are no shrubs or trees of any kind that I can recall that have fragrant blossoms so late in the season." There may be none along the Potomac or the Hudson, but can it be possible that Mr. Burroughs does not know the wild white azalea (*A. viscosa*), familiar to every New England schoolboy as "wild honeysuckle," or "swamp pink," which makes the meadows and lake-sides fragrant with its sweetness? Its funnel-shaped flowers easily detach themselves, as is the case with all azaleas, and Bryant's summer wind could find no better playthings than its odorous blossoms. Gray and Bigelow both assign it to June and July; and it lasts, in late seasons, almost until the first of August.

But I will not dwell farther on these apparent inaccuracies of Mr. Burroughs. They do not prove that he is not a careful observer when on his own ground, but they show him to be a hasty critic of others. He must remember that local coloring must be truly local, or it is nothing; and that on a continent so wide and varied as ours, a very few miles will often make an inexplicable difference in the distribution of plants.

— Until the appearance of the new dictionary in four volumes, each of the size of the largest Webster, readers will doubtless content themselves with the two thousand pages, more or less, that are already provided in that well-known dictionary. And any one would be hard to please who should not be satisfied with the vast amount of information given him in those crowded pages. There are even yet omissions; the distracted reader who comes across, in one collection of Mr. Burnand's Happy Thoughts, the avowal of the hero's ignorance of what a mongoose is will examine Webster in vain for information. The Chinese washerman who is told to rough-dry certain garments will have no light thrown on his path, so far as this word is concerned, by this otherwise estimable volume. Highwines will have to be ex-

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plained out of one's inner consciousness. Writers who seek precision will have to go to the store-man to ascertain exactly what part of a range is a water-back. Chutney has no interpreter.

Literature fares better than the advertising pages of a daily newspaper. There are few words, very few, of those used in the dramatists, for example, that are not explained here. Potingstick (Ford's Love's Sacrifice, Act IV., Scene 1) is one omission. Yet what are these few instances in comparison with the vast amount of words that the dictionary explains? The mere bulk of English literature is so enormous, it is spoken by so many millions of people, that it is impossible for any lexicographer to keep abreast of all readers, and it is but an acknowledgment of the completeness of the collection when one has to ransack printed matter for words that have been overlooked. Omissions are unavoidable, but one may live long without finding them. A dictionary is like a human being; thorough knowledge of it is attained only by summering and wintering with it, open for daily use.

Definition is of course a great part of the lexicographer's work. In Bailey's dictionary we find both a horse and a cow defined as a "beast well known;" six, "the number VI. 6." After all, there is no harm done in this, for no one goes to the dictionary for the meaning of these words; but it would be unsafe to give lexicographers too much license in determining what they should take for granted. They should suppose students ignorant of everything.

Etymology is another difficult thing. It is wholly a new science, and one in which advances are made every day. If Dr. Johnson were to rise from the grave and get out a new edition of his dictionary, he would not be able to say, as he once did, "Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh." In Webster great pains have been taken with the statements of the etymology of the various words. These are, to be sure, often brief, but they will stand examination. Mr. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, which is now in process of publication, is of course fuller, but more in the way of amplification — tracing the words back to the Sanskrit root — than of correction. It must be remembered that Fick's book has appeared since Dr. Mahn, who supplied the etymologies for Webster's dictionary, finished his great work. The etymology of *beef-eater*, for instance, is amended by Mr. Skeat, who denies any relationship with the French *buffetier;* but the error was one that had, so far as we know, universal acceptance. To state it broadly, from Webster may be derived a good working knowledge of English etymology; for complete information the reader must go to special works, just as it is in books on natural history and agriculture that one must look for information concerning the anatomy and care of a cow.

— Are not some of the mistakes the ordinary man makes about woman due to the necessarily different standpoints from which each views life?

The man seems to reason thus with himself: "Marry? Oh, yes, certainly! And as to the one, why, most of the pretty girls I know would do to select from," and accordingly he selects the prettiest, just as he would pluck the gayest flower in the garden; while the observant woman says, "If you want the flower for show, take a poppy or marigold; but if for sweetness, a sprig of mignonette."

"Why, are not all pretty flowers sweet? There are the roses and carnations, surely!"

"Ah, but *they* are soon gone," she replies significantly.

To the woman marriage is not usually anything less than her profession, as

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the law or physic may be her husband's, and she puts into her thought about it the same serious earnestness that he did when choosing his career.

However she may seem to act, never is the opportunity offered her for choice that she does not steadily ignore show in favor of substance. What that substance shall be depends on her mental and moral characteristics. No woman ever loved an Apollo in human form, only as she firmly believed the god-like face an expression of a still more god-like soul; so, ever bearing about with her an instinctive regard for the well-being of the other sex, unable to view the subject as lightly as they seem to do, she is constantly giving them the impression that she undervalues personal beauty because she thinks they overvalue it as an index of character.

Dissociate beauty from the idea of marriage, and she is even a more ardent admirer of it than any man, if we except the whole race of poets, which includes artists.

A beautiful woman attracts her own sex as truly, if not so violently, as she does the other. I have known a girl in her early teens to be so smitten by a pretty face chance met on the street that were women's hearts keen to feel virtue gone out of them the beauty would have said joyously, "I have come to be a girl's heroine. She will cast a halo about my life, making it full of romantic incident to please her fancy, and when she meets me again she will hardly dare look at me, lest I read her stolen treasure in her eyes."

I have known another young girl, homely herself, as was the first, part of whose Sunday worship it seemed to be to watch the leading contralto in the choir, who was very pretty. Had a man shown her infatuation, everybody would have called it love; to her it seemed enough to gaze; there was no jealousy in her feeling, apparently no desire for any nearer acquaintance.

Men use strong language when they speak of the intimidating effect a beautiful woman has upon them; but women in every-day life feel it, and say so. I have heard a noted belle, in speaking of another, say, "She was so dazzlingly beautiful I could n't look at her."

The ordinary man seems rather dull in the sense of beauty as compared to women. He looks at a belle, vaguely admires, and speaks of her variously, according to the degree of his mental culture, as "nice-looking," "pretty," "handsome," etc.; but he can rarely go into any description of her features, or even, unless they be of some striking color, tell the hue of hair or eyes. A woman, if only one glance were allowed, could tell the salient points, which of course makes her a severer critic of what constitutes beauty than average men; but it is a notable fact that the same kind of beauty that attracts one sex always attracts the other, and this of itself is enough to refute the impression I have complained of.

Watch small girls and grown women, and you will find that where there are combined in one person the most prettiness, the most intelligence, and the most sympathy there will be the universal favorite, the leader for girl or woman; she never bows down to a fool in her own sex; nor would her brothers, she thinks, if they only understood as she does this other order of being. She fancies they also dream of this perfection of feature, this exquisite coloring in hair, cheek, and lip, this starlike light of eye, bird-like sweetness of voice, "akin to all divinest things," and so the expression of a divinity that lives within. If it does dwell there, and she recognizes it, she bows to it only too gladly. She may herself marry, but the old charm is never broken; and in visits home, where the old love remains, married also, and with her court of admiring girls and matrons, she is often downright jealous lest the new courtiers have

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wholly won her sovereign's heart away from her.

Some women refuse allegiance, though they usually follow the belle's taste in dress, and they are wont to be those whom she unwittingly displaced; men are equally sensitive in their own domain. These women can't see what attracts people so; she is not as perfect in feature and coloring as they, yet nobody looks at them when she is by. Their loss of a power to which they have been used prevents them from seeing that it is not altogether the prettiness that has done the mischief, though that is a necessary part of it. It is a certain magnetic thrill of attraction towards every sort of person, an outflow of sympathetic appreciation that flatters while it understands, making the man to whom she listens feel as if, all at once, a blaze of rose-colored light had been thrown on mental shapes that had hitherto seemed rather ghostly, but now are warm with life hues; or, if despondent, he suddenly finds himself a much more interesting and picturesque figure of despair, and likes it so well that he proceeds to paint himself for her and his own mutual admiration and pity. Serious women object to the mocking tone often used by men, implying that a pretty butterfly, with just enough sense to keep her from being sent to the idiot school, is the best type of her sex; and when a really superior man marries such a one the cynics among us cry, "I told you so!"

— A contributor to the June Atlantic tells us that "to Harvey, by universal consent, is attributed the discovery of the circulation of the blood." I am not sure that I give to the word "discoverer" the meaning which the writer intended; but if it is used in the sense in which it will be generally understood, — that of *first* discoverer, — I beg leave to object to the above statement as incorrect. Harvey was not the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood, nor is it universally admitted that he was. Indeed, unless I am greatly mistaken, those who sustain his claim are by no means the majority. I do not suppose the question is one of very great importance; its very unimportance is perhaps a reason why the error concerning it has been permitted to live so long. Harvey was born in 1578, published his great work in 1628, and died in 1657. Cæsalpinus, a professor of note at Pisa, and afterwards at Rome, speaks at some length on the circulation of the blood in his Quæstiones Peripateticæ, published in 1571, — nearly fifty years, that is, before Harvey wrote, and seven years before he was born. The extract beginning, "With this circulation of the blood," etc., is too long to quote here, but it shows too plainly for question that he was familiar with the theory of the circulation. Pierre Bayle (1696) tells us in his Dictionnaire Historique et Clinique, "We should deprive Cæsalpinus of a very precious glory if we did not say that he knew the circulation of the blood, the proofs of which are so plain that they cannot be eluded by any cavil." Nor was Cæsalpinus the first to make the great discovery. A doctor and professor at Padua, by the name of Columbus, gives unmistakable proofs that he too was acquainted with the circulation in his De Re Anatomica, a work published in the year 1559. Again, we find Servetus referring to the pulmonary circulation in his Christianismi Restitutis, a work published in 1553, on account of which he was burnt, together with the book, by the Calvinists at Geneva.

Spain, too, disputes with England the honor of this discovery: Francisco de la Reyna, Montana of Monserrat, Pedro Gimeno, a well-known Spanish anatomist, and Aquero of Seville, all prior to Harvey, — Montana, the latest, writing in 1550, — are recorded as expositors of the theory. Their writings show indisputably that they were acquainted with the essential features of the circulation,

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though Harvey of course gave a more accurate and embellished account of it.

We might even say that Shakespeare's hint at the circulation is a proof, however slight, that the theory was held and taught before Harvey's time. Because it is not probable that Shakespeare discovered the circulation of the blood; and it is still less probable, if he did make so important a discovery, that he would have been content to confine his exposition of it to an obscure hint. I am not disposed to dispute Harvey's claims to the title of discoverer, — although we have reasonable grounds for believing that he saw the works of the writers mentioned above, and from the data furnished by them worked out the theory to more completeness, — but I do say that the honor of *first* discoverer is not his due.

— One day, several years ago, when I was rather a young man, the editor of one of the great New York dailies, for which I was doing occasional articles, called me into his sanctum. He held a manuscript of mine in his hand, and on his countenance was an expression which I hastily and inaccurately translated into "declined with thanks."

"I notice the word *gent* here," he said, thoughtfully tapping the paper with his forefinger; "have you spelled it correctly?"

"Have n't I spelled it *g-e-n-t?*" I asked in astonishment.

"I believe so; but won't you have the goodness to look it up in the dictionary?"

I turned confidently to Webster's Unabridged, and presently became rather red in the face at not being able to find the word in that bewildering store-house.

"Perhaps there is no such word in the English language," slyly suggested the editor; "in which case we had better strike it out of the article."

This little lesson made so deep an impression on me, and instilled into my heart such a hatred of the word *gent*, that I believe if I were naked and starving I would refuse to be clothed gratis at a "Gents' Furnishing Store," or accept a complimentary dinner in a "Gents' Saloon." Yet I find this odious word set down in Latham's expensive dictionary as a proper word, and its use duly authorized by examples drawn from the works of Thackeray and Beaconsfield. These authors do not, as I at first imagined, put the word into the mouth of some subordinate character, but have used it themselves in their quality of gentlemen writing for gentlemen. Mr. Richard Grant White wittily remarks that "gents" and "pants" belong together, for the former always wear the latter. He disdains even to discuss the word. There seems to be a conflict of authority. I know Mr. White to be very excellent authority, and I am told, what I shall always find difficult to believe, that Mr. Latham deserves high rank as a lexicographer. If "gent" is to be tolerated by careful writers, then let us accept "pants" for *trousers*, "transpire" for *happen* or *occur*, and, in brief, adopt all the variegated and wonderful vocabulary of the average newspaper.

The word "gent," however, does describe a class. When you see a greasy young fellow who seems a cross between a rustic and a negro minstrel off duty, — a person with cap set far back on his closely cropped head, tight trousers that grow suddenly full at the ankle, and shoes with turned-up, pointed tips (where *does* he get those shoes!), — when you see this vulgar little object, you see "a gent." You will encounter him on street corners in shabby neighborhoods, gazing admiringly at the lithograph of some famous clog-dancer or cheap blonde in a drinking-shop window; you will meet him there, but Heaven preserve you from ever meeting him in decent literature!

— The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum, which appeared in the last November number of the Atlantic Monthly, raises serious questions. "*What is to*

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become of the brotherhood of man and of the very idea of humanity," if evolution, the struggle for existence, natural selection crush out religion? The author shows conclusively how in all ages the moral welfare of nations has centred in religious sentiment, and naturally asks what morality will henceforth rest on if this prop be taken away. Can it find a proper basis in science? It is, moreover, proposed, in view of a possible collapse, that a new examination be made of Christianity, as the "central fact of history" and of the question of human free agency. The pass to which society has arrived undoubtedly justifies the fear of a moral crisis close at hand, but it is not by a new examination of Christianity or a cleverer analysis of the problem of free agency that the difficulty will be bridged. If Christianity were in its nature soluble, it would have been solved long ago. There has been no lack of investigations in its behalf. The whole history of philosophy teems with marvels of speculation, and the region of human thought has been explored by the best thinkers and logicians; our time could scarcely produce stronger minds than those that have already attempted the task. The results are known; both believers and unbelievers have arrived at the same closed gate, nor could all their subtilizations forge the smallest key to open it. Hobbes perhaps came the nearest at the solution of the question of free agency when he said that the willing of will was an absurdity. That a man may will a thing, yes; but what is it that makes him will it?

The mistake is in trying to solve the question at all. Religion is not a human institution, a thing subject to the vacillations of intelligence, to new inventions or new theories; it has its root in the heart. The methods of logic applied to Christianity have only succeeded thus far in making it incomprehensible, in proving it to be a mass of contradictions; to the reasoner it will never be anything else. Nor could science ever become its substitute. If the ground-work of our being were reason, science might suffice us; but the soul anchors in sentiment, not in reason. Science, the decomposer and analyst, limited to the visible and palpable, is only one means to an end, and faith in its synthetic action towards the invisible and infinite is another. The two are two distinct forces, and have different sources; they may be friends or foes, but from the very nature of their essence they must remain the two opposite poles they are. In the course of their growth it is to be hoped that their branches will meet and form an arbor the globe over, but at their present height they are too far apart, and stand defiant, or appear to stand defiant; for we are apt to impute to science much more materialism than it really is guilty of. "*Non è tanto brutto come si dipinge.*" Our imagination sees a fathomless precipice, where there is but a ravine, which needs only a plank to be crossed over. Make it clear to science that faith means after all nothing else but "*perpetual unbelief,*" and it will be ready to reach the hand of good-fellowship to her opponent. Without science, faith is torpid: it just needs that slight irritation that "makes it aware of peace by itching-fits." "Let doubt occasion still more faith." We have come to an extraordinary pass, — the church reduced to beggary, and science claiming mastery. But the church for being stripped of her worldly possessions is not therefore spent. If we may judge the tree by its fruits, we need not despair of Christianity; for never were its fruits more wholesome and more abundant, never was the idea of human brotherhood better realized. Its vitality does not rest solely in its rites, its mysticism, its more or less effective organization, else could morality never have centred in it; its essence is divine, and nations have been more or less moral as they more or less appreciated its substance and understood its shadow. The ancient

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religions are a proof of this. Morality, moreover, is not a fixed quantity. The Jews were indubitably the chosen people of God, yet is their code of morals not the one Christ would have us absolutely centre in. He points to a higher one; or else what mean the parables of the pharisee and publican, the young man who seeks eternal life? He had kept the commandments from his infancy; but was it enough? No; we are clearly taught that there is a morality we must disengage ourselves from, if we would have *eternal life*, a morality that was meant only for a stepping-stone, that occult corner-stone which the builders rejected, and which is become the head of the corner. "*And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.*"[1] It is towards this grand emancipation that the whole stream of humanity is tending.

That at the present juncture of things the philanthropist should be staggered and question their drift is not wonderful. Humanity never presented a more problematic amalgamation of crimes and virtues, of great interests and petty ambitions. Since the fall of ancient civilization great changes have taken place in the machinery of society. The healthy balance of mind and body of the earlier races, the result of out-door life and gymnastics, has disappeared. Man has become nervously sensitive and over-critical. Vague longings carry him beyond the limits of the attainable; he wants more than he can digest. He approaches the moment when he will lose his balance if he does not reverse his steps. The history of the human race, as well as that of literature, teaches us how nations and letters recover their equilibrium; they turn into opposite directions. We find, moreover, that in this zigzag movement, in this continuous equilibrating themselves, they reach ever higher planes: each age tolls to the succeeding age a new and better order of things, and hangs its bell higher and higher to ring its summons to perfection clearer and clearer and further and further. In view of these facts, it may not be over-presumptuous to predict in the coming change a revulsion in favor of the church. Humanity is tired out, and needs rest. But here arises the question, Will the same forces that have heretofore sustained the church still serve? Has not civilization impaired them? "*The people will have no lies.*"

It is certain that man, since his creation, had always to have his religion proportioned to his intelligence. At all times the fetich or sanctification of palpable objects had to be made ancillary to his moral development. Even at this late day certain localities in Italy, Brittany, Ireland, are in some sort idolatrous. Religion, if religion at all, should meet all human wants. The advanced Protestantism of Schleiermacher and Bunsen may become the religion of the more intelligent portion of mankind and even, perhaps, draw within its ranks the wandering deistic tribes of the Voltaire and Rousseau schools; but it is a philosophical religion, and can reach only a certain portion of the people. The "weak things" of this world would starve under it. We can no more dispense with Roman Catholicism than we can dispense with mother's milk for babes. That it will have to adapt itself to the exigencies of the times there is no doubt. It will have to abandon its ancient furniture, its Alexandrine trappings and feudal incumbrances. It need not throw them away; they can be secreted in the ship's hold, and from engines once become ballast now. Only thus will the church retain her ancient rights and hold on humanity. The advocates of progress may say what they will: nature in all her changes and transformations remains in some respects materially the same. As in the days of the ancient Egyptians, so in ours: the statue of Isis must remain veiled. Our

[1] S. Matt. xxi. 44.

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sense of vision is growing stronger with every age, and we are undoubtedly traveling sunward; but before our eyes can bear the full glory of the heavenly orb, we may have to travel through many ages yet. We think we can bear much, but whenever a fuller light is let on, we wince and are dazed.

— Much of the work done to-day in scientific education might be characterized as an effort to escape thought and to cover as large a ground as possible. The high schools endeavor to teach science as it is taught in the colleges; and by public and private subscription apparatus for spectacular purposes is purchased to amuse children whose minds have not been sufficiently trained to discern the principles of the subject through the stage effects. Popular lecturers on science to young people have a very doubtful advantage, unless they supplement careful training in the subject of the lectures. There are two methods of education in science: one consists in lifting a large number of pupils up to a certain level by persistent drill, so that a school committee can admire the regularity of the fire along the line; the other consists in finding the weak points of each pupil, in making him work for himself, and in teaching him to think for himself. The teacher who makes the best automata will generally be considered the successful teacher. The average American firmly believes in short cuts to education, in omnivorous reading, and in unlimited hearing. While modest assertion is carefully criticised and ceases speedily to draw people to lecture rooms, unlimited assertion can draw crowds. The average college student in escaping from the drill of the schools finds great difficulty in emancipating himself from a certain serfdom to authority, and selects those subjects in which he can wheel in platoons and execute mental evolutions with the least expenditure of thought and with the greatest possibility of obtaining high mark. It is rare to find a young man who gauges his progress by his power of using his resources for thinking on any question. It may be urged that it is necessary to obtain the arrows before one can fire them; but in science a little actual practice avails more in obtaining the store of suitable arrows than weeks of ignorant collection. General knowledge in science is dangerous, unless it can be ingrafted on special knowledge in some one science; for without this special knowledge, which can come only from the investigating spirit, the general knowledge fails to imbue one with the scientific spirit. Hence we have lecturers who, having read widely on scientific topics, assume to teach the public and to draw inferences from facts which would be interpreted very differently by those who properly understand the bearing of the facts. General knowledge in science is thus dangerous when the public receives it through the untrained medium of a mere lecturer's mind. This general knowledge, however, is comparatively less harmful than that which a professional man acquires in a science. A physician may have studied chemistry in a general way, and may have presumed largely upon his knowledge. Unless he realizes by practical work and careful training that a little knowledge of chemistry is a dangerous thing for a doctor, the community will suffer. In the same way, a little knowledge of magnetism may be the means of losing a fortune; for costly experiments are tried every day by practical men which proper scientific training would have shown to have been useless. Early training has much to do with the success of after-life. In the early and late scientific training, in the schools and colleges, there is too much drill instruction and too little direction. A man of forty can give advice to a young student which can be estimated only by the years of hard experience it will save the young man. Unfortunately, there are few teachers

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whose training enables them to give this advice to students. The mechanical teacher is commoner than the one who can excite the mind to think for itself.

The young teacher in science who is fresh from college may work very hard to interest his classes. He may adopt the latest methods of demonstration, and put his life's blood into the daily effort to move the inert minds in his lecture-room. He succeeds at first in arousing, it may be, a certain enthusiasm; but in the course of time his own energy flags; he cannot stand the pace, and he finds relief in some text-book which enables his teaching to be more or less mechanical. Another teacher who possesses what in ordinary parlance is termed personal magnetism may hold his audiences entrained to his utterances, and may convey much instruction to his listeners; but very often this mysterious influence of the teacher consists in the ability to lift the pupils over their obstacles by making their processes of thought easy, and by disguising the real difficulties. It is a common experience among advanced teachers in science to find among their students those who presume largely upon their book knowledge of science which they have obtained in preparatory schools. No men are harder to instruct than these. The edge of their curiosity has been taken off, and a hollow, self-satisfied superficiality has taken its place. In the languages, the boy has had at least a thorough training. His mind has dwelt long enough upon one subject to have obtained a degree of mastery in it; and although he is slavish in his dependence upon his dictionary and grammar he has overcome difficulties which have imparted a certain fibre to his mind. Thus we find superficiality and absence of thinking power in science in the students of academies and colleges, and unquestioning reception of so-called facts among the listeners to popular lectures on science and its relation to religion, while the so-called practical men despise exact scientific training, and feel confident of their power to work up the subject of heat or electricity from a little experience in one corner of the subject. The remedy which will convert the machinery of school and college instruction in science into improved machinery, capable of producing tangible results, consists in making the pupils instruct themselves by whatever method or process ideas and definite thinking can be stimulated. General reading in science contributes only to a shallow egotism, unless there is, so to speak, a good back-log of accurate knowledge of some one science around which may be gathered other stores of scientific information. This back-log cannot be obtained in physics without laboratory work.

— It is perhaps a little strange that, with all the admiration so generally felt for Thackeray and the zeal for publishing new editions of his writings, not one complete collection of his works has yet been made. The volume published by Fields, Osgood & Co., eight or nine years ago, rescued some of Thackeray's most valuable papers from their mummy-like oblivion in Fraser's Magazine and elsewhere, and the reader cannot be too grateful for The Memorials of Gormandizing and the essay on Men and Coats, neither of these papers having yet been republished in England. Still, by comparison of different editions, one editor will be found to have accepted one paper, and another another; thus, two of Fitz-Boodle's Professions are printed in Smith and Elder's edition of 1869. These are suggestions of Fitz-Boodle's for certain professions that might be adopted by penniless men of good family; the first is that of auctioneer; the second, that of manager of a gastronomic agency, who shall take from dinner-givers the burden of preparing the banquets. Yet the third Profession has been omitted. This third Profession may be found in the company of the others in Fraser's Magazine for July, 1842, vol.

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xxvi. p. 56. He says that this profession is in every way inferior to the two preceding; it "simply consists in being *a foreigner*. You may be ever so illiterate and low-bred, and you are all the better for the profession. . . . You should, to practice properly, be curious, talkative, abominably impudent, and forward. You should never be rebuffed because people turn their backs on you, but should attack them again and again; and depend upon it that if you are determined to know a man he will end, out of mere weariness, by admitting you to his acquaintance." The young Englishman, who is to pretend to be an American, can present to the Duke of Dorsetshire a letter, as in the example given, dated "Twenty-One Street, Boston," thanking the duke for his hospitality, and introducing Nahum Hodge, with "his celebrated work, The Bellowings of the Buffalo, printed at Buffalo, New York, by Messrs. Bowie and Cutter, and which are far superior to any poems ever produced in the old country." He is to push his way with great effrontery: "by impudence you may go from one great house to another; by impudence you may get credit with all the fashionable tradesmen in London; by impudence you may find a publisher for your tour."

It may have been tender respect for the thin skins of us Americans that led to the suppression of this squib and the alteration of Thackeray's conclusion of the paper in the green and gold edition; but we should be safe in saying that only the galled jades would wince, if we did not remember the senseless wrath with Thackeray for speaking of Mr. Washington in The Virginians. That touch of historical accuracy was held to betray irreverence. The same superfluous delicacy has doubtless kept Stars and Stripes, a burlesque of Cooper's novels, from some of the American editions of the Prize Novelists. Why another one of these, Crinoline, was not reprinted in this country does not appear.

In Punch, of course, a great deal of Thackeray's miscellaneous work is to be found. The republication of every scrap of it would be tedious, although it would be only what is done in the case of many less important authors. Thackeray wrote so well from the first, and showed so markedly when he began to write the same qualities that are to be found in his later work, that even a complete collection of his scattered and most miscellaneous contributions would be entertaining. Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on English History in vol. iii., for instance, is amusing enough to be read with pleasure, and the reader of those early volumes of Punch will find many little papers from Thackeray's pen, written before the more famous Book of Snobs. For example, vol. iv. p. 69, is Mr. Spec's Remonstrance. "*From the Door Steps.* Sir, until my cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces. . . . I need not ask if you know my work, Illustrations of Aldgate Pump. All the world knows it. It is published in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec, before mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and foreign nobility.

"Nobility! — why do I say nobility? Kings, sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon, — in the *Parthenon*. It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarotti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

"From all these potentates save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation copies but unsub-

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stantial praise. It is true, the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the Illustrations; but I do not understand German, sir, and am given to understand by those who do that the composition is but a poor one," etc.

This is only fooling, yet it is pleasant fooling; but while it would perhaps be asking too much to have these very slight papers reprinted, it is singular that more has not been made of The Proser, Essays and Discourses by Dr. Solomon Pacifico, in vols. xviii. and xix. of Punch. All of these papers are characteristic of their writer. Indeed, it would be hard to find a writer whose careless work is so good in all apparently trifling ways as Thackeray's is. His Letters from the Seat of War, from Our Own Bashi-Bazouk, in vols. xxv. and xxvi., are exactly what one would expect to find reprinted, but so far as we know they are not.

More surprising still is the omission of Miss Löwe, which is to be found in Fraser's Magazine for October, 1842, page 395, from the reprints of Fitz-Boodle's Confessions. It is certainly one of the best of the series, and of more importance than much of his early work.

— In Richard Grant White's article, in the November number, on Assorted Americanisms, he says, "*Likely*, if it is used to mean respectable, worthy of esteem," etc. "But I do not remember ever having heard or read it as used in that sense." Now, I find that here, in the northwestern corner of New England, it is in common use in exactly this sense. "As likely a man as ever lived," "Her mother was a very likely woman," are frequent expressions, and mean not a handsome, well-made man or woman, but a good, sensible person; and in some instances, "likely" has something of the meaning of the word "pious," — which word certain people seem to be afraid of.

A little farther on he says that the word *lope* is in common use *only* in the West. On the contrary, that, too, is a word more or less used by the country people here, though how they came by it I cannot say. They often, too, speak of a horse, or even a *person*, as having a *loping* gait.

— I suppose a good many persons could answer yes to the question put by a contributor in the October Club, whether they have ever been troubled by the ghost of a poem. The inquirer remarks that perhaps here may be drawn the line between genius and talent; that the one can do what the other can only unavailingly strive to do. In the case of the writer and others, the difficulty may be explained in that way; but there are others still who are familiar with the experience the contributor speaks of, but who cannot console themselves for failure by deciding that, though genius is wanting, they have at least some talent in its stead. Another question suggested by the first is whether the effect of culture on ungifted persons be not sometimes to fill the mind with fair visions of possible creations, — possible enough, truly, for others, though not, alas, for them. When Keats says,

"Lo, I must tell a tale of chivalry,
For large white plumes are dancing in my eye,"

we know, whencesoever came the suggestion of the plumes, that he can go on to the tale of chivalry if he choose. But with us, the large white plume may wave alluringly in vain. To a true lover of the best literature and art the pain, a quite genuine and keen one, that often accompanies his deep delight is to feel that, however alive and responsive he may be to the beauty and the inspiration of the works of others, he himself is not of the divine aristocracy, but merely one of the herd, doomed never to know the joy of creative labor. Before he fully comprehends that he is so doomed, the unhappy one is again and again beguiled with visions of what he too may do, — mocking visions, that torment him until he is thankful at last to give it all up, and resign himself to the

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belief that Providence has favored him neither with genius nor with talent, and that he is even, possibly, a little stupid. This miserable experience is escaped when the culture is thin and superficial enough, for then the would-be artist is more easily satisfied with his productions; but the deeper our culture, the less we are contented with our mediocre attempts, and thence comes the strife between our longing aspiration and our critical judgment, which ends sooner or later, as I have said, in the conviction of our incapacity. If our speech is not to have even the ring of true silver, certainly for us silence is golden. I am sometimes inclined to go further, and say that the silver currency is of no great value to the world. It is doubtless pleasant for the men of smaller talent to express themselves in artistic fashion; but in spite of what may be said of the uses of minor poets, I cannot think mankind is much benefited by them, and the energy spent in crowding for a place on the lower slopes of the sacred mount might be turned to better use. At any rate, it is a consolatory reflection for us unendowed ones that although he who gives may be the more highly blessed, yet we who receive of him are not unblessed. If the poet will rehearse for us his glorious visions, and share with us of low estate those finer joys by which the spirit thrives, we may be well content to accept his bounty, and ask for nothing more.

— Is it true that people of reserved disposition are so often misunderstood as they are supposed to be? It seems to me that certain persons of a frank and impulsive temper are quite as apt to be misinterpreted. The common error of giving reserved persons insufficient credit for feeling, because of their lack of demonstration, is an error into which only the duller sort of observers fall; but keener-sighted ones often make the opposite mistake, and cherish the belief that the less the display the fuller and deeper its sources must be. This is far from being invariably the truth. It appears to me that if reserved folk are misconceived it is generally in a manner favorable to their character and intellect, and whatever opinions may be expressed about them are commonly accompanied with the acknowledgment that they are opinions only. For when a man is not outspoken about himself, we may hold what notion we choose about him; but we cannot help knowing that the notion is something of our own construction, based on no real knowledge. On the other hand, when a person is in the habit of talking freely, is not chary of his opinions, and even reveals something of his personal tastes, habits, and feelings, it is natural enough for those who hear him to suppose themselves capable of estimating him. Yet this very frankness is what misleads; we are not aware how much is often kept back by these apparently communicative people, — much that might modify or alter our notions of them. They show us a good deal of themselves, and we think we know all; they have a need of venting themselves, and begin to speak their thoughts aloud; yet they are sometimes very sensitive to misconception or possible ridicule, and at the slightest suspicion of either hasten to shut the half-opened door of their hearts and withdraw their real selves from our view. An impulsive person is generally impressionable, and easily affected by the personality of others; consciously or unconsciously, he adapts himself to those he is in contact with, and shows to different persons different sides of himself, so that if an opinion of him were asked for, no two of his acquaintance, perhaps, would agree in their impressions. Of course he is himself to each and all, but not the whole of himself.

Reserve sometimes proceeds from a shy and timid sensitiveness, which makes no appeal for appreciation and sympathy, not daring to run the risk of meet-

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ing coldness and rebuff; but reserved persons, as a rule, enjoy a most comfortable self-poise, and independence of the good or ill opinion of others. It is the persons of frank, impulsive temperament who are the real unfortunates; they go through a good deal of experience before they learn the wisdom of keeping themselves to themselves, and after learning it are sometimes unlucky enough to forget it at the wrong moment.

— I remember reading in one of the summer numbers of The Atlantic something in the Contributors' Club in regard to the lack of appreciation among country people of the beauties of nature by which they are surrounded. I cannot agree wholly with this, as I think, yes, know, that among this class of people there are many who *feel* the glory and are thrilled by the beauty of the early summer morning, the sunset, or the misty, dreamy loveliness of Indian summer, although in most instances they are totally incapable of expressing these feelings. However, there are hundreds who know nothing of the beauty of scenery. Within a few years a railroad has been opened which literally *runs over* the Green Mountains. At the highest point of the road, some sixteen hundred feet higher than the level of the sea, the scenery is noted for its extensive views, which range from beyond the White Mountains on the east to the Adirondacks on the west. A certain man, a native of one of the small towns in Vermont, — a man who, according to his views of things in general, has reached the end of all earthly ambition, not only in having by dint of close economy and Yankee ingenuity become "consid'able forehanded," but in having represented the town of his adoption in the state legislature once or twice, — this man had occasion to travel over the road just mentioned. Being a sociable old chap, he naturally got into conversation with his fellow passengers. Just as the train was going over the "Heights," with noble old Mt. Washington and Mt. Lafayette on the east, long, smiling stretches of sunny farms and grazing cattle, flanked by Camel's Hump and Mt. Mansfield's upturned face, on the south, ranges of the Green Mountains and the blue Adirondacks on the west, and old Jay Peak on the north, — set in the midst of all this, our friend suddenly paused in his discourse on politics, and inquired, "Oh, by the way, where *is* all this great scenery they talk so much about over here somewhere?" On being told that he was then in the midst of it, he gave one or two brief glances out of the window, and settled back to his dissertation upon political economy with a decided air of not being fooled by any such nonsense.

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